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PERSONAL NARRATIVES

OF EVENTS IN THE

WAR OF THE REBELLION,

BEING PAPERS READ BEFORE THE

RHODE ISLAND SOLDIERS AND SAILORS

HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Ser. 6.

SIXTH SERIES. - No. 1. - 10

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Soldiers and Sailors Historical Society
of Rhode Island

Personal Narratives

SIXTH SERIES, No. 1

A Forlorn Hope

By LEVERETT C. STEVENS

[Late Corporal, Troop E, First Rhode Island
Cavalry Volunteers.]

A Forlorn Hope.

BY

LEVERETT C. STEVENS,

[Late Corporal, Troop E, First Rhode Island
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[Edition limited to two hundred and fifty copies.]

A FORLORN HOPE.

[READ BEFORE THE SOCIETY JANUARY 15, 1901.]

LATE in the afternoon on June 17, 1863, our regiment, the First Rhode Island Cavalry, approached Middleburg, Va., where the Confederate General Stuart had established his headquarters for the day. We drove in his pickets so suddenly that Stuart and his staff were compelled to make a rapid skedaddle and we entered and took possession of the town. During the day while on the march I had by direction of my captain changed my mount to a high-spirited animal which we came across running loose, that had evidently gotten away from the Sixth Regulars, and turned my own horse back to the rear guard to be led. Just as we got to Middleburg the high-spirited animal collapsed, wind-broken and utterly played out; my own horse had in the mean-

time been appropriated by an officer who had lost his and I found myself in the unfortunate predicament of being dismounted and far inside the enemy's lines. As our Colonel Duffie passed me he inquired as to my plight, with the paternal solicitude which he always felt for his soldiers, and remarked, "poor fellow," as he rode on, with an inflection that told me he knew I was up against almost certain capture and had his heartfelt sympathy.

Our main body rested in the edge of some woods near a brook at the outskirts of the village, pickets being stationed on all the roads beyond leading in. Just at dark firing and cheering told the old, old story that the Confederates had come back to town, driving our pickets in after a short demonstration as we had driven theirs a couple of hours before. A low stone wall beside the road afforded a good place for an ambushade and behind it about eighty of us, carbineers, immediately concealed ourselves and awaited developments. These soon materialized in a gallant column of Stuart's cavalry which rode through the town, halted briefly, and then started down the road in pursuit of an enemy they could

not see. When directly opposite the wall and so close that we could almost touch them, we poured in a murderous volley that made the road for a minute a veritable slaughter-pen. Falling back they reformed and came again and again, being at the same time constantly reinforced. We withdrew into the woods and the next move was to get away if possible. The details of this fight have been often told; I will only say that the move to get away was very largely a failure. By the time all the captured ones were got together during that night and the next day, the First Rhode Island Cavalry seemed about intact in the enemy's hands and hardly anybody was missed. The records show that 210 officers and men were reported as not accounted for, and that Colonel Duffie when he reached the Union lines was in command of but four officers and twenty-seven men. We were started for Richmond in a roundabout way, direct communication not being available. One incident on our march to the rear which was very amusing to all and perhaps of interest here, occurred the second day. Corp. Napoleon Servatius while we were at halt asked one

of the guards to let him take a musket as he wanted to exercise a little. The request being granted, Napoleon gave them an exhibition of lightning musket drill that opened their eyes with astonishment, he being a very wizard at that exercise. When he handed the gun back they wanted to know if all the Yanks could handle one in that manner, and Napoleon replied that they could much better, that he was only one of the awkward squad and not much at drill yet. At the head of our column on the march from Winchester to Staunton rode the gallant Colonel Cesnola, captured at Aldie.

The details of this captivity I will not dilate upon, they were very trifling as compared with my subsequent experiences. We were kept only a little over five weeks, and, while Belle Island in the summer of 1863 was not strictly speaking an ideal pleasure resort, yet as compared with Andersonville in the summer of 1864 it was a Newport and a Saratoga. The latter part of July we were exchanged, sent to Annapolis, thence in due time to Camp Distribution near Washington, where we were newly equipped and sent out in squads from

time to time to rejoin the regiment. I was one of a party of about forty that started away from Washington October 11th. The next afternoon we reached Catlett's Station where we found Captain Gould with a detachment that had been on special duty and now on his way back to the regiment. Meade's army was in great commotion, falling all over itself to get back to Washington, in the strategic movement known in army history as "Meade's Retreat." Our squad attached itself to Gould's detachment as the quickest means of reaching the main command, and with it moved over to Warrenton Springs where the regiment had bivouacked the night before. On reaching there we found the regiment gone. The Fourth Pennsylvania Cavalry and a section of a battery were deployed along the bank of the creek, banging away in a desultory maner at some Confederate forces supposed to be in the woods beyond a field on the opposite side, a few hundred yards away. Beyond an occasional horseman who rode out in sight no enemy was visible, but the woods were full of them as we soon found out. The creek just above the Springs makes a right angle bend,

beyond which is another ford perhaps a third of a mile up stream. To this upper ford Captain Gould was ordered to hold the same against any attempted flank movement. It transpired that in the woods opposite the lower ford was the advance of one of General Lee's main divisions. We had hardly reached our position when they got ready to move on, and there was a demonstration that was almost like magic. From out of the sphinx-like woods belched a volley from an artillery brigade that literally brushed the defences of the lower ford out of the Confederate path as one might brush away a fly. With a cheer and a charge the cavalry rushed down, and in two minutes the mighty main division was again under way as if nothing had happened to obstruct its march. It was now nearly dark. We had nothing to do but fall back, and, after a detour to the left of a mile or two, we struck into the road with apparently a clear coast, no enemy in sight in either direction. But in reality we had got into the Confederate column, enemy both ahead and behind, and in a short time there was a mix-up with our rear guard that stampeded us, some going to the

right some to the left. Those that went to the left were all captured. For my own part I was unhorsed in the stampede and left helpless in the road, being struck in the knee by a swinging carbine in contact with one of the madly galloping rear guard, before I fully realized what was the matter. I crawled off into the bushes where I was taken next morning, and, as I was not able to walk, my captors put me on a horse and let me ride into Warrenton. I did not see any other prisoners, and thought I was in it all alone. While waiting in Warrenton I saw regiment after regiment of the Army of Northern Virginia passing through, and also Gen. Robert E. Lee, General Stuart, and other Confederate notables whom the guard in charge of me obligingly pointed out. They certainly made a magnificent appearance. After awhile an officer rode up and directed that I be sent over to where the other prisoners were and there I found some forty odd of my comrades of the night before. The record shows forty-seven captured of Captain Gould's detachment. Of the number there were sixteen of us that had left Camp Distribution on the 11th, and were thus recaptured

CHAPTER I

The first part of the book is devoted to a general survey of the subject. It begins with a definition of the term "philosophy" and then proceeds to a discussion of the various branches of the subject. The author then discusses the history of philosophy and the different schools of thought that have developed over the centuries.

The second part of the book is devoted to a detailed examination of the various branches of philosophy. It begins with a discussion of metaphysics and then proceeds to a discussion of epistemology, ethics, and politics. The author then discusses the history of philosophy and the different schools of thought that have developed over the centuries.

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without ever having seen the regiment after our release from the first captivity.

I call this little band of captives a forlorn hope. If a like number of men had been detailed to some desperate effort and met with such a loss in killed in the performance, as died in prison-pens during the next nineteen months of these unfortunates, the names of that band would be emblazoned as heroes in history. Yet these were sent against such odds of suffering, of hunger, of disease, of cruelty, that before the weary months of captivity were ended eight out of every nine had met death in such a form as makes the imminent, deadly breach a pleasure by comparison. To die in the inspiration and ecstasy of battle, as the charge of the First Minnesota at Gettysburg, is glorious, but to die from starvation, sickness, and despair, in filth and humiliation, as in the swamps of Andersonville, is wretched and inglorious. Yet both were for the flag. By the policy of our government in stopping all exchanges, many thousands were condemned to such a death with a certainty as remorseless as the axe of an executioner. Of the captured First Rhode Island troopers

the record shows thirty-nine died in captivity, most of them at Andersonville, a record which tells the story in mute eloquence that no description can equal.

The nineteen months' captivity may properly be divided into six periods:

First. The Laundry Prison.

Second. The Pemberton Prison.

Third. Belle Island in mid-winter.

Fourth. The first Andersonville, six months, spring and summer of 1864.

Fifth. On the road three and one-half months, taking in Savannah, Millen, Blackshear, and Thomasville, while keeping out of Sherman's reach.

Sixth. The second Andersonville, December, 1864, to March, 1865.

The few weeks spent in the Laundry Prison were uneventful, the captives generally in good spirits expecting soon to be exchanged. The rations, while not overabundant, were of reasonably good quality, the quarters comfortable enough for prisoners, and had the captivity ended with this experience there would have been no cause for complaint. The only

"outrage" committed here within my knowledge, was an outrageous imposition on those prisoners who had money, inducing them to give it up and take worthless "receipts," the money to be returned to them when released. It was announced that all having money must turn it over to the Confederate authorities and any that failed to do so would be searched, their money taken and confiscated. A couple of Confederate sergeants came into our quarters with a little table and writing materials, and quite a number of the prisoners were simple enough to pay over their money on the strength of the threat and take receipts. I held on to my money as did many others, some in quite large amounts. The serious joke on those who surrendered was that when the sergeants had taken in what was offered they packed up their little table and got out and that was the end of it. Not a man was searched and not a dollar taken forcibly from anybody, but what had been yielded up the victims never heard of again. I always suspected by the way it was managed the proceeding was not by proper authority, but just a bluff on the part of the subordinates.

Every day brought its rumors and reports in regard to the exchange which we were all sure could not be much longer delayed, and, when, finally, one day in the latter part of November, we got orders to pack up and get out, we knew we were at the end of our troubles. At which end, appeared a little later. Getting out into line, we were marched a few blocks in the right direction, towards the river, when our hopes of exchange were crushed as we were turned into an old tobacco warehouse diagonally across the street from Libby Prison, designated as the Pemberton.

In the Pemberton Prison where we remained about two months, our discomforts were very considerably increased. It was a four-story building, the ground floor being occupied by the guards, and the three floors above literally jammed with prisoners. The regulations were more severe, rations more scant, confinement more irksome. So many were crowded into our room that when we lay down at night we covered the floor entirely. We could not straighten out, but had to spoon all one way, and turn over in sections of a dozen or twenty

at a time. The floor was the very hardest of hard pine, wearing the bones through the skin, from which I carried scars for many months afterwards. There was no reveille, but all were generally stirring at an early hour, getting up to rest, and, taking turns at the slim lavatory accommodations for a wash. From nine to ten o'clock there was roll call, conducted by a small original package of cussedness in the form of a human biped, christened Ross. He was accompanied by a Confederate non-commissioned officer in the capacity of striker to bait and worry such offending prisoners as he was set on to, and sometimes, also, by the commissioned officer of the day. A prisoner, orderly sergeant generally, was in charge of each floor, to preserve some kind of order, and also superintend the division of rations. He would get all the prisoners on the floor into line in two ranks so that Ross could count them, which constituted the roll call, any missing having to be accounted for. After roll call nothing remained but to pass away the time until rations were issued, which was once a day, generally pretty late in the afternoon. We visited, with comrades, on the differ-

ent floors, played cards, worked at carving trinkets from bones, and such occupations, traded with the guards, and so put in the time from one day to another, Sundays and week days all the same. The great event of the day about which all interest centered was the issuing of rations. The rations were all right if we could only have had enough, but about the hungriest part of the day was right after we had got through eating. With hunger not more than half satisfied, and a twenty-four wait ahead until the next meal, it was a gnawing time in our vitals until we got to sleep. The next morning we would not think much about it until feeding time approached again.

We used to try hard to recognize and communicate with the officer prisoners across in Libby, but without much success, as being in the windows was against orders, and the guards were instructed to fire at anybody leaning out. I recall the great delight of Sergeant Barrows one day, when he managed to make himself known to Captain Chase, and to learn that the captain had something for him if he could find a way to send it over. I do not

know of any prisoner being hit by the shots, but have seen them come uncomfortably close. In one instance a bullet flattened on the brick jam of a window by the side of a comrade's head, not missing him more than an inch, and he was not leaning out at all, but merely sitting in the window. There were quite a good many hard cases among the prisoners and much lawlessness began to be displayed in the way of stealing, and even robbery. This element finally became organized, and, with a leader in the person of one William Collins, who soon acquired the title of Mosby, from his methods, a gang known as Mosby's raiders, did a regular pillaging business, while any one known to have any amount of money if caught away from his friends, was apt to be waylaid and held up. Fights were of constant occurrence. The Confederates in charge did not trouble themselves much about what went on inside the prison, so that we staid inside, though ready to punish any disturber of the peace at the request of the sergeant in charge of the floor, a request that the sergeants did not often make on account of their own safety. We had on our floor a tough fighting

character by the name of Jack, with a gang of fellow toughs about him, utterly regardless of the rights and comforts of others, and this Jack our floor sergeant at last reported, for some brutal treatment of another prisoner. Mr. Jack was promptly taken over to a dark dungeon under Libby and kept bucked for two days, on bread and water diet, for which he repaid the sergeant with an unmerciful beating a few weeks later, when we were moved over to Belle Island. An unusual incident happened one morning at roll call when the officer of the day chanced to be present. Some prisoner was a little disorderly in line, or did something to displease Ross, whereupon the attendant striker before referred to, violently assaulted him. Imagine our astonishment to see the commissioned officer draw his sword and threaten to cut the striker down then and there, and to Ross's bluster, shutting him up instanter and telling him that if he or his subordinates ever laid hands on a prisoner again when he was officer of the day he would have them in the guardhouse in irons. We made our grateful, though unspoken acknowledgments, to that officer

as a soldier and a gentleman, a kind not generally detailed to have charge of prisoners.

While in Pemberton there was a general vaccination, which I fortunately escaped, being young and exhibiting a good scar. Many very bad arms resulted from it, some literally rotting off the next summer at Andersonville. There was much trading with the guards, and many tricks were played upon them by the dishonest and unscrupulous; in fact honest scruples were very largely put aside and most any trick to beat a guard in a trade was considered legitimate. Counterfeiting and raising denominations of greenbacks was quite skillfully done by some, the bills passing readily in night transactions. These preferred darkness to light. A dicker would be made for a pair of boots or shoes which the guards were always anxious to buy, and one of the pair passed down into the guard room through a hole in the floor for examination and then passed back. If a bargain was struck the guard would generally ask to have the goods passed down before he paid the money. The seller objecting to this, a compromise would be made, one boot to be

passed down first, then the money handed up, the second boot to follow the payment. If this scheme worked, the seller would keep the money and skip away from the hole in the floor, leaving the purchaser with one boot only. A few days later when the guards were changed he would repeat the trick with the other boot. A trick that was frequently played at a place where a piece of board was off at the lower temporary closet, in the sale of a blanket or overcoat, was for the seller to pass the goods to the guard with one hand and receive the money with the other. As soon as he had a firm hold on the money he would let go his hold on the goods which the guard would essay to take, but in the twinkling of an eye a confederate of the seller who had stood behind him out of sight of the guard with a tight grip on one end of the coat or blanket, would yank it away from the guard's grasp and both goods and money would disappear from his vision. Then the guard would swear. But as trading with the prisoners was strictly forbidden and severely punished if detected, none of these bunco tricks were likely to be reported. The successful schemers applied all

their gains to increasing their larder, and probably quieted any qualms of conscience, if such they had, by the theory that they were subsisting on the enemy. A scheme was worked with success to get possession of a large number of boxes from home that were stored in an adjacent building, sent from the North by friends of prisoners, and awaiting delivery to the consignees whom the Confederates were not taking any trouble to look up. This scheme was managed by connivance with the guards. A guard would surreptitiously obtain access to the room where the boxes were stored and copy off the addresses of a number of them with all particulars of information shown. This information he would sell to the prisoners in Pemberton who would then become claimants for the boxes, personating the proper owners, and able, of course, to fully satisfy the officer in charge without seeing the boxes, that they were the rightful consignees, by giving him all the particulars, name, company, regiment, who the box was likely to be from, etc., etc. Inasmuch as there was not one chance in a hundred of their ever reaching their rightful owners, the Confederates

taking no steps towards their distribution or delivery, I do not think that either owners or senders would have objected to this diversion had they known all the circumstances.

On Jan. 21, 1864, we were taken out of the building and moved over to Belle Island. This change we felt severely. The only shelter was in tents, the ground for a bed, the weather often very cold. The buildings had at least been warm. Much sickness now prevailed. It was a sad day to me when I took my dear comrade, Sergt. Rolindo V. Barrows, who had become so emaciated that I could easily carry him in my arms, and bore him out to be taken to the hospital, where he soon died of typhoid fever. Life on the island became more and more miserable, the rations poorer, the prospect of exchange seemed fading away, and hope deferred was making deep inroads into our courage.

On March 5th, we were taken away from the island, loaded into freight cars, much as hogs are, and started for Andersonville. The journey occupied a week. One hundred prisoners were crowded into a car, fifty in each end, the space between the

doors being kept clear for the guards. This arrangement made very cramped quarters. At night all were compelled to sit down, and no one allowed to rise to his feet. To sit all night on the floor of a freight car with nothing to lean against, cramped up, and no chance to stretch the limbs, becomes torture before morning. Those first into the car and getting places against the sides, had a back to lean to, but the hindermost had nothing. The train was stopped for three or four hours every day and we were let out. The country seemed to grow more and more dismal, the red clayey soil, the pine woods of the Carolinas, the apparent shiftlessness of everything, in ever increasing contrast to New England, and further and further from home. Every change and every move since our capture had put us in a worse condition. Down, down, ever down, and we now seemed on the road to the bottomless pit. Alas, it was more than seeming. The last day of our journey was through a God-forsaken part of Georgia, where the pines had been killed in the fields by burning, instead of clearing them out. It was a rainy, gloomy day, and the blackened

stumps and trunks and gnarled limbs stood out against the dismal sky like very ghosts of trees, the miserable country seeming peopled with all the spooks that a Dore could picture. I never felt so disheartened and discouraged during my whole captivity as on this particular day.

March 12, 1864, we arrived in Andersonville. The physical features of this prison have been often and fully described, and need not be repeated here. It was called familiarly among the prisoners the Bull Pen. It might with fitness have had emblazoned over its gates the sign: "Let him who enters here leave hope behind;" but whoever did leave hope behind sealed his own doom. Hope, faith, courage, patience, long-suffering, aggressiveness, determination, were all required. There were but few prisoners there when we arrived, our consignment making the total up to about 3,000. For the purposes of roll call and issuance of rations, we were divided into detachments of 300, these again into 100's and the 100's into squads of twenty-five. The prison commissary issued 300 rations in a lump to each sergeant of a detachment. This sergeant divided them

into three piles, a pile to the sergeant of each hundred. The sergeant of the hundred made four piles, one to each squad, which the sergeant of the squad apportioned out in individual rations. That no favor might be shown the twenty-five rations were made up as near equal as could be, and then some one would take the roll of names and turn his back, calling off names indiscriminately out of regular order as the sergeant pointed to one ration after another. The same method was pursued in the previous subdividing, a tedious process but seemingly the only fair one.

During March and April we got along very well, that is the well ones, but the death rate kept increasing at a frightful pace. Additional prisoners were continually being brought in by the thousand and the stockade soon got to be very crowded. By June, under the broiling heat of a Georgia sun, with diarrhoea, scurvy, gangrene, and other forms of sickness brought on by insufficient and improper food, the horrors of the place had become fully developed, and, through June, July, and August, it was a literal hell; no other word is strong enough to

describe it. On the way from Richmond to Andersonville, I had chummed in with three members of the Fourth Pennsylvania Cavalry, and continued to during the summer. One of them had held on to a five dollar greenback through all emergencies, with which as capital, we went into business. Being able to do business in such a place was the result of a large influx of greenbacks into the stockade in the early summer, brought in by the captured garrison taken at Plymouth, N. C. The Confederates captured at that place upwards of two thousand of our men, including Brigadier-General Wessels, and brought the enlisted men to Andersonville. These men had just re-enlisted as veterans, received their veteran bounty and were about starting home on veteran furlough when captured. The Confederates did not take anything away from them except their muskets and munitions, and they brought into Andersonville good clothes, blankets, and promiscuous effects, besides hundreds of thousands of dollars in greenbacks. So much money in circulation made times very lively. The newcomers would pay almost any price for anything, especially eatables. There were ways and

methods of getting things from the outside with money, and the Confederates also permitted the establishment of a sutler's shanty inside, managed by a prisoner, but in the profits of which some of the officers undoubtedly had a share. My comrades and I ran a soup kettle, huckstered in such supplies as we could obtain, bought and sold and speculated, and, by our efforts, managed to clear enough so that we did not have to depend on our rations, but had vegetables and other wholesome food, enabling us to keep well. The regular rations at this time consisted principally of what was styled by courtesy corn bread and fat bacon. The dough for the bread was mixed up in big troughs, with shovels, the meal being so coarse as to invite a suspicion that it had a sprinkling of cobs ground in it, unsalted and unseasoned except by being full of flies which fell in in the mixing, the soggy mass baked in big flat pans in slabs about three inches thick, and very frequently served under-done. The bacon was fat heavy sides, oily and in hot weather repulsive to a weak stomach. To offer such food to a sick debilitated person, whose teeth might be falling out with scurvy,

wasted with bowel complaints, starving for acids and fruits and seasonable diet, was the same in effect as giving him nothing. The stuff was not nourishment. The mortality became fearful, averaging during the month of August 128 deaths per day. One day it reached 167. The stockade had been enlarged from its original dimensions, and now included about 35 acres. Of this about five acres was uninhabitable swamp. On the inhabitable portions were crowded at the high water mark 35,000 prisoners, making the place a literal ant hill of human beings. Hundreds of strong, healthy men, among the newcomers in the summer, died after a month or six weeks, nothing the matter with them at all except that they gave up. Lawlessness was rampant. The raiders of Pemberton and Belle Island were augmented in numbers and better organized, carrying on their desperate deeds of plunder and robbery, beating and maltreating their victims who offered resistance, until it became a reign of terror. As often seems to happen in the economy of Divine Providence, it looked not like a survival of the fittest, but a survival of the wickedest.

The end of this came at last, and, following a deed of unusual atrocity, where a man had not only been robbed but murderously assaulted with a razor, Captain Wirz gave orders that no rations would be issued until the perpetrators had been sent outside. Then began a reign of terror to the evil doers, the reign of the vigilants. The raiders were overpowered and sent out to the number of two or three hundred, a police system was organized and there was law without stint and punishment without mercy for every kind of offence.

In the cases of those sent outside, a court-martial was organized, composed of picked men from among the prisoners, and the worst members of the gang were tried for their offences. The Confederates took no part in the proceedings, and it was understood that the findings when made were sent to Macon, where Union officers were confined, and by them approved. However, this may have been, various sentences were imposed, and six of the ring-leaders were doomed to death by hanging. Some others were sentenced to ball and chain, some to the stocks, and the major part of them after being

kept outside a few days, were punished by having to run the gauntlet, being turned back into the stockade and made to run between two lines of prisoners armed with clubs and cudgels beating tattoo upon their heads and shoulders. On July 11th the hanging took place in the stockade, on a gallows erected by the prisoners, by whom all the lumber, rope, and material was bought and paid for, the Confederates supplying nothing. Captain Wirz was especially careful to keep himself clear of any implication of responsibility in the proceedings from first to last. I was a close eyewitness to the execution, standing but a few yards from the gallows. One of the condemned was William Collins, the Mosby of Pemberton.

At the appointed hour the little procession came in, six malefactors surrounded by guards and headed by Captain Wirz, on horseback. Halting near the gallows, Wirz made a brief speech very nearly as follows. I was close enough to hear every word distinctly: "Boys," he said, "I turn these prisoners over to you. They are your own men and you have tried them yourselves. You will take them and do

with them what is just and right. It is your own affair and I have nothing at all to do with it." He then marched out with his guards leaving the raider chiefs in the hands of twelve brawny members of the vigilants, who immediately brought them to the scaffold. A strong force armed with sticks and clubs closed around to prevent any escape or rescue. Suddenly there was a terrible commotion. One of the six, Charles Curtis, a large, powerful fellow, professional prize fighter, quick as lightning flung his two guards from him and striking right and left with crushing blows swept all before him in one desperate effort for life. Before it could be realized he was fifty feet away, running a muck over everything in his path, heading straight for the creek. The crowd, which was packed in a dense mass about the scaffold, stampeded wildly in all directions. However, the other ten men held their charges securely, their supporters standing solidly by, and, after a few minutes of the wildest confusion, the preparations for the execution were resumed. In the meantime Curtis had been caught and brought back. With their arms firmly pinioned, the six were

quickly walked up a small ladder on to the plank which answered for a platform, and stood in a row beneath the beam from which six nooses were swinging. Six executioners, one to each prisoner, adjusted the halters. I was standing not more than thirty or forty feet from the scaffold on the north side, the prisoners facing me. A brief opportunity was given them to speak, the regulators all the time working rapidly. There was no time for foolishness or delay as a rescue might be attempted at any moment by the hundreds of friends of the culprits who were mingled in the crowd. Cloth caps were quickly pulled over the heads of the condemned, the executioners jumped down, all was ready and the spectators in breathless attention waited for the plank to drop. As the final moment became imminent, my attention was intently directed towards Collins, who was on the left of the line, on the west end of the plank nearest the south gate. His executioner was a soldier known among his comrades as "Limber Jim," by reason of his wonderful activity. The other executioners had jumped down but Limber Jim still lingered. In

that instant he put his hands to the halter above Collins's head as though to make sure it was properly tied, and I saw in his right hand the gleam of a knife blade, just one flash as he touched the rope. Another second and he was down, crash went the supports with a snap, the halters straightened and five bodies were swinging in the air in the throes of death. On the ground beneath the scaffold lay Collins whose halter had not held him. As he went down the rope instantly parted at the place where I had seen the gleam of the knife, and, in the peculiar manner of one that is stranded, the two parted strands flaring out as the rope was drawn taut, the single whole strand holding just an instant before it snapped. The purpose of this proceeding I do not know, but it so happened. Perhaps it was to intensify the horror of Collins's experience. Quicker than it takes to tell it the platform was raised up, Collins hurriedly placed upon it, Limber Jim working with lightning-like rapidity readjusted the noose, pulled down the cap, and, standing behind the wretched man, pushed him off into eternity or oblivion. Six bodies dangled in the air and the execution was complete.



Outside the inner stockade, next to the south gate was situated the sick bay, a small inclosure that the sickest were taken to each morning to go to the hospital if there was room for them, or to be prescribed for by the doctor in attendance. Many died in the sick bay while waiting to be looked at, and many who were sent back inside, because the hospital could not receive them, died while being carried in. The hospital was a horrible farce, a mere pretence of medical attention. The doctors were many of them kindly disposed, but they had nothing to do with.

The deadhouse was about opposite the south gate in plain view from the stockade. Here the dead were brought on stretchers from the hospital or wherever they happened to die. The bodies were taken from the deadhouse to the cemetery in army wagons, pitched in like cord wood and loaded to the top. The same wagons were used for hauling our rations.

The dead-line was marked by a single strip of about 1x4 tacked flat on the top of small posts standing about four feet high and running along in a line

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parallel with the stockade and about twenty-five feet inside. To cross this line under any circumstances meant instant shooting by the guard without challenge or warning. Murders for presumed infractions of this rule were of constant occurrence. At the place where the creek came in and the prisoners dipped water for drinking, I witnessed three men shot, on different occasions, for no other offence than reaching under the dead-line to dip a little higher up. Some of the guards would stand at this post during their entire two hours with musket at ready, waiting for a pretext to shoot, as a hunter might watch for a rabbit. Prisoners sometimes stepped deliberately over the dead-line as a means of suicide.

Gambling went on constantly, games of chance of every sort. A stroller through the camp would not think the gambling propensity confined to the Chinese.

Probably the world never held another such community, as Andersonville when at its worst. Thirty-five thousand men of all sorts and conditions. Every trade, occupation, and profession represented, from

a preacher down, or from a preacher up, as you choose to put it. Probably a pugilist or pickpocket was better equipped to grapple with the situation.

The many incidents and experiences of prison life are material for a book and not within the compass of such a paper as this. The gruesome spectacle of the dead, day after day, the vermin, the filth, the humiliation and loss of self-respect, the wolfish propensities bred in all by confinement, the spectre of starvation ever at the elbow, and more horrible than anything, the dreadful purpose avowed and expressed by the Confederate General Winder, to kill off more Yankees than any general in the field, would tax the genius of a Victor Hugo to describe adequately.

Whenever they desired to move us, it was given out that we were going to be exchanged, as the men went along better and there were fewer attempts to escape. So, on September 6th, came the news that an exchange was on, and, though most always skeptical about such reports, that time I fully believed it. But though a change for the better it was only another bull-pen. The condition of affairs at Ander-

sonville was so bad and the feeling about the matter so intense in the North, that a cavalry raid by our forces was in contemplation to come in and release the prisoners. This was at once found out by the Confederates who took steps to render it of no avail, by scattering the inmates of Andersonville around in different places, three or four thousand in a place, not enough together to make a raid an object. The detachment of which I happened to be a member went to Savannah, remained there five weeks, then, on October 12th, to Millen, Ga., where a stockade had been built. Here we had plenty of room. November 8th, an election was held, the Confederates seeming anxious that we should show by our votes a preference for McClellan; but in spite of all our discouragements, and the dissatisfaction of many with the administration policy in regard to exchange of prisoners, the result showed an overwhelming majority for Lincoln. We were kept in Millen about a month when we were hurriedly run out one night, put on some flat cars and taken down through Savannah to Blackshear. Two or three weeks later we were moved from Blackshear down

to Thomasville. The pleasantest part of all our captivity was this junket of three and a half months moving around, keeping out of Sherman's way. We were much of the time in the woods, not crowded for room, abundance of fuel, the rations of good quality, weather delightful. Our appetites were enormous and those who could get it ate such quantities of bread and meat and sweet potatoes and soup, that it would throw discredit on my veracity to relate it. It was as if every stomach was the habitation of a colony of tapeworms. Cooking utensils were at all times scarce, as the Confederates provided none and we had many ingenious makeshifts. To cook a soup in a joint of stove-pipe is easy if you know how. Whittle out a piece of board to fit one end and fasten it in snug and water tight. This makes a kettle with a wooden bottom. To cook in it you bury the bottom in the ground about two inches, build the fire around it, and as it cooks keep stirring the contents from the sides to the center. I have cooked soups in this manner that would not pass in the menu of any first class hotel in the country.

We staid in Thomasville until the 20th of December, when we started on a march across the country sixty miles to Albany. There we took the cars again to Andersonville, where we arrived on Christmas Day, home again after three and a half months' absence. It was a bleak and dismal Christmas and a blue prospect. There were but two left of our original partnership, and, at this period, dead broke. But we took in a third man and went to work again, and managed by hook and crook to make enough to carry us along through the winter. It was literally hook and literally crook, our principal industry being the manufacture of gold rings out of brass knapsack hooks and selling them to the guards as the real thing. While not on strictly honest lines we thought it better than going hungry.

The winter passed uneventfully, there were not many of us, and we had acres of room, the rations were good enough what there was of them, and the climate was not against us, as in the summer. There were some deaths daily, but we did not mind that. Compared with the horrors of the summer, it was easy. We remained here until the 10th of

March, 1865, when we once more started on the move and this time towards freedom. By easy stages and slowly, on account of poor transportation facilities, we got across the country into Mississippi, and went into parole camp beyond the Big Black, a few miles immediately east of Vicksburg. We remained in this camp some weeks, being there at the time of Lincoln's assassination. From Vicksburg we went, in April, by steamboat to St. Louis, stopping a short time in Benton barracks. From there by rail to Annapolis, Maryland, and thence in due course, to our homes. There were only two of us who had remained together during the whole time, of the First Rhode Island Cavalry, myself and Herbert Taylor. I attribute my own survival to fortuitous circumstance, never-failing hopefulness, energy in my own behalf, philosophy, and inherent tenacity of life, all backed up by a good Rhode Island constitution. I never received an extra ration or any special favor whatever at the hands of the Confederates during my whole captivity, but was fortunately able to help and favor myself. I had a severe attack of chills and fever while in Millen,

lasting about two weeks, but at all other times was in good health. I very much doubt if any man could have endured the captivity that I went through if he had been compelled to take the straight treatment dealt out by the Confederates. It would kill anybody in nineteen months.

Of the treatment of Union prisoners in Andersonville in the spring and summer of 1864, I can say from my personal knowledge it was barbarous and inhuman, and without excuse. The Confederates could not give us suitable diet and medicine, for they did not have it. But they could have given us some vegetables, and they could have given us plenty of wood, of which they deprived us though in the midst of a large forest. We need not have been so crowded, and we might have had plenty of water, and in many ways entirely within their means they could have saved themselves the reproach of deliberately starving and harrassing defenceless men to death.

AT ANDERSONVILLE CEMETERY IN 1864.

Furrow on furrow of dull red clay,
 Billowy as the wave,
Stretching away like a great ploughed field,
 And every furrow a grave.
In serried ranks the corpses lie,
 Close as in battle array,
Shoulder to shoulder, with elbows at touch,
 They moulder and crumble away.
Never a mourner stood at their feet.
 Never a prayer was said,
Never a coffin or winding sheet,
 Or shroud for these hapless dead.
Hidden from sight as beasts are hid,
 Far from their land of birth,
This dull red clay seems an alien soil,
 And not their *mother* earth.
Oh, to have died on the crimson field,
 When the battle raged and roared,
The breast expanded to catch the ball,
 Or meet the flashing sword.
Where the whistling bullet and screaming shell,
 Made music to the ear,
And glory was singing their requiem—
 But there is no glory here.
Festering gangrene, and scurvy's blight,
 Malaria's fetid breath,

Clammy damps from the fever swamps,
To compass their wretched death.
Gnawing hunger and cruel neglect,
Dealt by a merciless foe,
Gaunt starvation and wasting disease,
Have laid twelve thousand low.
Broken in body and broken in heart,
Broken in manhood and pride,
Hideous, hollow-eyed skeletons all,
Even before they had died.
Twelve thousand graves looking up to the sky,
Furrows of dull red clay,
Hold in their cold arms the martyr dead,
Hid from the light of day.
Hold them forever, in serried ranks,
Close as in battle array,
Shoulder to shoulder, with elbows at touch,
Waiting for judgment day.
Oh, Sunny South, Oh, Georgia fair,
Land of a brave, proud race,
Andersonville's horror must ever be.
A blotch on your sun-kissed face.
Those who have compassed this dreadul deed,
Condonement may plead in vain,
They will stand confessed at the judgment seat,
When these bones shall rise again.

How I Lost My Sabre in War

AND

Found It in Peace.

BY

GEORGE N. BLISS,

[Late Captain, Troop C, First Rhode Island
Cavalry Volunteers.]

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HOW I LOST MY SABRE IN WAR AND FOUND IT IN PEACE.

As this may be the last paper I shall read before this society a brief sketch of the author's life may not be out of place.

I was born July 22, 1837, at Eagleville, Tiverton, R. I., but excepting about six months of school life in Tiverton, I lived in Fall River, Mass., until I was seventeen years old. I attended the public schools of Fall River, ending with three years in the High School. In the summer of 1854 my father moved to Pawtucket, R. I., and, in September of that year, I was sent to the University Grammar school at Providence, where I prepared for college and entered Brown University in September, 1856. Owing to some difficulty with the faculty as to the management of the college I left Brown and entered Union College, at Schenectady, N. Y., in September, 1858,

the railroad bridge; the woodwork had been burned, and one span of the iron work had fallen. A ladder had been reared, and a soldier had started to ascend it for the purpose of making a rope fast to the iron work of the bridge, so that the men might, by a long and strong pull, bring it tumbling down, when I heard shots in the distance across the river, and, looking in that direction, saw the enemy about a mile away driving in our pickets; but when the reserve was reached a charge of our men sent the enemy back again.

At first, I thought it was only a rifling picket line skirmish, but soon the reserve was hurled back, and I saw that it was an attack in force. I at once rode to Capt. Willis C. Capron, of the First Rhode Island Cavalry, who had command of about a dozen men as provost guard in the little village, and ordered him to form his men in line across the main street, and allow none but wounded men to pass to the rear. This was promptly done, and I was about to return to my squadron, when Captain Capron said to me, "I wish you would take command here." At first I refused, but the men looked at me as though

they really desired it, and I said to Captain Capron, "Very well, take your place in the rear of the line as junior captain," and, drawing my sabre, took my place in front. Our picket line on the opposite side of the river was fighting stoutly, but the force of the enemy was too strong for them, and, the firing was rapidly approaching us, when, having rallied about thirty men, it occurred to me that a charge across the river by us, accompanied by vigorous cheering, might produce the impression upon our men and upon the enemy that re-enforcements had arrived, and so check the advance, and give our main body more time to rally for action. It was accordingly done, and with the effect that I had anticipated. I had nearly reached the front when a major rode up to me and said: "Colonel Lowell wishes you to take your command to the ford of the river and stop all stragglers." The order was promptly obeyed, and I was in time to stop about one hundred and fifty men, most of them belonging to a regular cavalry regiment. There were some lieutenants with them, who under my orders had just about succeeded in getting their men into line,

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when a rebel battery commenced dropping shells among them, and away they went, sweeping my small force bodily across the river. In the town I again got some of my men together, and endeavored to build a barricade across the main street. It was about half done, when I saw that it could not be completed in time to be of service, and we again fell back until we came to the Third New Jersey Cavalry, drawn up in column of squadrons in the western suburb of the town. Looking again at the enemy I saw Col. Charles Russell Lowell, who had been in command of the picket line, riding towards us with his horse on the walk, the last man to fall back before the advance of the enemy. The Confederate bullets were whistling about him, and frequent puffs of dust in the road showed where they struck right and left of the brave soldier. Putting spurs to my horse I rode forward to meet him, and the following conversation ensued:

"Colonel Lowell, I had but few of the provost guards, and did what I could with them to help you."

"Well, Captain, we must check their advance with a sabre charge. Isn't that the best we can do." I replied, "I think so, Colonel."

By this time we had come up to the Third New Jersey Cavalry, known in the army as the "Butterflies," on account of their gay uniforms, and Colonel Lowell said to the officer in command, "Major, let your first squadron sling their carbines draw their sabres and charge." The order was given, "Forward;" but not a man moved, they were completely disheartened by having seen the other troops driven back. The captain in command of the squadron said, "Corporal Jones, are you afraid?" and the corporal made no reply. The men wavered and Colonel Lowell said, "Give a cheer boys, and go at them," and at once, suiting the action to the words, spurred his horse at the gallop towards the enemy, followed by myself, both waving our sabres. The squadron at once cheered and followed. After going a short distance, Colonel Lowell drew out to one side to be ready to send other troops to the support of the squadron, and I was left to lead the charge. I was mounted on a large and strong sorrel horse, formerly ridden by Lieut. Charles C. Gray of one of our Rhode Island batteries, and was soon a hundred yards in advance of the squadron; upon reaching

the partially constructed barricade I pulled up my horse. Looking back, I saw my men coming on with a splendid squadron front; looking forward, I saw the enemy in column of fours, turning to retreat. The ground was down hill towards the enemy, and I had never seen a better opportunity for a sabre charge, and as the squadron neared me, I shouted, "Come on boys, they are running," and jumping my horse over the low barricade, dashed in among the rebels, only to find myself making the attack single-handed. I had ridden past a dozen of the enemy before I discovered my desperate situation. They were retreating in a loose column of fours, and as I rode in among them there were three files on my left hand and one on my right. I felt that death was certain; and, like a lightning flash, my whole life seemed to pass in review before me closing with the thought, "and this is the end. "There was but one chance; fifty men behind me were shouting, "Kill that d—— Yankee." To turn among them and retrace my steps was impossible; my horse was swift, and I thought if I could keep on until I came to a side street, I might dash into that, and, by mak-

ing a circle, reach our lines. As I rode I kept my sabre swinging, striking six blows, right and left. Two of the enemy, Captain Morgan Strother and W. T. Hanes escaped by dodging their heads, but I succeeded in wounding four of them: Capt. William A. Moss, Hugh Hamilton, color bearer of the Fourth Virginia Cavalry, Robert L. Baber, and Thomas W. Garnett. The first side street reached was on the left. Keeping my head close to my horse's neck, I then broke through the three files on my left, and entered the side street in safety, fully twenty yards from the nearest horseman. For a moment I thought I was safe, when suddenly a bullet, doubtless intended for me, struck my gallant steed and he staggered under the shock. With rein and spur I urged him on, but it was in vain; he fell with a plunge that left me lying upon the ground. Before I could rise two of the enemy reined in their horses by me, and leaning over in their saddles struck at me, one with a carbine and the other with a sabre. I could parry but one, and with my sabre stopping the crushing blow from the carbine at the same instant that the sabre gave me a cut across the

forehead. I at once rose to my feet and said to the soldier who had wounded me, "For God's sake do not kill a prisoner." "Surrender then," he said; to which I replied, "I do surrender." He demanded my sword and pistol which I gave him, and had scarcely done so when I was struck on the back with such a force as to thrust me two steps forward. Upon turning to discover the cause of this assault I found that a soldier had ridden upon the trot and stabbed me with his sabre, which would have passed entirely through my body but for the fact that in his ignorance of the proper use of the weapon he had failed to make the half-turn of the wrist necessary to give the sabre smooth entrance between the ribs. I saw also at this moment another soldier taking aim at me with a revolver. There was only one chance left me; I called for protection as a Freemason, and Capt. Henry C. Lee, the acting adjutant-general of the enemy's force, at once came to my assistance, ordered a soldier to take me to the rear and see that my wounds were dressed. I suppose the soldiers, who were determined to kill me, were friends of the men I had just wounded; but I had no opportunity

for obtaining information on that point. A soldier said to me, "Give me that watch," and I surrendered to him my gold watch. Another gentleman said, "Give me your money," and to him I gave my pocket-book, but there was very little money in it; another said, "Get out of them boots," but just then the soldier who had been ordered to take charge of me, arrived, and said, "No you don't, you can't take anything more from this man now, he is in my charge." With some assistance, being weak from loss of blood, I mounted behind my guard; but before I started for the hospital I heard a soldier say, "It is too bad that horse was killed, he was worth eight thousand dollars." Of course that valuation was in Confederate money. After riding about three miles, I reached a field hospital, where my wounds were dressed, and then I gave my guard at his request, my cavalry boots in exchange for an old pair of canvas-top shoes. While this trade was in progress, another soldier impatient at the generous treatment of the guard, exclaimed with an oath, "If you want those boots why don't you yank them off his feet?" to which the manly answer came, "I do

not do business in that way," and he assured me that I was perfectly free to retain my boots if I so desired. I rejoiced that it was still in my power to confer a favor upon one, who though an enemy, had shown himself to be a gentleman. Later in the evening I was put into an ambulance with Capt. William A. Moss (at that time a lieutenant), and rode several miles to a small house in the mountains. I found Captain Moss to be a brother Mason, who did everything possible for my comfort. He had received a bullet-wound from some other soldier in addition to a sabre-cut from me, but happily recovered from his wounds and lived many years at Buckingham Court House, Virginia. My lung having been injured by the sabre-thrust I had difficulty in sleeping, and the surgeons gave me morphine, from the effects of which I was just dropping off to sleep when I discovered one of the hospital attendants removing my canvas-shoes. I remonstrated, but he said I would be "easier with them off," and made off with them. Need I say I never saw them more? He, also, despite my objections, removed my nether garment, giving the same cheerful reason,

which, as I was lying upon the floor, near the summit of the Blue Ridge Mountains on a frosty night, without a blanket, did not meet my approval; but I had no veto power and was obliged to submit with as good grace as possible. In the morning my pantaloons were returned to me, but eighty cents in silver and the key of my valise had disappeared from the pocket during the night. The reflection that it would be inconvenient for my thrifty friend to steal the valise of which he had so promptly taken the key, comforted me somewhat.

In the forenoon of September 29th, a mounted courier came to the hospital and said he had orders to take me to the headquarters of Gen. Thomas T. Munford, commanding the Confederate force that had attacked us on the preceding day, and that he had a horse for me at the door. I was very weak from loss of blood and told him it would be impossible for me to sit in a saddle, so the messenger returned without me.

Late at night on the 29th of September, the wounded were all landed by the cars in Charlottesville, where I was placed in the officers' hospital and

passed two pleasant weeks for a prisoner, thanks to the kindness and courtesy of the officers and attendants, and especially that of the surgeon in charge, J. S. Davis, M. D., Professor in the University of Virginia. Captain Farr, of a New York regiment, wounded at Waynesborough, by a bullet through the lung, was placed in the same room with me. He had received a bullet, piercing the body from front to rear at Gettysburg, and his recovery from that terrible wound seemed to make him confident that he should survive this wound also, and at his dictation I wrote a cheerful and manly letter to his sister. But the inflammation of the wounded lung steadily increased, and, at the end of a week, Doctor Davis told me that he could not live; and yet he was very strong. At supper time of the last day of his life he rose from his bed, sat down at the table and ate a large bowl of bread and milk and roasted apples; an hour afterwards he died while apparently in a quiet sleep. I was allowed to attend his funeral, and, passing through the grounds of the University of Virginia, I stood by the grave of this brave soldier, and, gathering an oak leaf from a neighboring tree,

dropped half of it in his grave and enclosed the other in a letter to his sister as the last token from the loved and lost. Through the thoughtful kindness of the authorities, I was furnished with a faithful attendant at this funeral, who followed me closely with a gun and maintained a satisfactory state of order in the procession. I might easily have escaped from this hospital had I not given my word of honor to Doctor Davis that I would make no effort to do so. For my benefit, also, an armed sentinel was stationed at the head of the stairs, and on one occasion I found him fast asleep about ten o'clock in the evening. I at once awoke him from his slumbers and gave him a good-natured lecture upon the penalty inflicted by martial law upon a soldier found sleeping at his post. He took it kindly, although he seemed to have a rather vague idea that it was hardly proper for a prisoner to urge his guard to renewed vigilance.

A few days after my arrival at Charlottesville a wounded Confederate from the front, his name was W. T. Hanes, called to see me and said he was the first man I attacked in the ranks of the Fourth Vir-

ginia, at Waynesborough, and who escaped a cut by dodging. He said, "I tried my best to kill you that day, but your horse was too swift for me; as I followed, your sabre looked like a snake writhing in the air." He said that in an attack upon the rear guard of our cavalry, near Harrisonburg, he had led a successful charge, forcing back at a run, the rear guard, for some distance, until, upon reaching the main body, the Union cavalry reversed the order of march and pursued the Confederates so closely that, upon coming to a river where the bridge had been burned, the rebels were forced to leap their horses from the abutment into the stream and cross under a heavy fire from their pursuers. My brave visitor said he feared he might be shot in the back, and so he turned about and faced to the rear while his horse was swimming across, and a bullet struck his head, plowing a furrow, as I could plainly see, from his forehead several inches back without breaking the skull. As he wore a private's uniform, I asked him how he came to lead the charge, to which he replied that he had often been chosen by his officers to lead charges, and he seemed somewhat surprised

when I told him that, in the Union Cavalry, enlisted men would not have been thus allowed to take the place and duty of commissioned officers.

About the middle of October, my wounds were healed, and I was sent to Lynchburg, where I remained two days, and was then sent to Richmond and locked up in Libby prison. The sabre wound in my body had reopened, during my rough, hard trip from Charlottesville and I was sent to the hospital which was located at the south end of Libby.

My wounds having healed, I was, on the eighth of December transferred from the hospital to the regular prison quarters, where I found an old college friend, Capt. Henry S. Burrage, of the Thirty-sixth Massachusetts Infantry, who had been unfairly taken prisoner, a few days before, while exchanging newspapers on the picket line.

In return for his capture the Confederate general, Roger A. Pryor, had been taken prisoner by our men upon the following day, while he was trying to exchange newspapers in a similar way. The next day, December 9th, Captain Burrage was summoned to the office of the prison, and informed that he had

been selected as a hostage for a Confederate private soldier then under sentence within our lines. Captain Burrage reminded Major N. P. Turner the commandant of the prison, that General Pryor was already held as hostage for him, and that his case ought not to be complicated by this new arrangement. Major Turner admitted the force of this suggestion and examined the prison roll to select another Massachusetts officer, but finding Captain Burrage to be the only one from that state, his eye fell upon my name from Rhode Island, as the next best, and I was summoned to the office, where I was informed that I had been selected as a subject for retaliation. That word struck me then as one of the longest, ugliest, and meanest words in the English language, and the revolving years have not softened my prejudice against it. I was further informed that beside myself, Lieutenant Markbreit, Pavey, and Towle were hostages for Privates George P. Sims, W. S. Burgess, John Manes, and Thomas M. Campbell, who, under General Burnside's famous death order, had been tried by court-martial and sentenced to be hung for recruiting men for the rebel army

within the Union lines in East Tennessee. I was furnished with writing materials and told to write North and save the necks of those Confederates if I had any desire to preserve my own. I wrote at once to Senators Anthony and Sprague, my father, and others. The letters were over a month in reaching their destination, but were efficient, as fully appears by the following:

COMMISSARY GENERAL OF PRISONERS,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 24, 1865.

HON. WILLIAM SPRAGUE:

SIR: In reference to the application of Mr. Bliss, recommended to this office to-day, by yourself, I have the honor to state that the rebel prisoners inquired of by him, have not been in irons since sometime in September last.

Prisoners of this class of both sides, are, by a recent agreement, to be immediately exchanged. The case of the Union officers, referred to by Mr. Bliss, will be at once communicated to Lieutenant-Colonel Munford, Agent of Exchange.

Respectfully your obedient servant,

H. W. WESSELLS,
Commissary General of Prisoners.

SENATE CHAMBER, January 25, 1865.

DEAR SIR: I see in the *Providence Journal* a note from your son, Captain Bliss. I received a similar note from him last week, and called upon General Hitchcock, who has charge of the exchanges, and represented the case to him. The General said that immediate measures would be taken for the relief of your gallant son and his companions, and for all others in the same situation.

I wrote to your son, bidding him to keep up a good heart, and assuring him that his friends here did not forget him. I write this thinking the knowledge of it may be a relief to your anxiety.

Very truly yours,

H. B. ANTHONY.

JAMES L. BLISS, ESQ.

WASHINGTON, January 21, 1865.

MY DEAR CAPTAIN: I have yours, dated Libby Prison, and have showed it to General Hitchcock, who assures me that measures have already been taken for the relief of you and your fellow prisoners, and all others similarly situated. I hope you will be relieved before this reaches you; if not, you soon

will be, so keep up a good heart, and be assured that we do not forget you.

Very truly yours,

H. B. ANTHONY.

These letters would have greatly cheered us could they have reached our prison cell, but no intelligence from the North came to us. The following paper was given to us three days after our selection as hostages:

OFFICE C. S. MILITARY PRISON,
RICHMOND, Dec 12, 1864.

TO CAPTAIN BLISS, LIEUTENANTS PAVEY, TOWLE, AND
MARKBREIT:

GENTLEMEN: This to inform you that you are held in close confinement in retaliation for the treatment received by Privates George P. Sims, W. S. Burgess, John Manes, and Thomas M. Campbell. These men are now held in close confinement and in irons, by the order of your government, at Johnson's Island.

Your obedient servant,

N. P. TURNER,
Major Commanding.

P. S. You can inform your government and friends.

Major Phillips was placed in the same cell with Captain Boice and Bliss, Lieutenants Towle and Huff, making five persons in a room about eight feet wide and twelve feet in length. In this cell were two pails, one for drinking water and the other for slops. It was heated by a small cast-iron cylinder stove, and there was nothing but the floor to sit upon. On the morning of December 9th Major Turner had told us all that we were hostages for Confederates sentenced to be hung by the United States, and that if the sentences were carried out we should be hung in retaliation. For the first hour after reaching the cell we sat on the floor with our elbows resting on our knees, and our hands supporting our heads, in perfect silence, as we thought over our situation. It was indeed a solemn day for us all, and can never be forgotten by those who were there. I can even now recall its horror. We grew more cheerful with the lapse of time, but there was ever the shadow of a possible death by the hangman. No one seemed to care for any game or amusement of any kind, nor was any such method of passing the time ever suggested. We were supplied with a Bible

and some other books, but the cell was so dark that we could read only a little while, and even that often made the eyes ache. In the door a hole was cut the size of a man's head, so that the sentinel, pacing to and fro in front of the cell, could see what we were doing. Our allowance of food was brought every morning for the day. There was always a kind of thick soup made of black beans called cow peas; each of these peas had a bug or worm in it, but we ate the whole, as we could not afford to lose any portion of our scanty allowance. The pea soup was carefully measured out by Major Phillips, so as to give each prisoner an equal share. The Major divided the corn bread and salt fish or meat into five piles, made exactly alike in quantity, to the best of his judgment; then one of the prisoners was placed with his back to the food, and the Major placing his finger on one pile, said, "Who shall have this?" "Captain Bliss," was the answer. "Who shall have this?" "Lieutenant Towle;" and so on until all was disposed of. By this method of distribution all dispute was avoided; but Captain Boice of New Jersey, made a lively commotion one day

by accusing the Major of partiality in measuring the beans; the other three officers sustained the Major, and the Jerseyman was left in a disgraceful minority. Captain Boice told me that he was in command of the squadron of the Third New Jersey Cavalry I led to the charge at Waynesborough; that he wheeled the squadron about and retreated because of a body of the enemy's cavalry on his left flank, and that he shouted to me to come back. Captain Boice was all wrong in this; he should have followed me; and, after passing that cavalry force on his left flank, wheeled his squadron about and the flanking cavalry would have found us coming upon their rear, while by that time Colonel Lowell would have had another squadron moving upon their front.

“ But of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, it might have been.”

During the retreat on the night of September 28th, Captain Boice became separated from his regiment and was captured the next day, and thus we met again, in the same cell, as hostages, with a fair prospect of death at the end of a rope, instead of upon the battlefield. For the first time in my life

I fully appreciated the natural repugnance of a soldier to death by hanging. It seemed to me that I could face death calmly, looking with unbandaged eyes into the muzzles of the soldiers' rifles; but I shrank with loathing from the hangman. I often thought of the scenes about the gallows, and firmly resolved that I would not disgrace my regiment or native state if thus called upon to die. I often wondered whether I should be allowed to make a farewell address, and if so, intended to avail myself of the opportunity to assure the rebels that in the future they would again acknowledge the old flag, against which they were then in arms and for which I was to die as the emblem of our common country. In those gloomy days I often thought that if good fortune should once more allow me to walk in freedom beneath the old flag, I would never complain under any privations or misfortunes of the future; but alas! these thoughts have not been realized, although the memory of this period has lightened the burden of those trials common to human life.

Our light in the cell room came from a well win-

dow which had no glass, but was barred by iron rods, and had a roof over it to keep out the rain. As the cell was built of thin boards, with wide cracks, and there was also a hole in the door, our ventilation was a little too good, and a constant fire was needed to maintain a temperature above freezing. We had a small cast-iron cylinder stove, and each morning the negroes employed about the prison threw in through the hole in the door some logs of green pine wood. They had been sawed the right length for the stove, but had not been split, and were so wet from want of seasoning that they would not burn until cut into small pieces and dried. All we had to cut up this wood was one common table-knife without a handle. Standing a log upon end, and using a brick for a hammer, we drove the knife into the wood, near the edge, and then by working with the hands and striking with the brick, the ends of the knife projecting beyond the wood, split off a splinter some two fingers thick. In this way we cut up all the wood and kept a kind of cob-house in reserve, drying about our stove, so that the fuel burning was constantly preparing new wood for

the fire. The work was a source of constant occupation for some member of our party, for, as we had but one knife, only one could work at a time, and we kept the cell quite comfortable during the day, but at night, of course, the fire went out, and sometimes we suffered much from the cold while we were sleeping. Our blankets were scanty and ragged, but we joined them together in making a kind of common bed, and, as we laid down, our bodies filled the cell so tightly that if we wished to turn over it was always done by agreement and by word of command, "Ready, spoon." At the word "spoon," we went over together. There were at this time nine persons in the cells: Lieutenants Pavey and Markbreit, although hostages with Lieutenant Towle and myself, were not with us, but were in another cell a short distance away, in company with an officer, whose name I have forgotten, and a war correspondent of the new York *World*; though I cannot say for what the newspaper man was in there. In our cell were Major Phillips, of Tennessee; Captain Boice, of New Jersey; Lieutenant Huff, of West Virginia; Lieutenant Charles F. Towle, of New Hamp-

shire, and myself, and the diversity of opinion seemed to be as great as that of State, for many times there were discussions in which five different positions were earnestly and vigorously maintained. On one occasion the loud talking attracted the attention of the officer of the guard, who, after listening awhile, was heard to say, he "hoped they would rot there." We did not concur in his opinion and he was evidently disgusted with ours. The Richmond newspapers cost us fifty cents a copy, in Confederate money, but we had one every day, even though we needed the money for food, and eagerly searched for news of the war. One day we read the announcement that Gen. B. F. Butler was to command an expedition against Fort Fisher, and for the first time we were all of the same opinion, "that it would be a failure."

There were five in our cell, and in the cell adjoining distant from us one inch of pine boards was confined another hostage, Lieut. H. H. Murray, Thirtieth New Hampshire Infantry Volunteers. I sent a petition to Major Turner, Commander of the Prison asking that Lieutenant Towle and myself be

put in the cell with Murray, thus giving three inmates in each cell and the petition was granted, thereby making better quarters for all. Jan. 25, 1865, all the hostages were released from the cells and sent back to the regular prison quarters. Feb. 5, 1865, all hostages except Lieutenant Murray, were sent down the James River on the flag of truce boat and passed into what we then called "God's Country."

Four months of prison life had broken my health more than the three previous years of hardship and exposure in the army. When exchanged I was placed on light duty as president of a court-martial at Annapolis, Maryland, and May 15, 1865, was mustered out of service and returned to peaceful life in my native State of Rhode Island.

During the war eloquent speakers urged young men to enlist, and were never weary in promises that for those who survived honor and lucrative offices were sure. We were told that no one who had not been a soldier would be thought of for public office so long as a soldier was living qualified to hold the place. When peace came and our services as soldiers were no longer necessary we found not only

the offices were all filled by those who had remained at home, but also that an old soldier was looked upon with some suspicion. Many thought that a soldier's life was evil and had in many cases ruined the character of the men who for four years had stood upon the firing line and kept the stars of the Union's flag in their places.

For some years soldiers turned their energies towards making a place for themselves in peaceful pursuits and had little to say about war experiences.

About ten years after the war closed (in March 17, 1875,) the Soldiers' and Sailors' Historical Society of Rhode Island was organized, and many stirring tales have been printed and will remain for the enjoyment and instruction of generations to come.

I did not know the names of the Confederates I wounded at Waynesborough, but in June, 1875, the Richmond Commandery of Knights Templars made a short visit to Providence on their return from a celebration of the centennial of Bunker Hill battle. I met some of these brother Masons and told them my experiences at Waynesborough, and, on their return, the story passed from one to another until the names



ROBERT L. BABER,

4th Va. C. S. A. Cav.

Born July 10, 1826, Albemarle County, Va.

Picture taken 1888.

of Captains Lee and Moss were sent me, and thus I got the first clew which led to the recovery of my sabre. In 1882 I met Captains Moss and Lee in Virginia, and, in 1897, Gen. T. T. Munford was a guest at my home in Rhode Island.

From the following letters the story of how I got my sabre back fully appears:

ROCK ISLAND, VA., March 24, 1902.

CAPT. GEO. N. BLISS, PROVIDENCE, R. I.:

DEAR BLISS: Having seen in the *Richmond Dispatch* a very interesting war incident, speaking of your wounding at Waynesborough, Virginia, four men with a sabre, and as I received three sabre wounds on my head, and believing that you were the man that wounded me, I respectfully request you to send me your photograph. I was a member of Capt. W. A. Moss's company, Buckingham County troops, Fourth Virginia Cavalry, Company K, Wickham's brigade, Lee's division, and also a Mason. Please let me hear from you and oblige.

Yours fraternally,

ROBERT L. BABER.

This letter Judge Bliss lost no time in answering and in response received the following:

ROCK ISLAND, BUCKINGHAM CO., VA.,

April 29, 1902.

DEAR BLISS: Yours of recent date was duly received and I was highly gratified to learn of the man who gave me such an awful drubbing, but proud to know that it did not seriously injure me—it only gave me six weeks' furlough. You say that three of the four men that you wounded, after thirty years are still living, which is correct. Mr. Thomas W. Garnett is the man, if I mistake not, whose name you had not learned, who is living, and whose post office is Arcanum, Buckingham County, Va.

Capt. Wm. A. Moss has been dead twelve or fourteen years I suppose.

As we have been giving a short history of our lives, I will go a little further, but do not know that it will interest you, but, however, will give you a little anyway. I am nearly seventy-six years of age, have been a member of the Methodist church nearly sixty years, a Mason nearly forty-two years, was justice of the peace twenty-five years, and am a notary public now and have been for about twenty-eight years. You desired me to give an account of



THOMAS W. GARNETT,
4th Va. C. S. A. Cav.

the fight, but, having been so long, I think it would be difficult to give a correct account of the same. I would like to learn a little more of your history, if it will not tire or weary you too much, as I have right much interest in the person who wounded me, and should you ever find it convenient I should be glad for you to visit me.

Yours truly,

ROBERT L. BABER.

Immediately upon receipt of Mr. Baber's second letter, which gave the name of the fourth man wounded by Judge Bliss, the latter wrote to Thomas W. Garnett, and the following came to hand:

ARCANUM, VA., May 14th, 1902.

CAPT. BLISS:

DEAR SIR: I am agreeably surprised to hear from you. I was at Waynesborough, Va., on the 28th of September, 1864. I was wounded by the same man who wounded Capt. William A. Moss and Robert L. Baber. (His name I have forgotten.)

I received a sabre wound on my head. He or you gave me a right cut and passed on. I followed

you to a left hand street. I shot at you and your horse fell. Just then Captain Moss called me to his assistance. I went and did not see you again until that night at the hospital. I was the first man you wounded in the fight.

I got your sabre from Thad Sheppard, and carried it the balance of the war, and buried it on my return home after the surrender.

I never knew Hamilton. Captain Moss has been dead about twelve years. I know Baber. He lives about thirty miles from here. I heard yesterday that he is dead;¹ don't know that it is true.

I am glad we are both still living. Write again.

Yours truly,

THOMAS W. GARNETT.

ARCANUM, VA., July 16, 1902.

JUDGE BLISS:

DEAR SIR: Your letter and papers came promptly to hand. I would have answered sooner, but I sent out a scout for the sabre. He reported last night that he had found it. Now I will write you

¹ The report of Baber's death was an error. He is living at this date.

a little history. When Lee surrendered at Appomatox Gen. Munford called for men to go with him to Johnson, then at Danville, Va. I volunteered to go. We went as far as Lynchburg and gave up the hunt. On my way back I was advised to get rid of my side-arms, else I might be taken for one of Mosby's scouts. Ten miles from here I hid the sabre under the bottom rail of a fence, near a large white oak tree, thinking at the time that I would go after it after things got quiet, but never did. When Mr. Sheppard moved his fence, his son tells me he found the sabre. His message to me is: "If you want the sabre to keep you can get it; but if you want to send it off you will have to pay for it. I suppose he thinks I have a scheme on hand to make something out of you. He did not say what I would have to pay for it. The blade is good, but the scabbard is broken. I have not seen Frank Sheppard himself. I heard all this from his son, Mosby. These Sheppards are not Thad's relations. You write to me again and I'll take your letter to Mr. Sheppard, and let him see that I am only trying to get the sabre for you. He should give it up without remuneration.

Yours very truly,

THOMAS W. GARNETT.

July 21, 1902.

THOMAS W. GARNETT, Esq.:

DEAR SIR: Your letter about the sabre is received. I should like to have the sabre, together with its broken scabbard, but if I can not have it, I should like to have it hung in your home, for of right it belongs to you. I have received the Congressional medal for gallantry, Sept. 28, 1864, at Waynesborough, Va., which was the last time the sabre was in my hands. I do not much care for the sabre for myself, but my boys, two of whom served their country in the United States navy in the war with Spain, would be delighted to have it. Hugh Hamilton, the color bearer I wounded at Waynesborough has promised to visit me this summer, and I expect him to be present at the reunion of the First Rhode Island Cavalry, Aug. 9, 1902. I should be delighted to have you come here at the same time and become my guest.

Yours truly,

GEORGE N. BLISS.



This sabre was surrendered to Thad Sheppard Sept. 28, 1864, by George N. Bliss

ARCANUM, VA., July 27, 1902.

JUDGE BLISS:

DEAR SIR: I am glad to say I have been getting a daily mail from you for several days. Your picture looks like you are just in your prime. You look like you might stand another campaign. I had to make the second trip to see Mr. B. F. Sheppard before I caught him. He said I was welcome to the sabre, but if sent to you \$5 must be paid for it. I put the sabre under the fence April 11, 1865, and Sheppard found it in 1874. Nine years under the fence had left their marks. The leather on the hilt had rotted off, and the scabbard was nearly eaten up by rust. Sheppard put a wooden hilt on in place of the leather, and used it to kill rats with, and cut off a part of the guard to make it handy. There is but one thing about it I can recognize and that is the dent place in the edge, which was in it when I got it. (Judge Bliss says this dent was made by the parrying of the carbine at the time he was wounded.) Thad Sheppard has been dead for many years. I don't know that Thad Sheppard was the man to whom you surrendered, but I suppose he was, as he had your sabre. I have heard nothing more from Baber since I wrote you of his death. I will express the sabre to you from Farnumville,

Prince Edward County, July 28th, and hope it may reach you by August 9th.

Many thanks for your cordial invitation to visit you, but it is out of my power to do so. We would be glad to see you.

Hoping to hear from you again, I am, yours very truly,

THOS. W. GARNETT.

The sabre came a few days later and was on exhibition at the annual reunion of the First Rhode Island Cavalry Aug. 9, 1902, on which occasion Color Bearer Hugh Hamilton was warmly welcomed as a friend by his former foes.



Picture of George N. Bliss taken near Bull Run, Va., in June, 1862, in uniform as
First Lieutenant, 5th Maine Infantry, 1st Division, 1st Army Corps, 2nd Army, U.S.A.

APPENDIX.

The original name of my regiment was First New England Regiment of Cavalry. It was intended to have a squadron from each of the six New England states to be called First New England Regiment of Cavalry, but eight companies were recruited in Rhode Island and four companies in New Hampshire. In 1864 the four New Hampshire companies were withdrawn and recruited to a full regiment in New Hampshire and named First New Hampshire Cavalry. The Adjutant-General's Report for Rhode Island does not contain any evidence that I enlisted as a private in the First New England Regiment, but since the revised edition of the Adjutant-General's Report was published I have found and filed the following order which proves the truth of my statement. I append the following letters as of interest in connection with my paper.

G. N. BLISS.

[*Copy.*]

HEADQUARTERS N. ENG. REGT. CAVALRY,
PROVIDENCE, Oct. 14, 1861.

GENL. ORDERS No. 5.

Company Q. M. Sergt. Geo. N. Bliss will assume
the office & duties of Regimental Quarter Master.

G. W. HALLET,
Col. Comg., New Eng. Regt. Cavalry.



CAPT. A. D. PAYNE.

Born Sept. 15, 1837.

Died March 8, 1893, at Warrenton, Va.

A NARRATIVE of a Part of the Operations of the Confederate Cavalry in the Valley of the Shenandoah, Va., During the Autumn of 1864:

After the disastrous day at Winchester, on the 19th of September, 1864, the cavalry force attached to Gen. Jubal A. Early's command, consisting of one division (Fitz Lee's) composed of Lomax's brigade, commanded by Gen. William H. Payne, and Wickham's brigade, under the command of Col. Thomas T. Munford, all commanded by Gen. Williams C. Wickham; Fitz Lee having been wounded and disabled at Winchester, fell back to Front Royal, and attempted to guard the fords of the Shenandoah River at that point. They were pursued by a superior force of the enemy, who, masking their real design by a feint upon the front of the river line, occupied by the Confederate cavalry, succeeded in crossing at an unguarded ford, and compelled an abandonment of the position by the Confederates. It will be observed that the army of General Early was at this time retreating on two parallel lines, the infantry down the Shenandoah valley proper, and the cavalry down what is called the Page valley, formed by the Blue Ridge mountains and the Mas-

sanuttin mountains, a spur of the Blue Ridge. It was evidently the object of the Union cavalry, by this flank movement, to get in rear of General Early's main army and thus inclose him between two forces, General Sheridan, with his infantry force and part of his cavalry being in his front. The Confederate cavalry endeavored to prevent this by retreating and obstructing the advance of the Union cavalry force in their front, until General Early could reach a place where this purpose could not be accomplished. General Wickham, in furtherance of this design, fell back slowly with his division down the Page valley, disputing the advance of the enemy, and reached Brown Gap, a pass in the Blue Ridge, in Augusta County, on the 26th day of September. Early, by this time, had reached what was supposed to be a defensible position from a flank and rear attack. While Wickham was encamped at Brown's Gap, information was received by the Confederates that a small Union cavalry force was outlying at or near the village of Waynesborough, in Augusta County, situated on the railroad from Charlottesville to Staunton, and near the mouth of Rockfish Gap. It was believed that this force was unsupported by infantry, and, by a swift and bold attack by the Confederates, could be captured or severely crippled. Accordingly, on the morning of the 28th of Septem-



ber, Wickham's brigade of cavalry, commanded by Colonel Munford, consisting of the First, Second, Third, and Fourth Regiments of Virginia cavalry, with a section of horse artillery, moved upon Waynesborough, and, at the same time, Gen. John C. Breckenridge's division of infantry was put in motion down the valley pike to strike the road from Waynesborough to Staunton, at some point that would intercept the retreat of the Union cavalry. Colonel Munford, with his cavalry, wound along the base of the Blue Ridge, on the west side, by obscure mountain roads, as noiselessly and swiftly as possible, reaching the Charlottesville and Waynesborough road, about a mile from the village, at four o'clock of the afternoon of the 28th of September. As was hoped, the enemy were completely surprised; many of their horses were unbridled and grazing on a piece of meadowland lying between the highway leading to the village and a small stream, a tributary of the South river, one of the branches of the Shenandoah. Colonel Munford, as soon as he saw the situation, quietly disposed his forces for an attack; the First Regiment, commanded by Colonel Willy Carter, was dismounted as sharpshooters, and formed on either side of the road leading to Waynesborough, and the remaining three regiments advanced quietly upon the village, mounted. The en-

emy immediately began to bestir themselves, and in a few minutes their cavalry made its appearance in front of the village, between it and the Confederates. A sharp engagement at once ensued; charges and counter-charges were made by the opposing forces, but the Union cavalry was forced steadily back into and through the village, until the western edge was reached, where the Confederates found some obstructions across the street, doubtless put there to retard their advance. The Fourth Virginia Regiment was at this point in the front, and Capt. Morgan Strother, its commander, when he discovered the barricade, ordered some of his men to dismount to remove the obstruction. While this was being done, he suddenly gave the order for the dismounted men to mount, which was immediately obeyed, and just then an incident occurred worthy of mention, as exhibiting a deed of individual heroism rarely witnessed. Just as the men of the Fourth Regiment were well in the saddle, after the order of their commanding officer, a single soldier, coming from the direction of the enemy, with sword in hand, dashed into the Black Horse Troop, which composed one of the squadrons of the Fourth Virginia Cavalry, and on that occasion was the color squadron, sabering the men right and left, wounding several, and among them Lieut. William A. Moss and Corp. Hugh Ham-

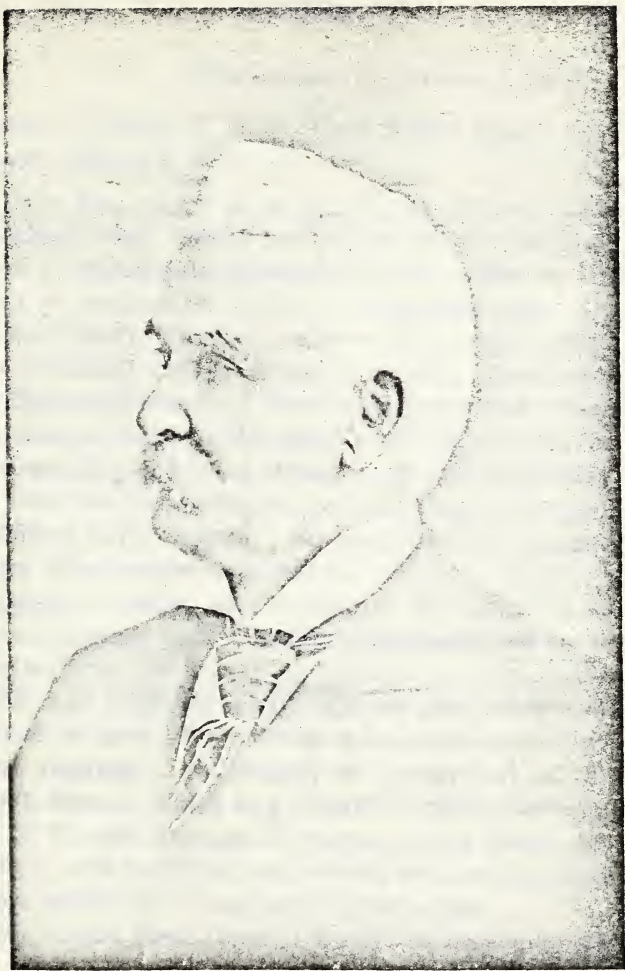
ilton, a gallant soldier and the color bearer. The boldness and suddenness of the attack paralyzed for a moment or two the Confederates, and in that interval this bold assailant succeeded in forcing his way through the Confederate column, and might possibly have escaped, but a shot fired by a Confederate brought his horse down and he fell with it. He was at once surrounded and received a sabre cut in the face while in the act of parrying a blow from a carbine; another Confederate gave him a sabre thrust in the back, and in all probability he would have been slain on the spot but for the timely interference of Capt. Henry C. Lee, an aid of Colonel Munford, who, seeing the struggle, rode up and put an end to it. It is said that Captain Lee recognized in the prostrate man a brother Mason, through some sign or cry used by the Masonic order in times of distress or danger. The hero of this affair, which sounds so like a romance, turned out to be Capt. George N. Bliss, of the First Rhode Island Cavalry, at that time commanding the provost guard of General Torbert, who was in command of this force at Waynesborough. He was, of course, captured, and his explanation of his rash and desperate enterprise was, that he was under the orders of Col. Charles R. Lowell, Second Massachusetts Cavalry, leading a charge of a squadron of the Third New

Jersey Cavalry, and that he did not discover, until among the enemy, that the squadron that had been following him at a charge, had wheeled about and left him unsupported and alone, and, that rather than surrender, he determined upon the bold project of attempting to break through the Confederate column and escape from the other side. It came near being a success, and at the same time his escape from death was almost a miracle. This adventure ended the work of the day. Immediately after it, Captain Strother advanced with his regiment, but found that the Union force had retreated, and, as it was now dark, pursuit was impracticable. Beyond driving the Union troops from Waynesborough and inflicting some damage, the results to the Confederates were not very important. By some mischance, General Breckenridge's division of infantry did not get up in time to intercept the Federal force on the Staunton road.

A. D. PAYNE,

*Late Captain of the Black Horse Troop,
(Co. 4,) Fourth Virginia Cavalry,
C. S. A.*

Warrenton, Va.



GEN. T. T. MUNFORD,
C. S. A.

LYNCHBURG, VA., March 4, 1882.

CAPTAIN GEORGE N. BLISS, First Rhode Island Cavalry, late of U. S A. :

DEAR SIR: I am in receipt of your letter by this evening's mail, asking me to give you an account, from a Confederate standpoint, of the action on the 28th of September, 1864, at Waynesborough, Augusta County, Virginia, between the cavalry under my command and the Federal cavalry, commanded by General Torbert. I very much regret that I have no data at hand in the shape of a report from the commanding officers of either of the four regiments, or from Captain Johnston, commanding the battery attached to my brigade. So much time has elapsed since those scenes occurred my memory cannot be trusted. Reading your narrative has recalled to my mind many points, but it is impossible for me to particularize lest I may do injustice to some of the noble and glorious spirits who so generously sustained me upon all occasions, when their best efforts were required. My brigade was composed of the First, Second, Third and Fourth Virginia Cavalry, A. N. V., and Captain Johnston, of the Horse Artillery, with two guns, was serving with me that day, when we left our camp near Weyer's cave.

My orders from General Early, commanding the

Valley District, were to move at once to Waynesborough, and attack the Federal cavalry who had gone there to cut the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad and to destroy the iron bridge over the Shenandoah River between Waynesborough and the mouth of the tunnel at the Blue Ridge. I was notified that we would be supported by the infantry. Having the advantage of a company in my command whose homes were in that county (Captain McCluny, First Virginia Cavalry), instead of taking the most direct road to Waynesborough, which I knew was heavily picketed by the Federal cavalry, I secured a guide who carried me by a blind road through the "old coaling," along the foot-hills of the Blue Ridge, which had not been used for years, but with the assistance of a few axes we soon made it so that the artillery could accompany us; indeed, their indomitable spirit was such that they would go wherever we could go. Coming out by this blind road, where we were least expected, I found the Federal cavalry hard at work endeavoring to destroy the railroad bridge. I crossed the main road half a mile from the mouth of the tunnel which was guarded by a *malitia* force, consisting of the reserves from Staunton and Waynesborough, under Colonel Leo, but who had withdrawn to the top of the mountain. From this point I could see the Federal picket.

Dismounting the First, Second and Third Regiments, I ordered the Fourth Regiment, Col. William B. Wooldridge commanding, to charge this picket, mounted, and, deploying the three dismounted regiments, moved rapidly to the attack. Captain Johnston's guns were pushed up at a swift trot to a commanding position and used most effectively. Perceiving that my attack from that unexpected quarter was a surprise, I was not slow to push my advantage, and, pushing steadily forward, I drove the force from the bridge and saved it. Meeting a stout resistance at the river, where we lost some good men, I soon cleared my approach to it with my artillery, driving the Federals through the town of Waynesborough. General Early, by this time, had arrived with the infantry *via* regular road on the northwest of the town, and a few artillery shots from Gen. John Pegram's command started General Torbert to change his base. I more than regret that I cannot here give a detailed account of this fight; no record has ever been made of it; we were so constantly engaged during those stirring times, no opportunity was afforded us for elaborate reports. I well remember the good services of Capt. Henry C. Lee, A. and I. G.; Maj. J. W. Tayloe, A. A. A. G.; Rev. Randolph McKim, Chaplain of Second Regiment Regular Cavalry, Acting A. D. C.; Col. Cary

Breckenridge, Second Virginia Cavalry; Col. William B. Wooldridge, Fourth Virginia Cavalry; Col. W. A. Morgan, First Virginia Cavalry, and Lieutenant-Colonel Field, Third Virginia Cavalry, were never wanting upon any field, and gave me their best efforts and support upon that occasion.

In fighting over our battles, as all good soldiers love to do with those who went hand-in-hand together, I have frequently had the incidents you recalled in your letter mentioned by those of us who witnessed it, and it affords me pleasure to say it was worthy of a better support than you received from the ranking officer ordering the charge, or the men who should have followed. A little dare-deviltry in a cavalry officer sometimes acts like magic; a few dashing fellows, well led, have turned a victory from one side to a rout on the other, without any cause. As we are strangers, neither being able to recognize the other were we to meet, I can only say your courage will never be doubted by any Confederate who saw your manly bravery in the fight, and you may thank a kind Providence that you are now alive to tell your own story in your own way. You have spoken in a manly and generous way of what passed in our lines. When I saw you at night, sitting behind a Confederate cavalryman, with the blood streaming down your face, going to the rear

a prisoner, I said to Doctor Randolph, brigade surgeon, that you were one of the "widow's son party." He being one of the elder brothers, replied, "I'll see your mother's son well taken care of this night," and as most of the staff officers were of the clan, they did the best they could for a brother in trouble.

I am not a Mason, but most of my staff were Masons, and I know they frequently did many things that seemed to give them extra pleasure for the unfortunate on the other side, I was sure the institution was full of good works, and, although I was only a poor soldier who tried to do his duty, without being a Mason, I believed the organization was based upon Christian principles, and was always in sympathy with the work of the fraternity.

I can only add that every true and generous soldier, on either side, was willing to extend the healing balm to friend or foe, after the battle was over.

Thanking you for your kind letter, and wishing you prosperity, I am, with much respect,

THOMAS T. MUNFORD,

Brig.-Gen. Cav., A. N. V. Late War.

P. S.—Should you ever come to Lynchburg again, I should be glad to meet you, and if I can give you any information connected with the operations of our cavalry during the war, will do so with pleasure. I was four years with the army of N. V.

BUCKINGHAM C. H., VA., June 21, 1884.

CAPTAIN GEORGE N. BLISS, No. 2 College Street,
Providence, R. I. :

MY DEAR CAPTAIN: I regret exceedingly that so much time has elapsed, and that I should have delayed you so much in your publication of the Waynesborough fight, but my time has not been my own, and I am a poor hand in the descriptive line, albeit it is about the late war, in which you and I took so active a part.

I think it was in the afternoon of the 28th day of September, 1864, when we first met; it has been so long my memory may fail me, and I have not visited the ground since the war, but I am sure I state the prominent facts. I made a charge with my squadron and met you with a regiment near a house on the right of the street near the top of a hill, in Waynesborough. Your regiment came in good order until within one hundred yards of my command, when it deserted you with the exception of two men, who followed you. Your men had placed a barricade across the street which you and one of your men leaped, and at that point I engaged you with the sabre, and was at once put on the defensive by your superior swordsmanship, which kept me active to prevent a thrust from you. At this junct-



CAPT. WILLIAM A. MOSS,

4th Va. Cav., C. S. A.

ure I received a pistol wound from the man who followed on your right, which so disabled me that I had to abandon the fight; my horse reared and plunged to the rear, my bridle hand being disabled by the wound referred to above, when you spurred up and struck me with your sabre on the back of the head; I tried to draw my pistol, but having my sabre knot over my wrist and being disabled in the bridle hand, I could not do so, and you passed me, striking two of my men just in front of me. Capt. H. C. Lee has told me that he met you afterwards, and that you had requested him to give you his recollections of the affair. At this point my memory ceases until a later hour, about dark, when I became conscious and was in an ambulance, and some one said there was a "Yankee officer," badly wounded, and would I let him ride in the ambulance. I said, "Certainly, bring him in;" you took the seat with the driver, but becoming faint, said you must lie down; the surgeon had given me some apple brandy and I gave you some, which revived you, and we had a conversation which satisfied me that you were the officer who wounded me. My brother, Beverly T. Moss, now of Surry County, Va., who in that day's fight had gotten his leg shattered, but who, with unusual fortitude, had forgotten himself in his effort to take care of me (I was shot through the

left breast), said he would go and give you some breakfast if his leg was well enough, and did hobble away, and came back and said you could not eat, and said if he could he would search the man out who had stolen your boots, but he was not able to walk.

I have stated little incidents connected with the Waynesborough fight, and will thank you to put me right where I may be in fault as to dates.

Very truly your friend,

W. A. Moss,

Late Captain Co. K, Fourth Virginia Cavalry.

114 WEST GRACE STREET,

RICHMOND, VA., July 20, 1884.

CAPTAIN GEORGE N. BLISS, Providence, R. I. :

MY DEAR CAPTAIN:—I found your letter of the 18th inst. here when I came up from the office last night, and in reply will say that it is so long since the event occurred that I can't give you many details. The war to me now is like a panorama. With us in the cavalry, marching night and day, as we were constantly doing, the events ran into each

The first part of the report discusses the general situation of the company and the results of the previous year. It also mentions the main objectives for the current year. The second part of the report describes the results of the various departments and the progress made towards the objectives. The third part of the report discusses the financial results and the budget for the current year. The fourth part of the report discusses the human resources and the training of the staff. The fifth part of the report discusses the marketing and sales results. The sixth part of the report discusses the research and development results. The seventh part of the report discusses the legal and administrative results. The eighth part of the report discusses the environmental and social results. The ninth part of the report discusses the overall performance of the company and the conclusions drawn from the report. The tenth part of the report discusses the recommendations for the future.

The company has achieved significant progress in the first half of the year. The sales have increased by 10% compared to the same period last year. The production costs have decreased by 5% due to the implementation of the new production process. The research and development department has completed the development of the new product line. The marketing department has successfully launched the new product line. The human resources department has recruited 10 new staff members. The legal and administrative department has successfully completed the registration of the new product line. The environmental and social department has successfully implemented the new environmental and social management system. The overall performance of the company has been excellent.

The company has achieved significant progress in the first half of the year. The sales have increased by 10% compared to the same period last year. The production costs have decreased by 5% due to the implementation of the new production process. The research and development department has completed the development of the new product line. The marketing department has successfully launched the new product line. The human resources department has recruited 10 new staff members. The legal and administrative department has successfully completed the registration of the new product line. The environmental and social department has successfully implemented the new environmental and social management system. The overall performance of the company has been excellent.

other, and it is hard to get hold of dates; but as you have kindly furnished me with this one, I shall begin, only hoping that Mrs. Bliss and the little Blisses may think I did right.

I was at that time, the 28th of September, 1864, the day of the fight at Waynesborough, Va., the Adjutant and Inspector-General of Wickham's Cavalry Brigade, Fitzhugh (Fitz.) Lee's Cavalry Division, Stuart's Cavalry Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. Our brigade was then composed of the First, Second, Third and Fourth Regiments of Virginia Cavalry, and we generally had a battery of Stuart's Horse Artillery with us; at that time I think we had Johnston's Battery of the S. H. A. As you have probably learned, our corps, divisions, brigades and batteries were called after their commanders. You tell me you have heard from some others of our command and among them, General Munford, then the Colonel of the Second Regiment, so I shall merely begin at the fight. As you are probably aware we were sent to prevent the destruction of the railroad bridge over the river, near Waynesborough, where the Virginia Central (now Chesapeake & Ohio) Railroad crossed. We were informed that you were destroying that bridge. From our marching on the blind road, on the side of the Blue Ridge Mountains, we were not very well

closed up when we struck the turnpike, near Waynesborough, and it was from this fact that I had the opportunity of serving you. When we struck the turnpike we were between your forces and your pickets, which we captured, and you did not know of our coming. As we neared the town, our advanced guard reported a regiment of cavalry watering at the stream just east of the town. Orders were sent to our regiments to close up as rapidly as possible, but being strung out so badly it was hard to do. Our order of marching was the order of regiments; thus, on one day the First Regiment would be in front, next the Second, next the Third, etc., and our horse artillery in rear, so you see if the First was in front the Fourth would be in the rear, and if the Fourth was in front the Third would be in the rear, the order of marching Fourth, First, Second and Third, and battery. On this day the First was in front, and was dismounted and sent down the railroad; the Second and Third Regiments were also dismounted when they came up, and sent down the dirt road; the Fourth was sent forward mounted, and Johnston's Battery was placed on a knoll between the road and the railroad, from which point they did, as they generally did, some pretty good work. The first squadron of the Fourth, Captain Hill's, I think, was

ordered to charge, which they did, gallantly, and some prisoners were taken by them, for I had the pleasure, having gone ahead with orders, of taking two of your men in this charge, for I needed a horse, but neither of them was worth much. This squadron was met with a volley from the enemy and were somewhat scattered; then the next squadron, Captain Moss's, was sent forward, and they charged up into the town; the remainder of the Fourth supported it. Just as Captain Moss got into town, owing to the Third not being up, and the Second not well in position, I was sent forward by Colonel Munford, who was then commanding our brigade, to halt the squadron of the Fourth, and as I was galloping up one side (the right) of these squadrons (we were in column of fours), I saw you galloping down on the other side. Knowing you would be looked after, particularly as you were alone, I kept on and halted the head of the troops, and then I saw your men going in the opposite direction; these are the ones you told me, when I first saw you after the war, you expected to lead in the charge against us, and thought were following you, I think you called them the "Butterflies." My orders were also to bring our troops back that had been sent up on the road to the right, the First Regiment, for we were nearly into Sheridan's camp, and were fearful that

your troops might sweep down this street and cut this party off, and it was as I was returning and had gotten to this corner, that I saw your horse fall, and three or four of our men with you. As I passed you, you called out for relief as a Mason, and, making a sign which I recognized, I ordered our men to let you alone, take you to the rear and see that you were attended to, as you seemed to be wounded. I had to go on to bring our troops back and, although you said something to me I had no time to stop. One of our men was about to kill you when I got to you, and informed me that you had badly wounded Captain Moss, and had struck somebody else, I have forgotten now who, and thought it was wrong for me to interfere. When I came back, of course you were gone, and the horse, too, I think and I never saw you again until you came down to see me here in 1880. I heard that you and Captain Moss were carried back in the same ambulance, and Moss, having some "apple-jack," our national drink, you took a drink together. The next I heard of you, you had been sent to Richmond. I did not have an opportunity of seeing you when you were sent to the rear; I was tired, besides I had been struck on the inside of the right leg by a carbine ball and had my horse wounded at the same time, when your men fired from the creek, and my leg was sore. My horse

was a fine grey one, and captured from your people by one of Mosby's men, and I got him from him. After he was struck he bled pretty freely; the ball struck him in the right front shoulder, just above his U. S. mark. As I rode back on the knoll, where the artillery was, Lieut. Willie Hoxton of the S. H. A., seeing the parts torn from my leg where I had been struck, thought the horse's blood was mine. I shall never forget the look on his young and handsome face when he asked me if I had been that badly hurt, and the relief he seemed to feel when I showed him where the horse was struck. This horse was afterwards shot in one of the skirmishes on the retreat from Richmond, when I was riding him. I sent him back to the wagon train. There he was captured by your cavalry in some dash on the train. I was sorry to lose "Pip," which had been with me in some right tight places. I would have liked to have had him in peace, instead of the miserable glass-eyed little Yankee pony on which I was paroled. Neither of the horses I got at Waynesborough were worth much. I turned one over with the prisoners, and had one kept for me, a large iron grey, which I afterwards traded off with one of our division headquarters couriers, and got a right good horse in return. I enclose you a memorandum of Maj. W. F. Graves (who commanded the Second

Regiment at that time), written last winter, when he was here as a member of the legislature. Maybe this will be of service to you. I made this a "heap" longer than I intended when I sat down. You can cull out from it what you want. With kind regards to Mrs. Bliss and yourself, from Mrs. Lee and myself, I am,

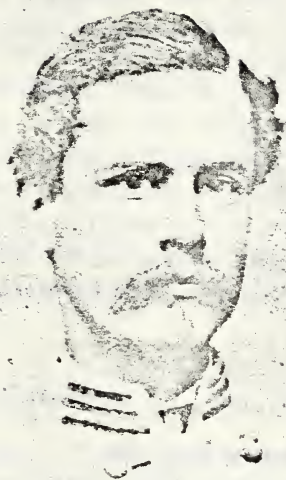
Very truly yours,

HENRY C. LEE,

Late Captain and A. A. and I. G. P. A. C. S.

MAJOR W. F. GRAVES'S MEMORANDUM.

At the battle of Waynesborough, on September 28, 1864, the Second Regiment of Virginia Cavalry was dismounted and took position on a ridge just to the left of the turnpike leading from Charlottesville to Waynesborough, said ridge overlooking said town. When the charge was made by the Confederate forces, the Second Regiment pushed forward, supported by the Fourth Regiment, Virginia Cavalry, which was mounted, driving the enemy back. When the Federal forces fell back, there was a Federal quartermaster, by the name of Bliss, who volunteered to lead a charge to counteract the advance of the Confederate cavalry. The charge was made by



CAPT. HENRY C. LEE.

C. S. A.

the said officer solitary and alone, without his companions following and supporting him, cutting right and left with his sabre, until he reached a point, as well as I can remember, near the centre of the town, when his horse was shot down. Several Confederate soldiers had their guns and pistols raised to fire upon said officer, when he gave the Masonic sign of distress, which was recognized by Capt. Henry C. Lee, as he was a Freemason, thus saving the life of as brave a soldier as ever drew a sabre in the Federal Cavalry. I was an eye witness to the foregoing, and was not more than fifteen or twenty paces from him when his horse was shot down.

WARRENTON, VA., Jan. 13th, 1903.

DEAR CAPT. BLISS: I was glad to get your letter of the 11th instant and to know that Mrs. Bliss and yourself were again in your usual health. I wish so much that Mrs. Bliss could be entirely free of her rheumatic trouble. You write that you are to read a paper on the Waynesborough affair to the soldiers and sailors. It may be they will be slow to credit your story—that you rode alone into the Fourth Virginia Cavalry, and with your sabre cut and cleared your way down to about the centre of the regiment

and then turned to make your escape by a side street, and would have succeeded had not your horse been shot down. And in that ride you struck four men with your sabre inflicting in each case, severe flesh wounds, and struck at two others who were fortunate enough to dodge your blows. Capt. William A. Moss and myself, and two whose names I cannot now recall, felt the force with which you wielded your sabre. The first man you struck at was Capt. Morgan Strother, commanding the regiment. He was one who dodged your cut. The boys near the head of the regiment said as you passed on, Captain Strother called out, "There goes a West Pointer." But captain, you must tell them also for me that although this daring ride of yours was at our expense we have never owed you any grudge for it, but have often made mention of it as showing what was possible for a determined man to accomplish who was well mounted and knew the use of the sabre. After your horse was killed your escape was the strangest part, beset as you were that you should have thought of asking protection as a Mason, and that at that particular juncture there should have been a Mason present to save your life. Verily truth is sometimes stranger than fiction. I wish I had time to write something about what this affair has led up to as to you and myself. What a pleas-

ure it was after so many years to meet again face to face, and that you should have become acquainted with my family and I with yours. Does it not seem strange? I will not weary you further by reminding you of the many little incidents that have grown out of our meeting in the Valley way back in the sixties. With best wishes for you all,

I am as ever, most truly yours,

HUGH HAMILTON,

Late Private Co. H, Fourth Virginia Cavalry.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., March 17, 1903.

Last January it was my privilege to be present at a banquet given by the Soldiers' and Sailors' Historical Society of Providence. At that time a paper was read by Capt. Geo. N. Bliss, giving a very interesting account of his capture and prison life in Libby. His experience in prison, as he so vividly related it, was especially interesting to me, having been a prisoner with him at that time, and I met him last May for the first time since we were together in Libby.

It seems like a dream that forty (40) years have passed since I left Concord, N. H., for the seat of

war, as lieutenant in Company E, Thirteenth New Hampshire Volunteer Infantry. Our first engagement was at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862, when two brigades of Getty's division, of which the Thirteenth was a part, charged Mary's Heights after night. It was one on us. However, later on we did a little better.

On March 12, 1863, the order came for us to move to Suffolk, Va., where we went to re-enforce General Peck, who had about 8,000 troops and who was threatened by General Longstreet with 30,000 men. Sunday, May 3d, in the charge near Suffolk on Providence Church Road, I was shot in the right shoulder and was off duty for nearly three months. After having recovered from my wound, I joined the regiment at Portsmouth, Va., Feb. 7, 1864, was detailed as aid-de-camp on staff of Col. W. H. P. Steere, commanding the Second Brigade, First Division, Eighteenth Corps.

April 22d, Colonel Steere was succeeded in the command of our brigade by Brigadier-General Burnham and I remained with him until he was killed at Fort Harrison on the James River, Sept. 26, 1864. Colonel Collum, of a New York regiment then assumed command: was with him until the battle of Fair Oaks, Oct. 27, 1864. During the engagement at Fair Oaks, Colonel Collum ordered Capt. Albert

Sanborn of the Tenth New Hampshire and myself down the turnpike to gather up the sharpshooters. I went to the left and Captain Sanborn to the right; as we parted I said "good-bye," which meant some thirty odd years before we met again. I was taken prisoner, but Captain Sanborn succeeded in getting back with about twenty-five (25) out of the hundred (100) sharpshooters stationed on the line. After being captured was marched with other prisoners to Richmond, Va., and was placed in Libby Prison, and was there held as hostage for Lieut.-Col. D. Clinton Burbridge, of Louisiana, Pike County, Missouri, who was condemned to be shot. I was kept in close confinement and in a cell for sixty-seven (67) days, forty-two (42) days of that time being solitary confinement. Was finally exchanged for him on Feb. 25, 1865.

The last twenty-five (25) days in the cell, much to my relief, Capt. Geo. N. Bliss and Lieutenant Towle were put in the cell with me. Captain Bliss was the life of the party, and had the faculty of making the time pass much more pleasantly than could have been expected under those trying circumstances. One incident of our life there comes most vividly to my mind at this time, that occasion being New Year's Eve. I had bought a candle that morning, paying \$1.00 in Confederate money for it in

anticipation of sitting the old year out and the new year in; and to have a light meant more of a reality to us. About 11.30 I lighted the candle, and, to our mutual surprise, Captain Bliss produced from under his blouse one of Spurgeon's sermons; where he got it we were never able to find out. I held the candle while he read the sermon to us. Just as the guard commenced to cry out the hour, "Post number one, twelve o'clock, all is well," we sang one verse of "Home Sweet Home," winding up with "John Brown's Body" as the guard called the last post, Number 12. The guard tried to silence us, but we told them to shoot and be d——d, we were going to sing it out.

There were ten officers held as hostages and confined in the four cells, all of whom were exchanged fully two weeks before I was. Imagine my feelings when I was left there alone not knowing what was to take place, but I was very glad to be sent on the next boat and to be once more under the protection of "Old Glory."

No one who reads this who has not passed through a similar experience can realize how glad we were, for although we had a little fun while we could, we would have chosen to be every day under fire rather than to endure this prison life; we were boys then and did it all for love of country.

"We're passing over one by one,
And soon they'll all be gone.
To where the books will surely show,
Just what the boys have done."

H. H. MURRAY,
Late Lieut. 13th N. H. Vols.

PERSONAL NARRATIVES
OF EVENTS IN THE
WAR OF THE REBELLION,
BEING PAPERS READ BEFORE THE
RHODE ISLAND SOLDIERS AND SAILORS
HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

SIXTH SERIES.—No. 3.

PROVIDENCE :
PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY,
1903.

Annals of the City of New York
From the Foundation to the Present Time

By JOHN EDGAR SNOW, M.D.,
Surgeon-General of the City of New York,
and FREDERICK FARNHAM, Esq.,
of the same City.

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Reminiscences of the Signal Service in the Civil War.

EMBRACING THE REDUCTION AND CAPTURE OF FORT PUL-
ASKI; THE SKIRMISH ON POCATALIGO RIVER, S. C.;
AND THE ATTACK BY THE IRONCLADS UNDER
COMMAND OF REAR ADMIRAL SAMUEL F.
DUPONT ON FORT SUMTER, CHARLES-
TON HARBOR, APRIL 7, 1863.

BY

HENRY S. TAFFT,

[Late Captain Signal Corps, U. S. A., Bvt. Lt. Colonel U. S. V.,
Chief Signal Officer Dept. of the South.]

SECOND PAPER.

FIRST IS NO. 9, IN THE FIFTH SERIES OF THE
SOCIETY'S PUBLICATIONS.

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1903.

[Edition limited to two hundred and fifty copies.]

REMINISCENCES OF THE SIGNAL SERVICE IN THE CIVIL WAR.

[READ BEFORE THE SOCIETY OCTOBER 16, 1900.]

REVIEWING the silent pages of memory, I discover that I have overlooked one of the most important of the many thrilling events which occurred during the critical period in the Nation's history in 1862. The siege, destruction, and capture of Fort Pulaski, the watchdog of the mouth of the Savannah, and the key to the beautiful city of that name, situated upon the bluffs, a few miles above that historic fortification.

My last paper of *Reminiscences of the Signal Corps*, relating to the campaign of James Island, closed with an account of the battle of Secessionville, a small village located upon James Island just across the Ashley River from Charleston, and the disastrous result of that engagement.

This took place June 16, 1862. Preceding this event by about two months in the early days of April, 1862, occurred that brilliant feat of engineering skill which reduced, and practically destroyed a fortification within a few hours, which up to this time had been considered one of the most impregnable fortresses protecting the Atlantic seaboard of the United States. At the inception of this great undertaking, the Department of the South was under the command of that stern old veteran Gen. Thomas W. Sherman, afterward the hero of Port Hudson, and a native Rhode Islander. He was superseded during the preparations by Gen. David Hunter, the old Indian fighter, and the latter was the department commander when the fort was captured. The splendid achievement was conducted and accomplished however under the immediate supervision and direction of Capt. Quincy A. Gilmore, of the United States Engineer Corps, and later major-general United States Volunteers. The reduction and capture of this fort was, considering the magnitude and importance of the operations, probably the most bloodless action of the war, but a single man being

killed of the Union army, and, if my memory is correct, none upon the Confederate side. Gilmore's batteries were erected on Big Tybee Island on the south side of the Savannah River at its mouth, and a little north and west of the historic Tybee light-house, and of the curious Martello Tower which stands near it.

They were concealed from the view of the enemy by the dense tropical foliage of palms and palmettoes which flourish so luxuriantly upon the southern coast islands. The principal mortar batteries were named respectively, Grant, Sherman, and Stanton. Thirty-six pieces of heavy ordnance were mounted in all the batteries, consisting of eight and ten-inch columbiads, sea coast mortars, and rifled cannon of thirty, forty-eight, sixty-four and eighty-four pounder calibre. The batteries were manned principally, if not wholly by the Third Rhode Island Heavy Artillery, and the accuracy of the fire of the guns served by them was without doubt largely due to the high standard of intelligence and military training of the men composing this command. Victory was made possible by the intrepid courage

displayed by them, their persistent and determined efforts in overcoming seemingly insurmountable obstacles, and to the splendid discipline and uniform soldierly bearing which were noted characteristics alike of officers and men of this gallant regiment. The state of Rhode Island may well take pride in the enviable military record of these patriotic sons. They share equally with Gillmore in the honor and the glory of this grand achievement. The signal corps were conspicuous in their zeal and efficient effort, and performed their duty to the very great assistance of the officers of the army. Stations were established upon each mortar battery to communicate with the commanding officer, and to observe and report the effect of every shot fired from our guns. Every error in direction or elevation was carefully and accurately noted and the officer in charge immediately notified so that his next shot should be planted in the right spot to produce the most telling effect. On the morning of April 10, 1862, everything was in readiness for the assault, each gun in position, and the batteries completely manned, and amply supplied with ammunition. All this had been

accomplished so secretly that the enemy were entirely unaware of the location of the batteries, or of the magnitude of the preparation for the bombardment. Under a flag of truce a formal demand was sent to the commander of the fort for an unconditional and immediate surrender. This was promptly declined, and at 8.15 o'clock that morning, the entire group of eleven batteries opened fire upon the solid masonry of the fort. Quoting from a report of a signal officer, he says: "The firing from the mortars seemed to have little effect upon the exterior walls, but the rifles and columbiads during the ten hours they were served that day (April 10th), did good execution, and made a considerable breach in the walls of the fort." To prevent the enemy from repairing this breach, the fire of the rifled guns and mortars was continued during the night. Promptly at daylight of the 11th the fire of all the batteries was reopened, and they pounded away without intermission until two P. M., when the Confederate flag was hauled down from the flagstaff on the fort, and a white flag hoisted in token of surrender. At this moment, less than thirty hours

10 REMINISCENCES OF THE SIGNAL SERVICE

after the commencement of the bombardment, Fort Pulaski was a complete wreck, and the defiant boast of its commanding officer, that "the Yankees would never be able to reduce it," was proved a vain and inglorious delusion. An immense breach thirty to forty feet in width was opened in her walls, great piles of brick and mortar were scattered within and without, eleven of her guns had been dismounted and rendered unservicable, and that noble fortification, the pride and glory of a former period lay prostrate at the feet of the Yankee conqueror. The signal officers and men who participated in this engagement were especially commended for their coolness and gallantry under fire, and their great efficiency and zeal in the discharge of their duties. Their assistance in perfecting the ranges of the firing from all the batteries was of great service to the gunners, and the rapid method of intelligent communication which was established was highly appreciated by the officers in command. The reduction and capture of this important fortress was the breaking of one of the many links of the chain which had heretofore barred the entrance to southern

harbors against the fleets and armies of the North, and it effectually put a stop to the system of blockade running at this important centre, which had hitherto been so successful in supplying large and valuable stores of munitions of war, and of domestic materials to the Confederacy. It opened another harbor for our war and merchant ships, where they could find safe shelter from the furious gales which so frequently sweep along the southern borders of the Atlantic.

The moral and physical effect of this capture gave great encouragement and joy to the people of the North, and caused dismay and corresponding discouragement to the South. It was also a serious disappointment to the material interests of the blockade running fleet from the Bahama Islands, and other foreign ports. A signal station was promptly established upon the parapet of the fort, and communication opened with headquarters at Hilton Head, twenty-one miles through Braddock's Point Station, and another at Pope's Plantation. This line of communication by signals of flags by day and torches by night was now complete from

12 REMINISCENCES OF THE SIGNAL SERVICE

Tybee Island, Fort Pulaski, Braddock's Point Station, on a plantation house formerly owned and occupied by the late Senator John C. Calhoun, to Hilton Head; from there to the frigate *Wabash*, and other warships in Port Royal Harbor, Bay Point and Beaufort, forming a continuous line of nearly fifty miles. Messages could be sent rapidly from Beaufort to Fort Pulaski, day or night (except when interrupted by dense fogs), affording the greatest assistance to the army and navy in the speedy transmission of orders or of important information and the saving of time and expense in sending by other means. By the valuable service rendered, the signal corps had become one of the most important auxiliaries to both arms of the service on the South Atlantic seaboard. Oct. 21, 1862, an attempt was made to cut the railroad between Charleston and Savannah at a point near Pocotaligo. The enemy gave us a warm reception, but finally retreated across the Pocotaligo River, and destroyed the bridge, making a stand on the opposite shore. As we would have to repair the bridge under a heavy fire from the enemy, who were strongly posted and

as the nature of the ground made a flank movement impossible, owing to numerous creeks and marshes, and, being heavily wooded, it was deemed best to retire.

Signal officers and men were as usual in the advance, acting as scouts and skirmishers, transmitting information of the location and movements of the enemy to the commander of the expedition, and keeping communication open between the army and the gunboats that accompanied the troops to cover their landing and withdrawal if required.

The corps was engaged in other minor movements during the year. It participated in every engagement however slight or unimportant. No reconnaissance was complete without its representatives, and its efficiency and utility was constantly tested in sustaining communication with the warships, "in which service there was not a single failure." On the first of April, 1863, the army and naval forces at Port Royal were again ready to advance. Each had been preparing during the winter of '62 and '63 for a movement upon the defences of Charleston, but on this occasion the navy were to take the in-

itiative, and the army were to support and co-operate. The naval force on the southern coast had been greatly strengthened during the preceding winter, by the addition of several monitors, and one formidable ironclad, named the *New Ironsides*, commanded by Commodore Turner. This was built something resembling the rebel ram *Merrimac*, with sloping sides, prow, and stern. She was armed with sixteen guns of heavy calibre in her main batteries, and eight or ten of smaller dimensions on her upper deck. Minus her smokestack she would have appeared as she sat upon the water, like a huge land battery, and one capable of doing tremendous execution. The monitors bore names familiar to all the old veterans either of the army or navy, and the names of their gallant commanders, each crowned with fame's immortal wreath, present a galaxy of noble heroes such as the world has seldom seen: *Weehawken*, Capt. John Rogers; *Passaic*, Capt. Percival Drayton; *Montauk*, Capt. John L. Worden; *Patapsco*, Commander Daniel Ammen; *Catskill*, Commander George W. Rogers; *Nantucket*, Commander D. McN. Fairfax; *Nahant*, Commander John

Downs; and *Keokuk*, Commander Thomas Turner. The latter vessel being the only one having double turrets. These with the gunboats and other warships of the squadron, constituted a powerful armada for the attack by sea upon the fortifications, and rebel gunboats, protecting the city and harbor of Charleston. Sumter! Moultrie! How these names thrill the heart with patriotic emotion and warlike ardor. Identified with the first open outbreak of the Rebellion, the first, the stronghold within whose granite walls that little band of loyal heroes under the command of the gallant Anderson withstood the assaults of their treacherous and disloyal brothers of the South, who were attempting the destruction of the Republic, until starvation forced their surrender. The latter, the fortress from which these traitors fired the first shots upon the flag of freedom they had sworn to cherish and defend. Battery Beauregard, Castle Pinckney, Fort Johnson, and an armored ram. These constituted the principal works of defence, but there were a number of smaller batteries located at different points in the harbor. The enemy had not been sleep-

ing during these past twelve months since the Stars and Stripes were lowered from above the walls of Sumter. They had strengthened every fortification, substituting rifled cannon of the most improved pattern of foreign manufacture for the old and practically useless smoothbores, and providing steel-pointed shot which would penetrate iron as easily as pasteboard. Erecting sand batteries near the water's edge, so near the level of high water mark as not to be easily observed even at a short distance away. Planting torpedoes in the channels, and sinking hulks loaded with stone at certain points known only to themselves, so that they considered themselves impregnable from a successful attack by water. These were the tremendous barriers the navy were to attempt to overcome. This was the first direct demonstration made by the navy against the fortifications defending Charleston from attack by the sea-front since the opening of the war. The navy believed that with their ironclad ships, they could cripple or destroy Forts Sumter, Moultrie, Johnson, and Castle Pinckney, and pass unscathed into the inner harbor, when the city would be at

their mercy, and they could compel its surrender, or bombard and destroy it. Its surrender being effected, the army were to be ready to land, fortify and hold it against attacks from the enemy on shore. At this distant day I firmly believe that had the attack by the navy been conducted persistently day after day, the fortifications would have been reduced and evacuated or surrendered within a week. However, I am anticipating the result. The naval force was commanded by that brave old veteran, the hero of the battle of Port Royal, Admiral Dupont. Among his subordinate officers were such famous commanders as Capt. C. R. P. Rogers, Capt. John Rogers, Worden of monitor fame, Ammen, and Drayton, and other naval heroes, all of whom achieved enduring fame before the close of the war. The army was under the command of General Hunter, who was then the commander of the Department of the South. His subordinates were Generals Terry, Seymour, Ferry, Stevenson and Heckman. Colonels Metcalf, Guss, Putnam, Davis, Howells, DeForest. Signal officers were assigned to all the different commanders of the army, to Admiral Du-

pont upon the flagship *Ironsides*, and to other warships not of the ironclad fleet. The transports bearing the army arrived at Stone River, south of Folly Island early in April. General Hunter and staff arrived the evening of the 5th and immediately assumed command. The morning of the 6th he joined the fleet off Charleston Bar, and communicated with the admiral. A force of the army under Colonel Howell landed during the night previous on the southerly end of Folly Island, and early on the morning of the 6th appeared at Light House Inlet at the north end, the enemy having retreated to Morris Island without firing a shot. Colonel Howell directed his signal officer to report that he had complete possession of the island, and desired to cross to Morris Island in pursuit of the enemy. This was not thought advisable, and he was directed to hold his position. Other forces were soon landed to be in position to support Colonel Howell in case of need. In the meantime the navy had not been idle. The iron-clads or monitors were ranged along abreast of Morris Island, the foremost being the *Weehawken*, commanded by the brave and heroic

John Rogers. The greatest activity was displayed upon all the warships. The decks were being covered with bags of sand to protect them as much as possible from being pierced by shot or shell, and the sides above water were slushed with grease, so that if struck by a glancing shot, it would easily slide off without doing serious damage. The flagship, the *New Ironsides*, was completely besmeared upon her sloping sides with a thick coating of navy grease. her deck was piled with bags of sand from stem to stern, and then was pumped full of water, making her upper works above the water line practically invulnerable. The great danger to all the ironclad ships would be, a shot entering below the water line, or being blown up by submarine batteries or torpedoes. These death-dealing engines of war were as much in vogue in those days as in more recent times, and the greatest apprehension prevailed among the men on these ships, that if such a misfortune occurred as described, the vessel would sink like a stone, and they would be drowned like rats. This fear did not however deter our brave tars from making great effort for assignment on board such craft,



as they had in mind the result of the brilliant action between the little *Monitor* and the Confederate ram *Merrimac*, and they were as zealous to win glory and fame as their comrades who were so fortunate as to have served in that famous encounter, on that little craft. On the following day, April 7th, the attack was to be made and with the first approach of dawn the signal officers were on the alert to observe any indications of an advance by the fleet. The transport upon which General Hunter's headquarters were established, the *Ben Deford* was lying just north of the main channel within easy signaling distance of the flagship, and with our troops on Folly Island, and, as was soon discovered, in pretty close range with the Confederate water batteries on the southeasterly shore of Sullivan Island, known as Fort Beauregard. Lying near us was the sloop of war *Housatonic*, one of the blockade fleet, and the unfortunate victim later, of a rebel torpedo boat sent out from the inner harbor in the night, which struck her squarely and sunk her as she lay at anchor. She went down like the battleship *Maine*, carrying most of her officers and crew to a

watery grave. The small coast survey gunboat *Vixen* was also anchored within a few hundred feet of us. Finally, General Hunter's signal office called the admiral's flagship, but the signal officer there could give no information. General Hunter, becoming impatient by the delay, addressed a note to the admiral, asking when the advance would be made, and sent it by his chief signal officer on a small dispatch tender to the flagship. This officer reached the ship as she was under way. A step ladder was lowered over the sloping and well-greased sides of the iron monster and he scrambled up as best he could and stood upon her deck in the presence of the admiral and his staff. The note was presented to the admiral, who made the following verbal reply: "My compliments to General Hunter. We are now under way, and will attack at once." In the less than five minutes this officer remained aboard the flagship, he took in all the details in sight upon her decks, as previously described, then with a warm handshake of the admiral, a parting salute and Godspeed, he slid down the greasy steps and returned with the message to General Hunter.

All eyes were now directed upon the ironclads which were advancing in single file, slowly and steadily towards Fort Sumter. No sound disturbed the perfect stillness, or the surpassing splendor of that April day. The sky was cloudless, and the entire scene at this moment was one of enchanting beauty. The frowning walls of Sumter rose in clear and distinct outline from their briny bed. Moultrie's solid ramparts seemed like some fierce monster, crouching silently and stealthily among its sandy hills preparing to spring upon its foe. Castle Pinckney's battlemented walls stood like a grim sentinel to bar the entrance if Sumter and Moultrie failed, and, above all, the rebel fortifications, floated in the soft southern breeze, the flag of treason, the emblem of the Confederacy. The gallant little *Weehawken* was far in advance of the other monitors, and soon became the center of all eyes. Silently she moved along, until it seemed to the observers that she was close up under the walls of Sumter. Suddenly, from out of the oppressive silence, a single gun boomed from the inner harbor, and immediately following this signal the great artillery battle opened. In-

stantly the guns of every rebel fortification and battery which could be brought to bear were directed upon the little craft which bore the Stars and Stripes. It was stated at the time, that four hundred guns were fired at this moment, with the expectation of sinking the tiny monster then and there. Whether this be true or not, certain it is that all the fire from the enemy's guns was concentrated upon this single ship. My glass was upon her at the instant, but she was quickly enveloped in the flame and smoke of bursting shells, and it seemed fully five minutes before she emerged from this terrific baptism of fire, and we saw her moving on majestically and serenely with her starry banner at the fore as if it were but a fairy play, instead of a battle royal to the death. Now she opened her monster guns upon the granite walls before her. Every shot took effect and left its impress. The other monitors moved up and joined their brave leader, and the battle was on in earnest. The fierce bombardment continued for about three hours. To an observer no harm whatever had been done to the monitors. The walls of Sumter had been gouged and shattered by

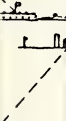
every shot from our guns, until they resembled a huge pepper box, but no breach had been effected, and its offensive and defensive power had not been impaired. The *New Ironsides* with the admiral on board had gone aground in a channel between Sumter and Cummings Point, and could not bring a gun to bear; in fact, I believe she did not fire a single shot in the engagement. It was later reported that while lying in this position she was directly over a submarine battery, which the rebels tried in vain to explode. At high water she was able to back off without apparent injury. Night coming on, the signal was given to withdraw, and all the monitors steamed back to the anchorage of the morning. Admiral Dupont reported by army signal to General Hunter as follows: "Delayed in getting under way by accident, orders not reaching the leading ship. We attempted to pass into the inner channel, but was obliged to anchor to prevent going ashore. Engaged the forts, but found it too late to continue. Casualties few, one ironclad disabled, two partially so, *Ironsides* very slightly, struck very often." The ironclad totally disabled was the double-turreted

monitor *Keokuk*. She had been struck frequently below the water line. It was found impossible to plug the holes. She was kept afloat by the pumps until the following morning, when she was run in on the beach of Morris Island and slowly sunk beneath the waves leaving nothing but her smoke-stack and the tops of her turrets visible. After the navy had withdrawn, the rebels went out to the submerged craft, and removed two of her immense guns from the turrets and mounted them on the battery or Mall in Charleston City, where they were frequently fired for the amusement, no doubt, of the inhabitants of that disloyal city. The writer saw these guns at this place the day following the assassination of President Lincoln. One of them had been exploded and was lying prostrate by the side of its improvised carriage. The following morning General Hunter was informed by signals that the attack would be renewed as soon as the disabled monitors were in order. Later in the day a confidential message was received by the chief signal officer from the signal officer on the *Ironsides* that "no further engagement would take place."

This was made known to General Hunter and created much excitement and consternation. The army were waiting impatiently for the order to advance. Every preparation had been made to cross Light House Inlet to Morris Island and to capture the rebel batteries situated at its northern end. The determination of the admiral not to renew the attack upon the forts would effectually prevent the proposed movement of the army, as, in order to successfully carry them out, the active co-operation of the navy would be required. I do not know that any other explanation was ever made for this unexpected and unfortunate decision to withdraw the ironclad fleet than that some of the monitors were partially disabled and would require some time to repair. Whatever the cause, it soon became evident that no further attempt in the immediate present would be made by the navy to enter Charleston Harbor, and, on the 11th of April, General Hunter and staff sailed for Port Royal, leaving our forces, strongly intrenched, in possession of Folly Island as the only substantial result of the campaign. The ironclads soon after were withdrawn to Port Royal

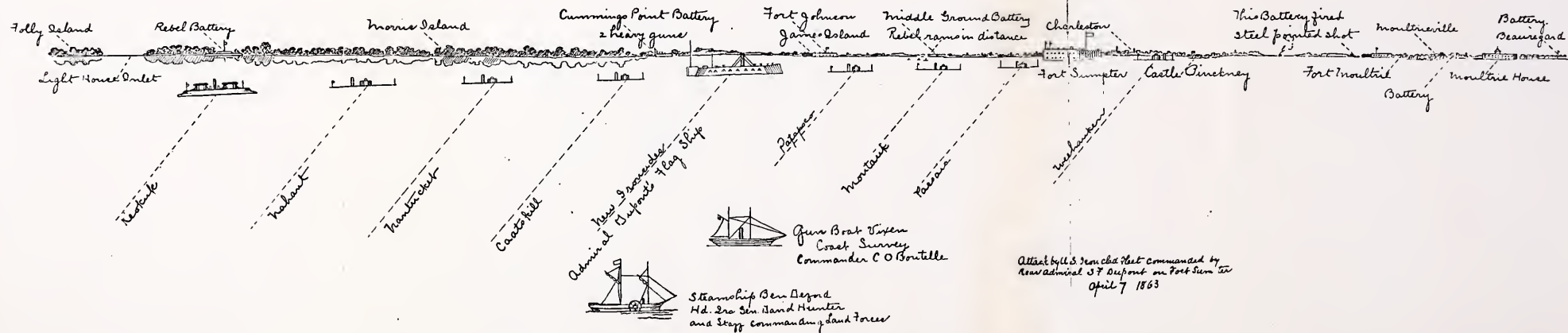
Harbor and performed little further service in southern waters. Signal officers and men who participated in this campaign, both with the land and naval forces were untiring in their efforts to promote the best interests of the service. Day and night they were at their posts of duty, and both the army and navy commanders were warm in praise of the remarkable efficiency and usefulness of this new arm of the service. Lieut. Franklin E. Town, who was with Admiral Dupont upon the *Ironsides*, was honored by special mention for gallant conduct under fire.

My next paper will review the operations upon Morris Island and the bombardment of Charleston and Fort Sumter by the army.

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PERSONAL NARRATIVES
OF EVENTS IN THE
WAR OF THE REBELLION,

BEING PAPERS READ BEFORE THE
RHODE ISLAND SOLDIERS AND SAILORS
HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

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EXTRACTS

From my Diary, and From my Experiences

WHILE BOARDING WITH JEFFERSON DAVIS,
IN THREE OF HIS NOTORIOUS HOTELS,

In Richmond, Va., Tuscaloosa, Ala., and Salisbury, N. C.,

FROM JULY, 1861, TO JUNE, 1862.

BY

WILLIAM J. CROSSLEY,

[Late Sergeant Company C, Second Rhode Island Infantry
Volunteers.]

PROVIDENCE :

PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY.

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1752/1818

1818/1819

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1823/1824

1824/1825

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EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY.

[READ BEFORE THE SOCIETY OCTOBER 15, 1901.]

COMRADES AND FRIENDS:

When I promised you this paper some months ago I did not realize what a blundering mistake I was making, but I did soon after, when I began to look over the few pages of a wretchedly kept diary, and to think I had nothing but a badly faded memory to fill the blank spaces; and then to try to squeeze a life of over three hundred days into about sixty minutes, and make those minutes at all interesting to you I was afraid was beyond my ability. Besides, it occurred to me that many of you had read books or heard papers read on this subject, written by scholars, when memory and the incidents of that life were fresh with them, and new,

strange and interesting to you, and before such books and papers had become repeatedly monotonous. For these and similar reasons I have tried to be as brief as the subject would allow, and to avoid putting overmuch stress on the serious or doleful part of our confinement, that you already may have been bored with. So if you find this effort of mine dry and dull try to be thankful it is no worse, and that you will not be obliged to listen to it again, and if you find at its close that you do not know any more than you know now be charitable, and try to think it is from no fault of the writer.

Some of you may wonder why, as I intimated just now, the diary was wretchedly kept, when we had so much spare time. Simply from the inability to own, keep or borrow a lead pencil. Would you believe such a trifle could become such a luxury in the capital of the Old Dominion? Now to those of you who are not familiar with my military record previous to the battle of Bull Run, I would say, I enlisted in Providence in May and was sworn into the United States service June 5, 1861, for

three years, as a member of Company C ("The Lambs") Second Rhode Island Volunteers. From that date we camped and drilled on Dexter Training Ground until June 19th, when we sailed from Fox Point for New York, then by train to Harrisburg, Baltimore and Washington, where we arrived on the 22d, and went into camp just out and north of the city, and adjoining the First Rhode Island, at "Camp Sprague." Our camp was named "Clark," after the present venerable bishop of this diocese. Here we drilled daily until July 16th, when we left for old Virginia, and I, it seems for Richmond.

By the way, the able and unquenchable executive of our State Prison, General Viall, was then my captain, and the Hon. Edward Stanley one of the assessors of the town of Cranston was my first lieutenant.


To resume, July 17th, we arrived at Fairfax, where some of the smart ones made themselves conspicuous in a few of the houses evacuated by the Confederates, by smashing portraits, pianos, mirrors and other furniture, without cause or provoca-

tion. Thursday, 18th, bought a hoeecake and went a mile to milk a cow, with and from which I had a rare supper. The boys are shooting pigs and hens to kill. At 7 P. M. we marched away three or four miles to a place we named "Brush Camp," where four men came to us from the fight we had heard two of three miles beyond, at a place called Centreville. They were gunless and hatless, and two of them were wounded. On the 19th, with rails and brush, we made a shelter from the fierce sun. Fresh meat was issued to-day; I made a soup, first in the campaign; rather but not awful salt,—for a fresh-made soup. Dress parade tonight. Sent a letter Home. Have to begin Home now with a capital "H" since we have seen rebel-made blood.

Sunday, July 21st. This is the day we celebrate the occasion of this melodrama. Left camp about 2 A. M., arrived at Bull Run about 9 A. M. Here the Confederacy received us with open arms and refreshments galore. We had barely time to exchange the compliments of the season with them, when one of the Johnnies with much previousness passed me a peppermint drop in the shape of a bul-

let that seemed to be stuffed with cayenne. Out of courtesy, of course, I returned a similar favor, with but little satisfaction however, for he was so completely hidden down in the grainfield that his colors and the smoke from his guns were all we had for a target. Well, the cayenne was getting warmer, and the blood was getting out of my eyes into my trousers' leg, so I was taken to the rear, and down to where Surgeons Wheaton and Harris were dressing wounds, and had mine dressed; and, as the rebs began just then dropping shot and shell so near to us as to be taking limbs from the trees over our heads the doctors ordered that the wounded be moved away. I was put in a blanket and taken to another part of the woods and left. Soon after, an old friend of mine, Tom Clark, a member of the band, came along, and, after a chat, gave me some whiskey, from the effects of which, with fatigue, loss of blood and sleep, I was soon dozing, notwithstanding the roar of fierce and murderous battle going on just over the hill. When I awoke a tentmate of mine was standing over and telling me we were beaten and on the run. I wanted

to tell him what Pat told the Queen of Ireland, Mrs. Kelley, but after looking into his ghostly, though dirty face, I said nothing, but with his help and a small tree tried to get up. That was a failure, so I gave him my watch, said good-bye to him, and he left. Up to date it was also good-bye to the watch. Well, after this little episode, I turned over, and, on my hands and one knee, crawled down to the road, four or five hundred yards away, and tried to get taken in, or on an ambulance, but they were all full (though not the kind of full you are thinking about). Then I crawled up to a rail fence close by a log cabin, and soon the rebs came along, took account of stock, *i. e.*, our name, regiment and company, and placed a guard over us. Being naturally of a slender disposition (I weighed one hundred and eleven pounds just before leaving Washington) and from the fracas of the last twelve hours, was, perhaps, looking a little more peaked than usual, so when one of the rebel officers asked me how old I was, and I told him twenty-one, maybe he was not so much to blame for smiling and swearing, "He reckoned I had got my lesson nearly



perfect." I didn't know then what he meant, but it seems they had heard we were enlisting boys, and I suppose he thought, in my case at least, the facts were before him.

Monday, July 22d. Well, here I am, a prisoner of war, a lamb surrounded by wolves, just because I obeyed orders, went into a fight, and, by Queensbury rules, was punctured below the belt. So much for trying to be good. And just here I would like to add a few lines pertaining to that (to us, then) strange expression, "Prisoner of war." From the day of my enlistment to the morning of this notorious battle I had never heard the word mentioned, nor had I even thought of it. I had been told before leaving Providence that I would be shot, starved or drilled to death, that with a fourteen-pound musket, forty rounds of cartridge, a knapsack of indispensables, a canteen of,—of fluid, a haversack of hard-tack, a blanket and half a tent I would be marched to death under the fierce rays of a broiling sun, with a mule's burden of earth—in the shape of dust—in my hair, eyes, and ears, up my nose and down the back of my neck, or, wad-

ing through miles of mud so thick that I must go barefoot or leave my shoes. That I would return home—if at all—with but one leg, one arm, one eye, or one nose, and with but very little of the previous large head; but with all this gabble about war and its alluring entertainments not a solitary word about "Prisoner of war." So you see, it was not merely a surprise to us, a little something just out of the ordinary, but it was a shock, and not an every day feeble and sickly shock either, but a vigorous paralyzing and spine-chilling shock, that we couldn't shake off for days or weeks after we were captured. But to continue.

It rained all of last night; I got thoroughly soaked. This morning the rebs made our able ones go out on the battlefield and get rubber blankets, put them over rails and make a shelter for us in the yard of the cabin. The cabin is full of wounded and dying, and I don't know how many are in the yard. When the surgeon was dressing my wound to-day, we found the bullet inside the drawers where they were tied around my ankle. Oh, but wasn't I lucky; there was but one puncture and that one below wind

and vitals. That's where the infantry lap over the navy, you see, Mr. Shell-back.

July 23d. Colonel Slocum died at one o'clock this morning. Penno, of the First, had his leg cut off. The major had both of his taken off. We had some porridge made from meal the men brought in from the woods.

July 24th. Colonel Slocum was buried this morning at the lower end of the garden. Major Ballou's and Penno's legs in same place. The Major is getting better; so am I. As the men were going past me here with the Colonel's body, I was allowed to cut a button from his blouse (I have it yet), at the same time they found another bullet wound in one of his ankles.

July 26th. Had ham and bread for dinner right from the field, and gruel for supper. T. O. H. Carpenter, another of my friends, and of my company, died to-day, up at the church.

July 27th. No bread to-day, only gruel. McCann, of Newport, died.

July 28th. Major Ballou died this p. m. Gruel for supper, with a fierce tempest.

July 29th. The major was buried beside the colonel at dark.

July 31st. Have had an elegant headache the past two days; to-day it's singing. Started for Manassas Junction about noon, in ammunition wagons, and with those infernal drivers hunting around for rocks and stumps to drive over; it did seem as if the proprietors of the bullet holes and stumps in the wagons were getting "on to Richmond" with a vengeance. At the Junction we were put into freight cars and started at dark for Richmond.

August 1st. When we arrived at Gordonville this morning, the most of us hoped to be delivered from another such night, for the way that engineer twitched and thumped those cars all night long would have made Jeff Davis & Co. smile, if they could have heard the cursing and groans of the tortured and dying in those cars. This afternoon some are scraping the maggots from their rotten limbs and wounds, for the heat has been sweltering all day, and the stench almost unbearable, as you know, there is no ventilation in the ends of a box

freight car; but the most of us lived through it, and finally arrived at Richmond, one hundred and fifty miles from Manassas, at the speed of nearly seven miles an hour. Did you ever hear of Uncle Sam treating a train load of gasping and dying strangers quite so beastly and leisurely as that? As we were being unloaded from the cars to wagons a nice looking old gentleman with a white necktie, standing nearby, said to me, "How old are you, my little man?" I told him twenty-one, but from his insinuating that I must be a near relative of Ananias, I did not pretend to be over seventeen after that while in the Confederacy. From the cars we were taken to a tobacco factory, near the lower end of the city, and on the left bank of the James River, afterwards known as the famous "Libby." We were dumped on the first floor, among the tobacco presses for the night, and next morning taken upstairs, and, "bless my stars," put on cots, and given bread and coffee for breakfast. What was the coffee made of do you ask? I don't know, and, as you didn't have it to drink it need not concern you; and we had soup for dinner, and it's none of your affairs

what that was made of either. And now we are allowed to send letters home, but have to be very careful as to quality and quantity, for Mr. Reb has the first perusal and will throw them in the waste basket if a sentence or even a word is not to his liking. I tell you if we needed a capital "H" for home, when at Brush Camp, the entire word should be written in capitals here, for *there* we were surrounded by friends, not an enemy in sight, while *here* we are surrounded by thousands of enemies and bayonets and not a solitary friend within miles.

While writing this paper I have tried to think of some parallel or similar case to that of ours, that I might give you an idea in a more condensed and comprehensive form what that life was, but I can think of none. Possibly some of you may think that board and lodgings at "Viall's Inn" for a few months might be comparable. I don't think so; but as we are cramped for time I will not argue the matter with you, but drop it after a single comparison. If you were to be sent to General Viall's you would be told before leaving the Court House how long you were to stay. There is where much

of the agony, the wear and tear came to us, that everlasting longing, yearning and suspense.

When settled down to our daily routine, I find on the cot beside mine a little Belgian Dutchman, about thirty-five years old, with a head round as a pumpkin, eyes that would snap like stars in January, and a moustache that puts his nose and mouth nearly out of sight. He was seldom murmuring, but flush with sarcasm. His name was Anthony Welder, and he belonged to the Thirty-Eighth New York. He was wounded the same as I, just above the knee, so he could not walk, but he did not lack for friends and fellow countrymen to call on him and help use up many weary hours with their national and lively game of "Sixty-Six." I wish you could have seen them play it. I was a real nice boy at that time and didn't know even the name of a card; but seeing them getting so much fun out of it I asked Anthony one day to show me how to play, but with a very decided No, he said, "I tell you; I show you how to play, and you play awhile for fun, then you play for a little money, you win, then you play for a pile, and you win, then you play for a big

pile, and you lose him all, then you say, 'Tam that Tutchman, I wish the tevil had him before he show me how to play cards.'” But there wasn't much peace for Dutchie until I knew how to play Sixty-Six.” And just here is another illustration of the havoc my evaporated memory has made with some of the tidbits of those days, that I would occasionally like to recall; for to-day I know no more about that game of “Sixty-Six” than the Chaplain of the Dexter Asylum.

August 4th. A First regiment man died, and on the 6th Esek Smith, also three other Rhode Island men died. And here I should say I make no mention of the dozens and scores belonging to other states and regiments that are carried out daily. One day as a body was being taken out past us I said to Welder, “There goes another poor fellow that's had to give up the ghost,” and Welder says, “Well, that is the last thing what he could do.”

August 7th. Had services this p. m. by an Episcopal clergyman.

August 10th. Grub very scarce. Cobb of the

Second died, and H. L. Jacques, of Company E, from Wakefield, bled to death this evening.

August 13th. Johnnie is whitewashing the walls. It makes the dirty red bricks look a little more cheerful.

August 21st. To-day we are a month away from Bull Run, and a month nearer home.

August 26th. Light breakfast, no dinner and small supper. The front of my stomach and my spinal column seem to be about three-quarters of an inch apart now.

September 5th. My birthday. The anniversary of my beginning to see things in a different light. Have cut several eye teeth in the past six weeks.

September 6th. Moved down stairs, with a beautiful headache, a sore throat, and my first ague chill.

Since I began writing this paper I have had another, and if those two were the only ones I had ever had, ybu might not have been afflicted with this mess of pottage this evening.

September 21st. And now it is two months since we left Father Abraham on the wild plains of Manassas. Doctor Harris and his assistants left

for home to-day. Perhaps a little explanation should attend that last sentence. It seems Colonel Jones of the Fourth Alabama, was seriously wounded and taken prisoner at Bull Run, and was being attended by Dr. Harris and assistants, when the Federal retreat began. The colonel's attendants were going to leave him, of course, as they didn't care to be scooped, but he pleaded with them to stay with him until he should get to Richmond, and he would then and there have them released. So they stayed, but he was, as you may know by this date, a long while getting their release.

September 25th. Chris. Rodman, of Peacedale, died of typhoid fever.

Sunday, October 6th. All with stumps sent home to-day. I, with no stump, am permitted to walk across the street, and into another tobacco factory. This one is four stories high, beside a loft, where are stored tons of tobacco. I was sent to the fourth floor. And now, perhaps, that we have moved into new quarters, the program for a single day, in this den of ours, giving you an idea of how we used up some of the anxious hours and weeks, would be more

edifying and interesting than a little dab of this and that, here and there.

So, to begin with, if you please, picture to yourself this slumber chamber of ours, this parlor, reception and dining room, sitting and standing room, library and smoking room, bath room and kitchen. That bath must be a joke, a dry one, too, for I never knew or heard of Yank having a bath with Jeff. Of course they were in hot water frequently, but then they didn't have on their bathing suits, only but just fighting togs. Well, this room was about 35 x 80 with a chimney, a sink and James River water, and directly after a shower the water was a' most thick enough for plastering. The furniture was one solitary pine table, the chairs were out of sight. Comrade Chenery had not yet sent in his card. Say, did you ever realize what a droll-looking place a 'hotel would be, filled with guests, but not a chair in it? Or did you ever think what it meant to sit on the floor, not for a day, or a week, but for months? Sometime, when you have been real good and wish to repent, try it for a few weeks, just before Easter.

But to resume. The men—about one hundred—at night, lie with their heads to the wall, away around the room, with another double column, heads together, up and down the middle of the room. Some may have a block for a pillow, others a shoe, but seven-eighths of them have nothing between their heads and the floor, and the rest of the poor body is served in the same way. The covering, too, is as scant as the bedding, except for a few, who may have saved a blanket from the battle-field, and even they must pay for their comfort by sleeping with one eye open, or they cannot see their blanket next morning, with two eyes open, notwithstanding, most of us were familiar with number eight of the decalogue. Soon after daylight all but the filthy ones are sitting up, all around the room, like so many athletes, stripped for the fray, with blood in their eyes and on their thumbnails, slaying the descendants of Pharaoh's pets with much zeal, but with little encouragement; for poor Yank is beaten now worse than at Bull Run; he is outnumbered here one thousand to one, and worst of all, has no ammunition, *i. e.*, hot water, and the

Richmond louse has no more fear of cold water than the proverbial milkman. But wasn't Stumps lucky in being sent away before getting to this place of torment, for what would the poor fellows have done while we were scratching, or rather, digging? Stumps was the fellow without hands or feet and how could he scratch without them? Next of note after the hunt, is the appearance of his mightiness, the notorious Sergeant Wirz, with pistol in hand, his guard with their guns by his side, to call the roll. In very good Dutch, he tells us to "Fall in, and pe tam quick about it, too," but his bluster does not seem to frighten the boys much, and while we are getting into line the careless ones make it merry for Dutchie; from the four corners of the room in ventriloquistic tones they give him his pedigree, telling him he is the son of a good dog or of an old smooth bore; they send him on long journeys to—to—Halifax, or maybe to Jericho; they call him sweet and spicy names, and one curious cherub from the rear rank wants to know why he talks Irish. That staggers him, for Dutchie is not fond of the Irish, and if he dared would skin alive

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every "Mac" on the roll. So this query is the climax; up comes the pistol, he glares over it with fire in his eyes and speech, and gives the last speaker just two minutes to step two paces to the front. The cherub is, perhaps, a Freshman from Yale, and does not understand the Rotterdam language, so he does not take the two paces; then there is not even a smile for the next two minutes, then the gun begins to droop, the time is up, Dutchie has cooled off, and the roll is called. You see he had a similar experience each morning on the three floors below, and doubtless those people down there would worry him to the verge of nervousness. But I wish you could have heard him call that roll just once; and often those scamps would get him so badly twisted he would have to close his book and count us, and if it was music to hear him call the roll 'twas equal to a band to hear his 'ine, swi, thri, fear, finf and so on down the line. Soon after roll call came the regular 9 o'clock Confederate feast. A four-ounce piece of bread with three ounces of boiled rib, then go to the tap and wash it down with a dose of the James River. With the three courses (bread, rib

and water), we have lost nearly four precious minutes, for you must not think we are a set of drones in this hive, and have lots of time to squander over a little mess of bread and bone, "Nowt of sort."

Perhaps it would have been more in order to have told you, before gormandizing, how this feast was served. The fifty eight-ounce loaves of bread, and maybe twenty pounds of meat, were brought in by darkies and put on our solitary table. Then our own selected and angelic commissary cut the loaves in two, placed them on the table and put on each piece of bread three ounces, or less, of choice boiled rib; the men then formed in line, walked past the table and each took a ration. Now, after the feast comes the daily round of exercise. Over in yonder corner a bondholder, having invested in a *Richmond Examiner* or *Dispatch* (ten cents), is holding the attention of a score or more with an extended account of the last Confederate victory. Always a victory, of course, for when Johnnie was beaten, not even a bondholder could buy one of his papers. That group over there are watching a pair of jackals, who are having a quiet game of pitch for the

crust and the bone that lies on the floor between them, and all about the room you may see pairs and fours, busy at all the variety of games with cards, and a generous sprinkling of more studious and sedate ones at chess, checkers, and dominoes, from morn 'till twilight. The squad over there by the grand stairway are arguing about the rumors of our being released, or sent south, or out on the Confederate fortifications with the chain gang. Then some loafer or rascal would come from somewhere down stairs and sing out, "Hurrah, fellows, going home next week!" In our early prison days such a toot would set the swarm to buzzing, but soon became shopworn. Then another party, with pickets posted away down the stairs (that they be not surprised by Mr. Wirz and his gang) are going aloft for tobacco to take down stairs to be pressed, for they alone on the lower floor have the presses, while we on the upper, command the tobacco loft. So we lend them our tobacco for the use of their presses. How the fellows fared between the upper and lower millstones I don't remember, but you can rest assured they didn't go

the first of these is the fact that the human body is not a simple machine, but a complex organism, capable of adapting itself to its environment. The second is the fact that the human mind is not a simple machine, but a complex organism, capable of adapting itself to its environment. The third is the fact that the human body and mind are not separate entities, but are interconnected and interdependent. The fourth is the fact that the human body and mind are not static entities, but are constantly changing and evolving. The fifth is the fact that the human body and mind are not isolated entities, but are part of a larger system, the human community. The sixth is the fact that the human body and mind are not purely physical entities, but are also spiritual entities. The seventh is the fact that the human body and mind are not purely individual entities, but are also social entities. The eighth is the fact that the human body and mind are not purely material entities, but are also immaterial entities. The ninth is the fact that the human body and mind are not purely mortal entities, but are also immortal entities. The tenth is the fact that the human body and mind are not purely human entities, but are also divine entities.

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without their smoke. Oh, what a comfort that was for Yank in prisondom, that he could smother so many cravings for home and loved ones; that he could stifle so many aches and pains, so much torture and misery from dawn to dark with beautiful time-killing smoke, nor having to take one thought of where the next was coming from; for didn't we have tobacco to burn? A couple of years afterwards, I used to think frequently of the poor fellows at Andersonville, and how much they would have enjoyed such a privilege.

The really industrious ones you see about the room are the artists, the Boney-parts, who, with their knife, file, and wax, patience and perserverance, take the bones from their meat and make such artistic chessmen, checkers, dominoes, rings, shields, badges, etc., that even the women of the Confederacy come in to see and buy.

Then there is the drill squad, having sword and bayonet exercise, while sailor-Jack is prodding a ship, or the girl he left behind him, into the breast of his shipmate. The chap yonder with the book and restful visage, is having a royal treat, which

many of us anticipate from the same source. The bachelor-appearing fellow beside him, you see, has a needle and thread, and may be trying to bridle a button or take a piece from the corner of his blanket, to fill a vacancy in the resting place of his trousers; and I tell you it was quite a task to keep that part of our uniform fit for Sunday morning inspection.

Now the barber could be the busiest one in the hive, but he doesn't like to work for nothing, and very few of us are flush, but he must cut hair, for we have no combs and as I have told you just now neither have we any hot water. The innocent looking boy over there, Slim Bailey, with his six feet five, curled up in smoke, is the rascal who will borrow of you a handful of Egyptian vermin, trot down stairs to the guard at the door, and deliberately pour them down the back of his neck, thinking perhaps, that it is only proper to render unto Cæsar the things that do not belong to us. About 12 m., daily, a very select few would have an interlude in the shape of hasty pudding, griddle cakes or a stew. These few were mostly from the Seventy-first New

Strong

York, the Brooklyn Zoos, and First Rhode Island Infantry. They were of the elite, the upper crust, blue bloods, they had money, and with it they would get the guard to bring them flour, rice, sugar, tea, vegetables, etc. Of course the flour and vegetables must be cooked, but where was the stove? The Confederacy had no stoves for Yanks. Well, in that loft I spoke of, besides the hogsheds, barrels, boxes and caddies of tobacco, there were piles of sheet-tin, in squares about nine inches by twelve. So Yank took some of them down stairs, dug a hole in the chimney, laid the bricks on the floor with the sheets of tin over them, and on top of these placed rows of bricks to connect with the hole in the chimney, and covered the last with more sheets on which to put the cooking furniture, and that was the style and make of the Model Grand, the Richmond Range of 1861. Years after Comrade Spicer cabbaged the entire plant. Did you notice I mentioned cooking furniture? Well, you see these select few must have dishes to cook in, and so they did, by taking more of those sheets of tin and turning up the sides and ends so nicely that they were liquid tight, and that

too, without solder. Then these shoddy autocrats must have fuel, so they go aloft once more and anything in the shape of staves, boards and boxes that is breakable is utilized. Oh, but were not those midday doses torture for the eyes and nostrils of the poor fellows who had no money, meal or potatoes; no nothing but an appetite fit for a shark, and a desire to turn our noses over or plug up the blow holes.

Now comes 4 o'clock, and up come the darkies again with piles of bread and buckets of broth. This broth is the fluid in which the ribs were boiled, and to each gill of the same has been added one bean, and to each Yank is given, daily, one standard gill of this Confederate swill. Sometimes it was very fresh, and then again it would be so odorous you would swear it never was fresh. After this great out come the pipes, "only but just pipes," take notice, nearly a hundred well colored, loyal dudeens, and not a two for or arbitrator, or any other sort of a traitor in sight. And now this final soothing, nerve-killing, quiet smoke, and the day is done.

October 25th. Had trial of a fellow for stealing meal.

Sunday, November 3d. Service by chaplain of the Third Maine.

Friday, November 8th. Two men shot on the third floor this evening as they were going away from the faucet and from the window through which they were shot. Tibbetts shot through, from back to breast, died soon after, and the same bullet lodged in the arm of Weeden, in front of him. The guards told his officer the men were trying to escape. An unlikely story.

Sunday, November 10th. Service, subject, "The Leper of Syria," told to go wash seven times. The lepers of "Libby" would have been pleased to receive just such an order, and I assure you that several times seven would not have been too many to have gotten beneath the accumulation of the previous four months.

November 24th. A lively rumor that we are to be taken south soon, and as the next tavern we stop at may not be so bountifully supplied with tobacco, we adjourn to our loft and take all the loose tobacco

we think we can keep out of sight of the guard. The plugs we pressed are already stowed away for just such an emergency. I don't know how many plugs I took away, but I know I gave a darkie twenty for his pocket-knife, when we were going down the Alabama, thinking I could make rings and badges as well as some others. So I made a ring; you should have seen it. I never made another. I brought home two of the plugs of tobacco; one I gave to this Society many years ago. The other I have here. *Over 400 plugs*

November 25th. *A* Left Richmond about noon. At Petersburg were put into freight cars, no dinner or supper.

November 27th. Four crackers and a piece of bacon to-day. Arrived in Wilmington at dark, crossed Cape Fear River on steamer, and again put in freighters.

November 28th. Four more crackers for twenty-four hours. Now, if our reckless host will continue thusly for a few days more, we may soon be rid of the balance of our bloat.

November 29th. Arrived in Montgomery, Ala-

bama, just before dark, and transferred to steamer *Waverly*, and sent down the Alabama River. The next day we turned up into the Tombigbee, and next day into the Black Warrior.

December 2d. We arrived in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, and put up at the United States Hotel, Market Street, and most of us Rhode Island chaps, with a few Massachusetts, New York and Jersey's, about twenty-five in all, were put in a guest chamber, second floor front.

Are you a trifle doubting about that hotel name? Well, I was surprised at its being left for us to see; until I saw it was not on a signboard, but painted directly on the clapboards, and I don't suppose the poor things had had time, paint or ambition to brush it out.

December 4th. Bread and bacon for breakfast, ditto for supper, after which, for a regular every day bill of fare, we had corn bread, made from corn and cobs ground together, mixed with water, but no salt,¹ and baked in dripping pans about three inches deep.

¹ Salt was nearly one hundred dollars per barrel in those days, and a little later was much more.

December 6th. The corn dodgers are entertaining us merrily.

December 7th. The cob and corn syndicate seem "To Have and To Hold" the balance of power here just now, and if Uncle Abe doesn't come to the rescue soon, Yank will have to put in a requisition for a bucket of Jamaica Ginger, or some other pain-killing cordial. if he ever expects to see Washington again. You chaps that are familiar with old Virginia hoecakes, may be a little bit skeptical about the cobs being in our cake, but if they had been straight goods and no shoddy do you believe a pack of starving hyenas would have made bricks of them for pillows, or used them as grapeshot at midnight to quiet his too chatty roommate? But the cob-cake was not all bad. Let me tell you how we fixed him once; as a treat, we were given rice and molasses for Christmas, and then some smart Yank took his tin plate, and with a nail, nearly filled it with holes, then turned it over and pushed his hard dry dodger over the grater, and behold it was meal again, but as an improvement over the Confederate method of mixing with water only

Yank used the molasses given him for his rice, and, without asking twice others were pleased to pool their molasses rations with him. Then we tried out two or three of our rations of fat pork, and, in the grease we fried this mixture of second-hand cob-meal and molasses; and, by the splendor of Rome if it didn't turn out doughnuts, and such doughnuts! Why, after eating one of them you could speak in seven languages, if you had the key. You may wonder where we did this cooking. Well, there was a fireplace in this chamber of ours, but I have not the least idea where we got the fuel. Diary and memory both fail me here. The tin plates we made by unsoldering our canteens.

Sunday, December 8th. Preaching by Lieutenant Church, of the Second, in the parlor and hall. He was, previous to 1860, a preacher for the Baptists at Wakefield, and his daughters were schoolmates of mine.

December 9th. They have made a lieutenant of Wirz, and put him in charge here. He has taken Burt, my chum, and of my company, for his book-keeper. On the 11th we had the play of "Macbeth"

rendered, with one H. W. Eagan, of Michigan, as the star. Many of the rebel officers came in with chairs and placed themselves in front, where they seemed to enjoy the play very much. For me, it was a treat, as I had never seen one of Shakespeare's plays before, and as I found out later, Eagan was no novice in the business, for I met him in Washington about two years after, managing a genuine theatre.

Christmas Day, 1861. Shade of Alexis Sawyer; bread, white bread in our hose this morning. Such fat living must finally lead to gout.

January 1, 1862. Four of us sat up last night and bade the old year farewell, and hoped the last half of it would never come our way again.

January 4th. No meat to-day, on account of a broken door.

January 8th. Yams for supper. What luxuries! Where is the Confederacy drifting to?

January 9th. Captain Bowers and Lieutenant Knight left for home.

January 25th. I bet Charles Bean a dollar we

would be out of this hotel by March 1st, and so we were, but I never saw the dollar.

February 4th. No meat to-day.

February 12th. The anniversary of the birth of our ever memorable Lincoln.

February 15th. Our first snow in Dixie.

February 22d. This is the day we would celebrate. It's a beautiful morning, a regular holiday for the darkies, and the common in our front is full of them. We throw up our windows (against all rules or practice, and if we had done such a thing in Richmond, would have been shot before we could have gotten away from the window), but we throw up our windows and we, the white minstrels, like a score of howling wolves, give the grinning black audience such a treat with the "Star Spangled Banner," the "Red, White and Blue," and others, that the cavity under those darkies' noses looked like a fiery furnace with marble trimmings. Then you should have seen them, men, women, and pickaninnies, rolling, dancing and jumping over one another, hats and arms in the air, and at every stop we made, shouting for more, until, from down the

street, with coat tails on the horizontal, comes old Wirz, up the stairs, two at a clip, and into our room, chirping, "What in Hades you tam fools trying to do? I thought you Rhode Island chaps pretty good fellows, but py tam you get no more meat for two, three, four days, do you see?" No, we didn't see any meat for two days, then Burt (so he told me afterwards) interceded for us.

February 26th. Signed a parole of honor this P. M. Here is a copy of it: "Tuscaloosa, Alabama, Feb. 26, 1862. We, the undersigned, prisoners of war to the Confederate States, swear that if released we will not take up arms against the Confederate States during the existing war, until regularly exchanged and that we will not communicate in any manner whatsoever anything that might injure the cause of the Confederate States which may have come to our knowledge of which we may have heard since our capture."

Saturday, March 1st. Good-bye, old Tuscaloosa, we are off on the steamer *George Sykes*. Just think of it, we are homeward bound, that joyful sound,

and yet it may not be, but we'll think of that as we laugh and chat with the boys who now are free.

March 3d. Turned up into the Alabama, and this afternoon met the steamer *Jeff. Davis*, with troops and artillery going down to Mobile. The pump of our ship gave out about dark, but our boys fixed it.

March 5th. Did not run much last night, it was so dark our pine torch at the bow was little better than a candle. The pump got tired again this morning, so the boys had to give her another dose of Yankee goose grease. Arrived in Montgomery before noon and left before dark. Again in freight cars, but we do not mind them now as the doors are wide open, no guard, and nearly as many of the boys outside as in. Three cheers for the fellow who shook from us our shackles, and dissolved the dream, which was not all a dream.

March 7th. About dark we are reminded we had two crackers for breakfast, no dinner or supper. It must be we are on the air line or the fast express, limited (to six miles an hour), though there doesn't seem to be much limit to the fast, and the air,

though filling, does not seem to soothe the inflamed appetite we have acquired since getting out of doors, and since those few days we had on the laughing riplets of the Alabama and Tombigbee. Before noon of the 12th we had turned up in Raleigh, North Carolina, about eight hundred and fifty miles from Montgomery, at an average speed of less than five miles an hour. Of course, if we were going the other way that would be plenty fast enough, but with liberty to the right and left and in front of us, and Uncle Sam almost staring us in the face, it did seem tantalizing; but after all, the jog was too fast, we arrived too soon; too soon to dodge the most unkind cut of all; ingratitude that cut close to the vitals. The parole had collapsed, the motto, "Hope," and visions of Little Rhody had gone from us; we were driven back into our cage, given a couple of crackers, the doors were closed, the guard replaced, and away we go for another dose of perdition and purgatory, Oh, why couldn't they have kept their meanness to themselves for just another week?

Thursday, March 13th. Arrived in Salisbury,

North Carolina; our host gave us some bread and bacon about 10.00 A. M., but nothing more for the day. Guess this must be another hotel "Cavity."

March 14th. Bread and fat pork for breakfast; broth and pork for supper. The broth was "*out of sight*" in two minutes, and the pork would have been real nice if we had had a little fresh castor oil to pour over it. Now just a few words about our quarters here. At the time we left Richmond last fall, another batch of several hundred were sent to New Orleans, and just before we arrived here those same Orleanists had come to town and taken possession of an old three-story cotton or shoddy mill. This mill was near the centre of several acres that were enclosed with a board fence, about nine feet high, and around the inner side of which were one and a half story brick cottages, belonging, we suppose, to the mill proprietors, and built for their employees. We Tuscaloosa chaps were the tenants now, and the ever-thoughtful Confederacy, to keep us Yanks from family quarrels, from ruinous gossip, and the borrowing of our neighbor's salt, had separated these cottages from

each other by the same style of fence as that around the outside, and then had put another on the inner side to keep us and the Orleanists from swapping gum. So we have a little yard now, but Mr. Reb knows very well we can't use it with our shredded and soleless shoes.

Sunday, April 6th. Three of our men shot last night.

April 20th. They let the boys out of the factory into the large yard, one floor a day now, and some of them they are having to bury alive, up to their chins. Doubtless many of you have seen or heard of "deadheads," but here was the other kind, a droll as well as sombre spectacle. A dozen or more, live and human heads, sticking up just above the ground; just heads and nothing more. A queer looking crop, and how it would have pleased some of the ladies of the Confederacy to have gotten into that lot with a lawn mower or a tennis racquet. So much for scurvy.

May 1st. Received my first letter from home. Just think of it, there are people yet living in the United States. I wonder if the Richmond papers

know about this, we should have supposed from the way they talked last fall that the last of the "Mudsills" would have been wiped out before this. The above letter was the only one I received of many that were sent to me.

May 8th. Rumors floating around that we are to have another start for freedom, and maybe that accounts for Johnnie allowing us to have a concert in the big yard this afternoon.

May 16th. Signed another parole.

May 19th. Had another dose of ague, chills, and fever, yesterday; not much better to-day.

May 21st. Ten months ago, Johnnie, there were too many of you, but to-day, this scratch lot of Jack-o-lanterns are thinking they would like to try it over again with you. And to-day the great game of baseball came off between the Orleanists and Tuscaloosans, with apparently as much enjoyment to the Rebs as the Yanks, for they came in hundreds to see the sport, and I have seen more smiles to-day on their oblong faces than before since I came to Rebeldom, for they have been the most doleful looking set of men I ever saw, and that

Confederate gray uniform really adds to their mournful appearance. The game was a tie, eleven each, but the factory fellows were skunked three times, and we but twice. Good, Mr. Reb, we will overlook quite a little of that black Friday business at Raleigh for the pleasure you have permitted us to partake of this afternoon.

May 22d. About two hundred of the boys started for home this morning. We signed another parole this afternoon, and after so much of this parole signing we are reminded of the fellow down in Richmond over a hundred years ago who wanted liberty or death, and that's the condition we have arrived at, only we would substitute for death sixteen ounces of broiled porter house, a pot of Mocha Java, and a clean shirt each morning during the remainder of our stay here.

May 23d. Left Old Salisbury this morning and are in high hopes the hardened Pharaohs will let Israel go this time. Passed through Raleigh and at dark came up to where the boys had a breakdown yesterday. Arrived in Goldsboro about 9,

where we stayed in the cars the remainder of the night.

May 24th. Had some crackers for breakfast, and away we go again. Arrived at Tarboro, and taken to the Court House for the night, where we found the party that left Salisbury the day before us. Now is the winter of our discontent beginning to fade away, and the clouds of doubt and despair, to disperse by this soothing dose of tar cordial.

Sunday, May 25, 1862. Left Tarboro and the final of our bondage in this ghostly wilderness of torture and famine at 8.00 A. M., on two scows or flat boats, towed by the tug "Col. Hill," down the Tar River for over seventy miles, and until nearly sunset, when we came in sight of that beautiful, that glorious old Star Spangled banner at Little Washington, North Carolina. Then you should have heard that drove of wild skeletons shout and howl. The Johnnies tried to squelch us with fearful threats, but the returned exiles told them they would pour them overboard, guns and all, if they dared interfere, for you see we had nothing in us but ten months of compressed air and suppressed shouts,

and they had got to come out now, to make room for a renewed and more loyal admiration of George Washington, Abraham Lincoln and the flag of the free. Well, good-bye, Jeff, sorry to leave you, wish you would go along with us. The boys on the Potomac would be awfully glad to see you and exchange grips, and, if you would come over and just let Uncle Abe talk to you about thirty minutes the war would be over to-morrow. But Jeff wouldn't listen to us, so we pulled up alongside and landed on the deck of the *Pilot Boy*, and from there were transferred to the *Eastern Cossack*, where we were fed and then allowed to scrub up and put on a clean shirt if we could get one. Say, comrades, but you ought to have seen that uniform we landed in, and did you ever try to wear a single suit, *i. e.*, shirt and trousers, continuously for ten months, nights as well as days? If not, don't begin now, it's too monotonous. Then, for over three hundred days we had been waiting for just such an opportunity as this to satisfy a ceaseless longing for food, and here it was in abundance and we didn't care for a crumb.

May 26th. Left Little Washington just after sunrise and came to anchor at 3 p. m., a mile below Newbern. Coffee, soup and crackers for supper. Oh! but wasn't that coffee rich? And can I ever forgive those Confederate thieves for robbing me of so many precious doses; just think of it, in three hundred days there was lost to me, forever, so many hundred pots of good old Government Java. I don't know about it; though I have been taught to forgive, seventy times seven is a good many, and it's a long way back to last July. Of course, I expect to forgive them sometime, but I do not wish to decide hastily and then have to use up all my leisure in repenting.

May 27th. Hauled up to the wharf about noon. The boys, thirty at a time, got a pass to go ashore. Gilmore's Band came on board at dark and gave us a treat that set our spinal column shivering from truck to keel.

May 28th. I received a pass, went ashore, shook hands with General Burnside, and saw three of my old schoolmates belonging to Auditor Chase's Battery F, stationed here. Returned to ship at noon.

The general came to see us in the afternoon, then we left the dock and got aground twice before getting back to our anchorage.

May 29th. Got underway early and went into Hatteras for coal, then farewell to old Carolina, and away we go for the deep blue sea. Quite rough outside, many of the boys seasick.

May 30th. George B. Atwood, of Providence, lost overboard the past night. Poor fellow, so near the goal he had been reaching for, and then lose all. Out of sight of land all day, came in sight of Barnegat at dark.

Saturday, May 31st. Arrived in New York at daylight. The *Great Eastern* is up the Hudson at anchor. She is not so monstrous-looking as I had imagined. Later she came down past us on her way out to sea. Just after noon we were taken ashore on tug *J. Chase*, and marched up to the Soldiers Retreat on Broadway, where we were given rations, and at 5 p. m., marched to the dock and on board the steamer *Commonwealth*, bound for Stonington. I had to back up to a steam pipe all the way to keep from shaking my bones out of joint, with another

charming allowance of my never-to-be-shaken friend, the chills.

Arrived in Providence at 4 A. M., where relatives and friends had been at the station waiting for us several hours.

After a furlough at home of five weeks I was ordered to report at "Camp Parole," Annapolis, Maryland, there to await orders for "an exchange," which came to us the following October. Then I started again for the front and joined my regiment at Downville, Maryland, Friday, October 10, 1862, after an absence of over fourteen months, and after nearly one-half the boys I had left in my company, had been wounded, killed, promoted, discharged or sent to some hospital. For myself, I got into trouble again with the Rebs at Fredericksburg, in December, 1862; Gettysburg and Chancellorsville, 1863; also again at Fredericksburg, 1863, and in 1864 at the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, where Johnnie gave me another reminder of his carelessness with a loaded gun.

PERSONAL NARRATIVES
OF EVENTS IN THE
WAR OF THE REBELLION,

BEING PAPERS READ BEFORE THE
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THE MARYLAND CAMPAIGN

WITH THE

FOURTH RHODE ISLAND.

BY

HENRY J. SPOONER,

[Late First Lieutenant and Adjutant Fourth Rhode Island
Volunteers.

PROVIDENCE :

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THE MARYLAND CAMPAIGN WITH THE FOURTH RHODE ISLAND.

My first experience in army life was as a recruit in a veteran regiment. My previous military training, such as it was, had been acquired by study of the books on "tactics," then in use, and by a limited amount of drill in a company organized for such instruction. My qualifications for service in the field were only such as nature, my patriotic impulses—common in those days to the youth of New England—and such preparations as I have mentioned may have furnished.

In the summer of 1862 the Seventh Rhode Island Volunteers was recruited and organized, and I and two of my friends sought commissions in that regiment; but, to our surprise, late in August of that year, we received, instead, commissions as second lieutenants in the Fourth Rhode Island Volunteers. That was a distinction we had neither presumed to

ask for nor expect, for the Fourth was even then a veteran regiment, which had seen ten months' active service in the field, had participated in the successful North Carolina campaign under General Burnside, where it had earned high reputation in the battles of Roanoke Island and New Berne and at the siege and capture of Fort Macon, and had, by its brilliant charge at New Berne, won for its Colonel (Isaac P. Rodman), the stars of a brigadier-general. But I cheerfully accepted my assignment and hastily arranged to transfer my services from the desk of a law student to furnish the full re-enforcement I was able to supply to our stricken Army of the Potomac.

Those who are familiar with the history of the war will recall the anxiety and dismay which permeated the North immediately after the disastrous defeat of General Pope in Virginia, in August, 1862. It was almost universally feared that the capital would fall into the hands of the enemy and the war be transferred to Northern soil. Loyal newspapers and citizens echoed the general apprehensions that the most serious crisis of the war had arrived and

that the Union cause was in imminent peril. Few, here at home, appreciated the fact that our experienced and well disciplined veterans were incapable of such rout and disorganization as affected our raw recruits of the summer of 1861 at the first battle of Bull Run, and that the heroes of the Peninsular and North Carolina campaigns were abundantly capable of standing undismayed, like an impregnable wall of fire, between the rebel hordes and our Northern homes. Yet, to the credit of our people, be it said, that their doubt and apprehension served but to strengthen their heroic resolve that the Rebellion should be crushed, and that neither men nor means should be wanted for the work, the magnitude of which they had now begun to comprehend.

It was in those days, early in September, 1862, that we (I and my two brother lieutenants) started to join our regiment, without knowing just where we would find it, although it had been last reported as at Fredericksburg, Va. On September 4th we arrived in Washington. The city and its suburbs presented the appearance of a great military camp, full

of bustle and activity. The streets were alive with troops, largely from the front, marching to their camps around the city, baggage trains and patrolling guards, indicating the assembly of a great army and the preliminary preparations for an active campaign. I was pleased to find that there, in close presence of the enemy, and amongst those who I believed could most intelligently understand the situation, the confidence in our army and its generals and faith in their ability to sustain our cause and protect our capital was far stronger than it had been with our friends at home.

Our regiment having been in transit to Washington, we were unable to locate it until the second day after our arrival. On September 6th we found the regiment; and, relinquishing our comfortable quarters at "Willard's," we reported for duty. The Fourth had arrived in light marching order and was in bivouac on a hillside in the northerly suburbs of the city. I quote from a letter home: "Entirely without tents, officers and men were sheltering themselves as best they could from the heat of the sun under the shadow of their blankets and in little

huts which they had hurriedly built from the boughs of the trees. We found the Colonel (William H. P. Steere) and the Lieutenant-Colonel (Joseph B. Curtis) ensconced under the shade of a blanket raised about three feet from the ground." This was regimental headquarters. That night, for the first time in my life, I slept on the ground, wrapped in my blanket and obtained my first experience of army service in the field. It is needless to assure my veteran comrades that I slept well.

I was assigned to Company G, which was under the command of Lieut. J. Perry Clarke, the only other commissioned officer then with that company, whom I found to be a valiant and competent officer and experienced campaigner, to whose counsel and example I was indebted for an important part of my early practical military training.

The next morning we started on our march in the "Maryland Campaign." The first day's march was unusually hard and disagreeable; but, unaccustomed as I then was to such service, it survives in my memory as one of my most distressing experiences. The day was exceedingly hot and dry, the

sun blazing overhead and the road rough and deep with dust; infantry, artillery, cavalry and wagon trains were all moving on the same road, and at times intermingling and passing one another; the moving army pulverized the dust and flung it into the air in suffocating clouds; and, worst of all, pumps, wells and brooks were so dry, inaccessible or defiled that water of any quality, with which to slake our thirst, was almost unobtainable. But we were young; our bodies and our spirits were elastic; and, after the dreadful march, the contrasting comforts of the bivouac, the coffee, without milk, boiled over the little camp-fire and drunk from the same smoky tin cup in which it was made, the "hard tack" and salt pork upon which we feasted, the fragrant brier-wood pipe which served for our dessert, and the luxurious couch consisting of a blanket spread upon the bare ground, seemed to fully compensate for the wearisome fatigue of the day. But I do not propose to render this paper unnecessarily tedious by a detailed recital of my daily experiences. It suffices to say that I soon found myself acquiring the ways and habits of a

campaigner and learning how I could best perform my duties and provide for my necessities and comfort, as all soldiers do in active service; and I am sure I learned those practical lessons much sooner than I could have done had I not enjoyed the advantage of the example which my association with my veteran comrades of the Fourth afforded.

Our regiment was in Harland's brigade, Rodman's division, in the right wing of the army, under Burnside; and General McClellan was again in command of the army.

When I left home the estimate there as to the capacity and fitness of McClellan for high military command was far from harmonious, but in the army at that time, in so far as my observation extended, it was encouraging to find that only one opinion existed, entire confidence in the commanding general. Officers and men regarded him as the most able and efficient of our generals and hailed his return to the command of the Army of the Potomac with the utmost cordiality and enthusiasm.

Burnside was the idolized leader of all who had served under him, holding not only their confidence

but also their devoted affection; and, whenever he passed, either on the march or in camp, he was greeted by his men with an ovation of tumultuous cheers. Vociferous cheering, first heard in the distance and increasing in apparent volume as it came nearer, was recognized as the sure announcement of the coming of Burnside even before his heroic form was seen or his genial and benignant smile beamed upon us.

Brig.-Gen. Isaac P. Rodman, formerly colonel of the Fourth Rhode Island, a gallant, dashing leader, now in command of our division, had won the full confidence of his regiment in the North Carolina campaign and that recognition of his military ability from his superiors which his recent promotion attested.

Under such commanders and inspired by the reliance upon their capacity, which I have indicated, the spirit of the army, which had been somewhat affected by the grievous defeat under General Pope, had been thoroughly restored, and the desire to meet the enemy, repel the invader and redeem disaster seemed universal.

Day after day we pushed on toward Western Maryland with the assurance that we were approaching the arena of conflict. We were but little encumbered with baggage or camp equipage and carried our blankets and marching rations (salt pork, hard bread, coffee and sugar) either on our own shoulders or, by proxy, on the shoulders of our "freedmen." Our tents and general baggage, both limited in quantity, and the bulk of our commissary supplies were transported in the wagons following so far in the rear that they reached us only at infrequent and uncertain intervals. Our modest rations were occasionally supplemented by a chicken from some farmer near our route of march, or green corn plucked from a neighboring field and roasted at the camp-fire, affording a variety to our usual bill of fare which we much appreciated.

With experience, the marches seemed less tedious, and were in fact shorter and less difficult than that of our first day, and the fatigue of the march gave additional zest to the rest, recreation and refreshment which followed. My comrades will agree with me that no pipe was ever more delicious than

that smoked by the camp-fire after the march, nor any sleep more refreshing than that which followed, with the ground for a bed and the sky for a canopy.

On the 12th of September we reached Frederick City, which we understood was occupied by the enemy. Advancing from the outskirts of the city with our brigade at a "double quick," we speedily occupied the grounds where the Confederates had their barracks and hospital, without resistance; the rebs had "skedaddled."

Frederick City exhibited the liveliest evidences of a loyal and patriotic city. The people seemed to turn out *en masse* to welcome the Union forces; the national flag was thrown to the breeze on every side, and I saw General McClellan almost overwhelmed in the street by the eager citizens pressing upon him to greet and press the hand of their deliverer. The houses were thrown open, and, as evening fell, generally illuminated, while women and children, as well as the men, vied with one another in extending a generous Southern hospitality. But our stay with these delightful people was necessarily brief; duty beckoned us still westward to

repel the invaders, who, stimulated by their recent successes in Virginia, believed they might press "My Maryland" into the Confederate column, and, swarming over the mountains, had temporarily possessed themselves of the fair, loyal city of Frederick.

On the following day we were of the column which marched by a circuitous route over the mountains, some dozen or fifteen miles, flanking the enemy who were in some force between Frederick and Middletown, forcing their retreat and capturing a few straggling prisoners. Affairs were evidently progressing toward our engagement with the enemy; for, although *we* had as yet only marched and manœvered, the frequent firing in our advance warned us of the proximity of a vigilant though retiring foe. In a letter home, dated "Two miles from Middletown, September 14th, 1862," and evidently written on the morning of that day, after describing our march over the mountains on the previous day, to which I have referred, I wrote: "We had been settled but a few minutes," after our march, "when news came that a regiment of Fed-

erals striving to secure the baggage train of the rebels was in danger of being overpowered. Our brigade was immediately ordered to arms and we marched hastily to this place where we anticipated an instant engagement. We were ordered to lie down; a battery of artillery was posted on a hill near by, and we expected a fight. Our aid was evidently not needed, though we heard the boom of cannon just beyond." And, in the same letter, referring to the time it was written, September 14th: "We have been expecting an engagement every day; can't tell when it may come. We can clearly see from here where our batteries are shelling the rebels in the woods on the mountain side four or five miles to the westward." The "shelling" which we then saw, was the commencement of operations to carry the mountain passes, and the opening of the battle of "South Mountain." We were not to remain long unemployed. The scattering fire of the skirmishers gradually swelled into volleys of musketry, mingled with the boom of cannon. The battle was on. The first great struggle had commenced which was to determine the ability of the Union forces to repel

the invaders and thrust them back across the Potomac, and, possibly, bring the war to a successful close. The regiment hurried forward, formed in line of battle, and pushed to the support of our advance, which was then heavily engaged. Up the rugged ascent and through the thick, tangled woods we pressed on, keeping our line as well as we could over such broken ground. We occupied, for a time, a position in rear of a battery, for its support, while it hurled its loud mouthed and heavily shotted defiance at the enemy beyond, and, until the falling back of the Confederate line, required its advance to another position. The fire of the enemy was sharp and continuous, but mostly passed overhead. The Fourth, withdrawing from the wood to its left, pressed up the rough mountain road, while the rattle of musketry, the roar of cannon and the closer whistling of rebel bullets told of the fierceness of the contest on our left and just ahead. Owing to the rise of the ground before us the enemy's fire was largely ineffective upon our regiment, and we suffered only the loss of one man wounded. We hurried forward and almost or quite at the top of

the mountain defiled to the left of the road, formed line of battle, and advanced briskly to the support of an Ohio regiment in our near front, which was sharply engaged with the enemy. I think that regiment was the Twenty-third Ohio, commanded by Lieut.-Colonel Rutherford B. Hayes, subsequently President, who was there severely wounded.

The Confederates, at that part of their line, occupied a position in the rear of a stone wall, on the edge of the woods, and our forces advanced upon them over an open field. It was dusk, and the flash of rifle and cannon brightened the wild landscape with intermittent light, disclosing the positions of the contending forces. As the Fourth advanced, the Confederates broke and retreated, passing generally to their left to reach the roadway down the westerly slope of the mountain, while our battery on our right, commanding that road, hurled its shot through their scattered and retreating columns, and the battle of South Mountain was won.

The Ohio regiment, referred to, withdrew to some other part of the line, and the Fourth occupied the position which they vacated, resting through the

night in regimental line and throwing pickets out upon its own front. As I picked my way through the woods in our front to post pickets, I stumbled twice over the bodies of dead Confederates and found a third wounded through the thigh,—whom I had carried to the rear of our line for the care of our surgeons. On the following morning we were able to partially measure the enemy's loss in that portion of the field. Their dead were scattered through the woods in our front, sometimes several in a heap, and back of the stone wall which had been their breastwork lay many of them, nearly all shot through the head, while in a narrow lane leading to the road, in which, during their precipitate retreat, a concentrated fire had mowed them down in great numbers, the dead lay in heaps, literally almost like broken piles of cord wood. One poor fellow, evidently shot as he was attempting to cross the stone wall, sat dead on its top, balanced by a leg on either side.

September 16th we had advanced to the hills eastward of Antietam creek, and that night we lay on our arms under the slope of a small hill in our

front and near what has since been known as "Burnside's Bridge." Our location must have been well understood or imagined by the enemy, for early on the morning of the 17th they found us with their shell and exploded many closely to us and over our heads, one bursting near to my company and killing two of its men. Of course the position of the regiment was speedily changed to avoid such unnecessary exposure.

We were under fire throughout the day, being first held in support of the advance line and changed from one location to another, as the exigency of affairs demanded, with the probable purpose that when the bridge (Burnside's) had been carried, we should be a part of the column to be pushed to the other side of Antietam creek and formed there for a further advance. The "creek" was in fact a small river; the bridge was a substantial arched structure of stone; and the character of its approaches rendered it strongly defensible. The endeavor to carry the bridge by assault proved exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, and repeated strong assaults were stoutly repulsed with severe

loss to the assailants. Yet the battle for the bridge continued to rage with indescribable fury; impetuous and determined charges, in which a part of our brigade participated, were stubbornly repelled by the enemy, who occupied an exceedingly strong position on the opposite bank of the creek covering with their rifles and artillery the bridge and all its approaches. The carrying of the bridge by direct assault was found to be too costly, if not impossible; and the assistance of an attack in flank was determined upon.

Our regiment, with other troops, was then ordered to cross the creek below the bridge, with the intention of flanking the enemy on their right and rear, to assist the direct assault on the bridge. By marching to our left through the woods we reached the ford, near the Snavelly house, about a mile below the bridge, and forded the stream, breast deep, to the enemy's side. The Fourth was the first to cross; when and where other of our regiments crossed I do not personally know; I presume others subsequently crossed the creek at the same ford. While fording the creek we were greeted by

a scattering fire from the Confederate skirmishers, from the neighborhood of the Snively house and from the protection of a stone-wall some little distance from the bank of the creek, but with little effect. Throwing our skirmishers forward and speedily following with the regiment, it was short work to clear the positions mentioned of the enemy and to possess and hold the line of the stone wall, although a Confederate battery soon opened upon us from a distance towards Sharpsburg, and some sharpshooters evidently used us as a target. Orders soon withdrew us to the right near the creek.

The appearance of our forces on the right flank of the enemy evidently accomplished the desired result, for the attack upon the bridge was at length successful; the bridge was carried and a free way over it opened to the further side of Antietam creek, the enemy falling back from their former line of defence.

Later our regiment was formed on the extreme left of the line of battle and swept across the rolling fields under a lively fire, mostly from artillery, in the advance upon the Confederate lines. We met

the enemy in a cornfield, where the thick, high grown corn served largely to conceal them from us, but where their position was demonstrated by their sharply challenging rifles. They occupied the crest of one of the numerous small rolling hills, with which that locality was covered, while we had reached its base. The interchange of fire between us was fierce and rapid, until suddenly there was a lull in their firing and plainly above them and over the waving corn floated our National flag, "the Star Spangled Banner." The cry ran down our line "We are firing on our own men." Our firing ceased, and, by order of the colonel, our flag was advanced up the hillside, but scarcely had it approached the summit when a withering fire was opened from the enemy's line and our color bearer (Thomas B. Tanner) was shot dead, but our colors were saved by Lieut. George E. Curtis, who, rushing forward, tore them almost from the enemy's grasp, while our firing was resumed with effective vigor.

The Fourth at that time was short of officers, and there were present at Antietam, of field officers, only

the colonel and lieutenant-colonel. There was no adjutant, and few if any of the companies had more than two commissioned officers present. Colonel Steere sent the lieutenant-colonel (Curtis) to the colonel of the regiment on our right, to ask him to join the Fourth in a charge upon the opposing line. That regiment had but just been organized, and this was its first experience in the field. It was badly broken, and, a little later under the impulse of the enemy's heavy fire, and possibly seeing what we also soon saw, retreated to the rear, breaking heavily through the right of our regiment. As I have said, the Fourth occupied the extreme left of our line. There were no other Union troops between our left and Antietam creek. We were left alone, nothing to right of us, nothing to left of us. The hot fire continued on both sides, the hottest I ever encountered, the bullets whistling around us like hives of loosened bees, until we saw a new complication. A Confederate line, in three ranks was sweeping down upon our unprotected left flank, scarcely a hundred yards away. As we afterwards learned, the enemy had just before been strongly re-



enforced by Gen. A. P. Hill, fresh from his capture of Harper's Ferry; and the larger part of his division had been thrown upon their right to strengthen that part of their line and repel the vigorous attack of General Burnside. The official Confederate reports establish the fact that the forces of General Hill with others then occupied the line in our front with at least one of his regiments extending beyond our extreme left. We were about to be enveloped by the enemy, and the support, which had been called for, had not appeared. Colonel Steere recognizing the situation, and designing to withdraw the regiment by the right flank, had scarcely given the order for that purpose, and directed Colonel Curtis to carry the order down the line, when he (Colonel Steere) fell, grievously wounded by a bullet in his hip. The regiment, consequently, failed to receive the order down the line, and the movement on the right in obedience to the order seemed to those toward the left like the breaking of the ranks, and the regiment was withdrawn from an untenable position in a somewhat broken condition, but bearing its wounded colonel, Lieutenant Clarke of my

company, who was so terribly wounded (twice shot through the body) that his subsequent survival seemed almost a miracle, and others of our wounded from the field, assured of the fact that only overpowering numbers and want of support had compelled the gallant Fourth to fall back from the point it had reached, the most advanced and perilous occupied by any Union troops on that part of the contested line during that long to be remembered day.

The sanguinary battle of Antietam was about over, the advance of the enemy was checked before it had made any substantial progress, and our forces held the line in the rear of where the Fourth had made its heroic struggle when night soon brought an end to the conflict.

Our losses were severe. Of less than 400 engaged, the Fourth lost 102 killed and wounded, and seven taken prisoners. I received two shots through my clothing and a slight contusion on my hip from a bullet striking the swivel of my saber. Indeed, the Confederate fire was so sharp and heavy that I believe there was scarcely one of our officers or men engaged who did not bear the mark of at

least one bullet upon some part of his clothing or equipments.

In that part of the field and near the hot line of battle, fell the brave General Rodman of our division, formerly colonel of the Fourth, and young Robert H. Ives of Providence, his volunteer aid, who had but recently joined his staff, both mortally wounded.

The battle of Antietam practically closed the Maryland campaign, and taught the enemy the lesson, to be later impressively repeated at Gettysburg, of the impossibility of transferring the war to Northern soil. If McClellan did not capture or destroy the army of General Lee, he at least redeemed his promise previously made, to "assure the safety of Washington beyond a doubt."

My personal experiences during the campaign had been of such an active and varied character, crowding into the eleven days since I had joined the regiment as a raw recruit so much of the active life of a soldier on the march, in camp or bivouac, and on the battlefield—that it may not be thought I was too egotistical when, in my youthful enthusiasm, I wrote home, "I, too, am now a veteran!"

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The Sword of Honor.

FROM

CAPTIVITY TO FREEDOM.

BY

HANNIBAL A. JOHNSON,

[Lieutenant Third Maine Infantry.]

PROVIDENCE :

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1903.

[Edition limited to two hundred and fifty copies.]

FROM CAPTIVITY TO FREEDOM.

I ENLISTED at the age of nineteen from the city of Augusta, having been previously rejected without examination by my own brother, the recruiting officer at the city of Hallowell, our home, who was forming a company for the Third Maine Infantry. I was refused enlistment for the reason that I was physically unfit for the life of a soldier, and, as at that period, April, 1861, there were plenty of men only too anxious to enlist, they could choose their material, a thing which later in the war could not have been done.

When the first gun was fired on Sumter I was at work in a dry goods store, weighed 112 pounds, and did not look like a very promising subject for Uncle Sam's uniform, but I wanted to enlist just as badly as my big brother of 175 pounds. My first application at Augusta was to Captain Staples, Company B, but there met with the same reply, "Do not want

you." Instead of being discouraged, I determined to enlist, and, in the Third Maine, as the regiment was to be formed from companies from the Kennebec valley. So I applied to the adjutant-general of the state, and even he tried to discourage me. At last, however, he gave me a written permit for Captain Staples to enroll me among his men. With this document I did not apply in vain, but was at once enlisted as a private in Company B. Now comes the singular sequel of this hasty opinion formed of what a person can do by the looks of his physical make-up; for when our regiment arrived at Harrison's Landing, July 3d, after thirteen months' service, three in the swamps of Chickahominy, marching, fighting, retreating, and enduring everything that was rough and tough in a soldier's life, this brother of mine, captain of Company E, was taken on board the hospital ship a physical wreck, while I, his rejected brother, had not up to that hour seen a day of sickness, answered a doctor's call, taken a blue pill or had my tongue examined by either our regimental surgeon or his officious hospital steward. In less than six months from this date,

my brother and also my colonel were obliged to resign on account of severe and prolonged sickness. We shall hear from this brother of mine before I get out of the army, for after he recovered his health he was commissioned in the United States navy where he served until the end of the war.

July 1, 1863, the Third Corps, of which my regiment was a part, arrived on the field of Gettysburg too late to take part in the action of the first day, but soon enough to find the situation anything but promising. The death of General Reynolds, the repulse of the First and Eleventh Army Corps, the abandonment of Seminary Ridge and the occupation of Cemetery Hill by the Federals, also the occupation of Gettysburg town by the rebels after a battle of seven hours were events not at all encouraging. During the night both armies received heavy reinforcements, and, as the Third, Sickles corps, was on the extreme left of the Union lines and supposed to be facing the right of the Confederate army, it was of the utmost importance to locate their position. Our regiment was posted in the Peach Orchard. On the morning of July 2d our command, numbering

only 196 rifles with 100 United States sharpshooters, was ordered by General Sickles to reconnoiter the position of the enemy. At the word "forward" we advanced for half a mile outside our lines where a dense wood obstructed our front. We then advanced one-quarter of a mile through these woods, where our skirmishers became hotly engaged, driving the rebel skirmishers and pickets before us. We soon engaged the enemy in force, and they commenced to take us on the flank, attempting to cut off our line of retreat. We engaged this body of rebels for thirty minutes, though the odds were thousands, but when the bugle sounded the "retreat" we fought our way back foot by foot. We had nearly reached the open ground, when one of my men who had fought by my side for two long years fell with a musket ball through his hips, and, as he fell said, "Sergeant, don't desert me. Help me out of these woods." Another one of my company, noble fellow that he was, came to my assistance, and with his help I seated Call, the wounded man, across a musket, and, with his arms around our necks, with the bullets flying around us, and with the exultant rebs

at our heels twenty to our one, we were making slow but sure progress, when Jones dropped his end of the musket and fell dead, shot through the head. Before I could recover, get Call's arms from around me and escape, for I could not think of trying to assist him farther alone, the Johnnies were on top and around us, and all three were prisoners. But a dead and wounded man were of no use to them, so I and a few equally unfortunate were secured. It is useless to attempt to describe a person's feelings at the time of capture. No one knows anything about it except from dear bought experience. It is needless to say that I would have taken my chances with my regiment a hundred times over could the choice have been given me.

I found that my captors were Wilcox's brigade, a portion of A. P. Hill's corps. How a single one of our little command ever escaped is strange. As it was we lost forty-eight men in killed and wounded in this single half-hour. Like all prisoners of war, we were taken to the rear far enough to be out of range of the guns of either army, but near enough to hear hundreds of cannons and thousands of

rifles engaged in deadly conflict throughout that day and the following.

We remained on or near the field until the night of July 4th, when with the beaten and retreating army of Lee we took up our line of march for the Potomac, which we crossed July 10th. Could the victorious army of Meade only have been informed of the condition of the Confederate army, nothing could have prevented their surrender or destruction, for they were discouraged, weary and beaten, without ammunition or food.

When we arrived at the banks of the swollen Potomac at Point of Rocks, the pontoons by which we were to cross the river had been swept away by the sudden rise of water, as it had rained every day since the battle. But no such good fortune was in store for us, and, after a little delay, pontoons were collected, and we, with the heretofore victorious army of the Confederate leader, were soon over the river and on Virginia soil. Now for a long tramp down the Shenandoah valley to Staunton, Va., more than a hundred miles away. There were about 5,000 prisoners in our column, guarded

by a few of Pickett's division, who were left after their brave but unsuccessful charge. After being searched at Staunton and having our blankets and everything of value taken from us, we were put in box cars, sixty to a car, and started for the rebel capital, which we entered July 21, 1863, just two years to a day from the date of the battle of the first Bull Run. We prisoners, who were made up of all grades of commissioned, non-commissioned officers, and privates, were at first put in Libby prison, but soon the enlisted men were taken from Libby and put upon Belle Island, a small, sandy tract of land in the James River, just above but in close proximity and in sight of Richmond. Here we soon began to feel all the horrors of prison life, for the island was fearfully crowded; we had poor and insufficient food, little water, and only a few condemned army tents. Our rations were barely sufficient to keep body and soul together, and many would have died but for the hope of home and future deliverance. After seven weeks upon the island with 600 sick Yankees, I was taken to City Point to meet a flag of truce boat that had an equal num-

ber of rebs, not sick, however, for when Confederate prisoners left our Federal prisons for the Southern lines they were in condition to join their armies at once, while Northern prisoners were subjects ready for their graves or lingering sickness in hospitals.

When we came in sight of the flag of truce ship with the dear old Stars and Stripes floating over it, we forgot all our past troubles and privations. Never did it seem so dear to us as now, although as soldiers it had meant very much more than a beautiful piece of bunting; but now it meant protection and liberty. We were taken on the flagship as soon as the 600 well-dressed and fat rebel prisoners, that were to be paroled for us sick and weak soldiers came off. We were fed at once on soft bread and coffee, and if ever food tasted sweet that first meal did. Arrived at the Annapolis parole camp, I was at once taken to the hospital. When I had recovered sufficiently I had a short furlough home. I remained there some ten days when an order was issued from the War Department declaring all paroled prisoners of war legally exchanged and ordering that those that were able were to report for duty to their regi-

ments at once. October 15th I joined my regiment in the field at Brandy Station, Va., glad to be with the old Third again and fight for and under the flag I had learned to love so well.

May 4th under General Grant the Army of the Potomac commenced its onward march toward the rebel capital and that night our division encamped on the old battlefield of Chancellorsville, and the following day found us hotly engaged in the battle of the Wilderness. During this engagement and while our brigade and regiment were having a most desperate struggle with the enemy a report came to our colonel that there was a rebel line in our rear, or in other words we were flanked; also instructions that he should furnish an officer to accompany General Ward's chief of staff and find out the truth of the report. My colonel said I was selected to accompany Captain Nash and to lose no time in reporting as to the truth of this startling rumor. We started to the rear on the run, as we did not consider it necessary to use much caution in going in this direction. Less than three minutes found us in

the midst of a rebel line of infantry lying down so close to the earth that we mistook them in the imperfect light of the woods for the ground itself, and, before we had time to change our course, they were on their feet and around us. I grasped the terrible situation and turned to run for life and the front. Nash, who had never been a prisoner of war. surrendered as he saw resistance was useless, worse than folly, but I with my seven weeks of horrible prison life just passed and all its terrible features still fresh in my mind, thought that life again in a Southern prison was not worth saving. So I made another dash for liberty, when a hundred muskets at less than fifteen paces covered me with the order to surrender or I was a dead Yankee. I did surrender and was at once disarmed. Snatching my sword from my body, a Confederate captain of infantry buckled it around his own body in exchange for a poor one that he had worn; his name was J. C. B. Smith, Twelfth South Carolina Infantry, as I learned thirteen years later. This Confederate command entered our lines where they did not connect, but being a small body, if word

could have been taken to the front, a short distance away, every man could have been captured. The only result of their trip was the capture of a few prisoners.

The day after capture, May 6th, we were taken with 300 prisoners gathered from the battlefield on the day before to Orange Court House, distant twenty-seven miles, where we remained over night. The following day we were put into box cars and taken to Gordonsville where we were searched by the Confederate authorities and everything of value taken from us. May 8th we were taken to Lynchburg and there put in the military prison. June 1st we were removed to Macon, Ga., where a large camp of Federal officers, all prisoners of war, had been established. I knew if the four lieutenants who were captured by Mosby on their way to Gettysburg more than twelve months before were still alive they must be in this prison stockade at Macon; and almost the first persons I saw as we passed inside the inclosure were Lieutenants Anderson and Day, and, as soon as they had got their mouths closed from crying "fresh fish" as usual to all new ar-

rivals, they rushed forward more pleased to see me than I them, as I was the only officer they had seen from the regiment during their long term of imprisonment.

Every prisoner after a time accumulates little articles that make prison life endurable, and Lieutenant Anderson was quartered under a sort of shed or simply a roof of boards which he invited me to share, and also loaned me his cooking utensils, which were half a canteen, that he used to cook his corn meal in, for at that time the commissary was issuing to the prisoners sorghum and corn meal. For a bag for my meal I used one of the legs of my flannel drawers. The only fault I ever found with this improvised bag was that it was altogether too large for the quantity of meal issued.

We remained at Macon until August 15th, and just before this date our camp was honored by the presence of General Stoneman of cavalry fame, who had been captured with a portion of his command outside the city, while trying to liberate us from our captivity. About this date, 800 officers, I among the number, were put on the cars, but for what pur-

pose or destination we knew not; we knew it was to be a free ride; as to the direction we were not consulted, but our final stopping place was Charleston, S. C. Here we were distributed among the different buildings prepared for our reception, viz., the Roper and the Marine hospitals, the workhouse and the city jail, the latter being my stopping place; but I had learned not to be particular in my hotels, so said nothing when I was put in a seven by nine cell.

~~At~~ that time the city of Charleston was under a state of siege from the water side. General Foster was daily and nightly throwing shells from the batteries on Morris Island, Battery Gregg and the Swamp Angel, right into the heart of the city, and we had been taken to this place and put in the most exposed locations to prevent if possible, the bombardment of this rebel stronghold. Our Government was notified of this inhuman act, which was a violation of all articles of honorable warfare. Foster paid not the slightest attention to the demand to cease firing upon the city on account of our exposed position, but if anything increased the severity of.

the siege. As the casualties among the prisoners from this artillery duel were very small, being so well sheltered in these buildings, we rather enjoyed the change in our prison life, and liked to watch the effects of three hundred-pound shell from guns four miles away. One of the strangest parts of this duel was that my brother, who had resigned from the army fifteen months before, had recovered, and, having been commissioned in the United States navy, was taking part in the siege of this Southern city. Here he showed his brotherly feeling not only by this red hot reception in the way of shell and solid shot, but also by sending from the fleet, while I was confined in Charleston, a box of everything that would have made our hearts and stomachs glad could it have been received. I learned of my brother's location off Charleston by the capture of one of his brother officers attached to the same ship, who was caught while doing picket duty under the walls of Sumter.

My diary commences at this date, September 17th, as follows:

Shells from our guns caused a large fire last

night, destroying twenty-nine buildings, several shells striking our prison, but not doing much injury.

Sept. 20. Gave draft on rebel broker for \$100 in gold, receiving \$1,000 in Confederate money in exchange, but as this broker had to run the blockade to present this draft for payment in the North, there was not much chance of its ever being honored and paid. (But unfortunately they were, and when the premium on gold was at 235, as I found to my discomfiture when I finally went North.)

Sept. 25. Two hundred officers left our prison for exchange; happy few. Naval officers received money and boxes from fleet, but most of the contents of boxes had been taken.

Sept. 28. More shelling to-day than any twenty-four hours since being in Charleston, Foster throwing ninety very heavy shells into the upper part of the town.

Sept. 30. Naval officers left for Richmond to be exchanged.

Oct. 1. Firing on the city continues very heavy. Eighty-four shell thrown during the past twenty-four hours.

Oct. 2. Shelling of the city unusually severe, 170 heavy shells having left Foster's guns for Charleston during the past twelve hours.

Oct. 5. Without an hour's notice started on the Southern Georgia Railroad for Columbia, arriving at that city at 12 midnight. We regret this last change for we were better sheltered in Charleston, notwithstanding the exposure to the guns of Foster, than in any other point inside the rebel lines. Yellow Jack was said to be the cause of our removal.

Oct. 6. Placed in an open field and kept in the burning sun all day without shelter or rations of any kind. Toward night it commenced raining and continued throughout the night, and we, without blankets or coats passed a sleepless and miserable night.

Oct. 7. Early this morning we were given a small piece of bread and then marched two miles from the city and left in an open field without a tent or even a single tree for protection.

Oct. 8. Last night I suffered more from the cold than ever before in a single night, the frost being

very heavy and the ground our only bed. Such inhumanity on the part of the authorities is uncalled for, for there are plenty of vacant buildings in Columbia that could shelter us until some arrangements could be made.

Oct. 9. Passed another fearfully cold night without shelter. Although the early months of the Fall we have frost. Had axes given us to-day, four for each 100 men.

Oct. 10. Passed the night more comfortably, as our tent of pine boughs keeps off the cold very well.

Oct. 17. We had an election to-day in our camp for president, and of the 1,161 votes cast Lincoln received 889, McClellan stock being very unpopular. This result was much of a surprise to the prison authorities who supposed the camp was strong for McClellan and said, before we had balloted, they would print in the Columbia papers the vote as it was cast; but when they learned the result, refused.

Oct. 19. Camp alarmed; guards firing all along the line on account of some of our men trying to escape. Hounds were put on their track and they were soon recaptured and brought back to camp.

Oct. 21. Lieutenant Young, Fourth Pennsylvania Cavalry, accidentally shot; died at once.

Oct. 26. Some of our officers in attempting to escape last night were fired on by the guard, doing them no injury, but on the contrary shot one of their own men. Hope to take this chance myself before long. Might as well be shot in attempting to escape as to die from exposure and lack of sufficient food. One of our officers shot fatally while attempting to escape last night.

Nov. 7. Thirteen officers brought into camp to-day having some days before succeeded in getting by the guard at night, but were recaptured, as every white man in the country is hunting for rebel deserters or for escaping Yankee prisoners.

Nov. 9. Twenty-one officers recaptured and brought back to camp, but believe if I can once get outside the rebel guard, I can succeed in reaching our lines either at the coast or at Knoxville, Tenn., 500 miles distant.

Nov. 12. Received box from home, but most of its contents had been confiscated by the prison authorities before it was delivered to me.

Nov. 20. Another one of our men shot last night while trying to run the guard.

Nov. 21. Last night three officers, Lieutenants Anderson and Gilman of my regiment and Lieutenant Childs of the Sixteenth Maine, also myself, made a break for liberty and God's country by running down the guard. Had him helpless and at our mercy; the balance of the guard fired upon us, but in the darkness and confusion of the moment, we escaped into the woods unharmed.

It was in the midst of a severe rainstorm when we broke camp, the night being pitch dark was all the better for our project, but as we had no stars for a guide, or compasses, we had to go it blind. We only knew that Knoxville lay in a northwesterly direction from Columbia, and our aim was to travel as nearly in that course as possible, so we struck out for all that we were worth, wishing to put as much distance between us and prison camp before morning as possible. Traveled in the woods the entire night and what seemed to us to be twenty miles, and about daylight lay down in the woods to rest and get some sleep. Had slept perhaps an hour

when we were awakened by the sound of drums beating; we were upon our feet in an instant, and, as soon as we could get our scattered ideas together, found to our surprise and horror that we were listening to the rebel reveille at our prison camp at Columbia, and instead of being miles away from that hated spot, were within a half mile of its grounds. In the darkness of the night we had been traveling in a circle, and we then knew it would only be good luck and fortune that would prevent us sleeping the next night in prison camp. Lay in the woods all that day and at night started again, as we hoped in the right direction; it was still raining; toward morning struck the Saluda River, and determined to follow that stream for a guide until we found something better; traveled all that day and at dusk ran into a plantation by accident; before we could retreat started the hounds, and soon a pack of these man hunters were after us, we running as we never did before. It would have been a short race if it had not been for the river that we had left a short time before, for we made for that, plunged into its icy waters and were, for the time,

safe as far as the dogs were concerned. Slept in the woods for a few hours in our wet clothes until the moon arose, for the weather at last had cleared, then took the main road to Lexington Court House.

Nov. 23. Struck the river again this morning, but have not found the proper road yet, or one that leads in the right direction. Came very near being captured by running on some white men, but saw them first, concealed ourselves, and escaped. For the past twenty-four hours have had nothing to eat but dry corn which we found in the fields. Must find some trusty negro who will feed us and put us on the right road. At night we approached a negro cabin for the first time; we did it with fear and trembling, but we must have food and help. Found a family of trusty negroes belonging to Colonel Boozier, who gave us a good supper, such as we had not had for many long months, and we did full justice to it for we were almost famished. Here we remained till nearly morning, when we were taken to the woods and hid there to wait for a guide which these negroes say they would furnish at dark. Distance made the past twenty-four hours twenty-five miles.

Nov. 24. Still in the woods, the women coming to us twice during the day to bring us food and inform us that a guide will be ready at dark. God bless the poor slaves. At dark Frank took us seven miles, flanking Lexington Court House, striking the Augusta road five miles above. Traveled all night, making about twenty-two miles.

Nov. 25. Lay in the woods all day, and at night went to William Ford's plantation to get food. Here the negroes could not do enough for us, supplying us with edibles of a nice character.

Nov. 26. Remained in a corn house during the day, the blacks bringing us plenty of food. At night our guide informed us that he could not take the road with us until the following night, so we were obliged to wait one day longer; but it may be as well, for the negroes report that Sherman is nearing Augusta. If so, we may attempt to strike his army rather than continue our long tramp to Knoxville, Tenn.

Nov. 27. Still at Ford's plantation, where we are kept secreted during the day, but at night go to the negro cabins where we are plentifully fed.

Eleven officers who escaped from Columbia the day after we did joined our party, and we are going to get horses and arms if possible and make a bold push for Tennessee.

Nov. 28. Still at Ford's. The party that joined us yesterday have given up the idea of attempting a bold move on Tennessee. About midnight we got a guide by the name of Bob to take us seven miles on the Edgefield road, as the Augusta state road is too public to travel, and some of our officers were captured on that road to-day. Turned over by Bob to a guide by the name of George, who hid us in the woods.

Nov. 29. George has brought us food during the day, and will try to get us a guide to-night. At dark went to the negro quarters, where a nice chicken supper was waiting us. This is on the Lee plantation, the owner, an officer in the rebel army, now at home on sick leave. Could not get a guide to-night, so were taken to the woods and hidden.

Nov. 30. George came to us in the morning with a warm breakfast and we could appreciate it after lying in the cold woods all night without any pro-

tection and scantily clothed. At night went again to the cabin where another chicken supper was waiting us. This kind of living is in marked contrast to our prison fare for the past seven months, and, if we were not in constant dread of recapture, also making such slow progress toward our lines, should think we were not very badly off.

Dec. 1. Just comfortable for a winter's day. At night after eating the usual diet of chicken, Peter, our guide, told us he was ready for the road. Went about twelve miles when Joe took us in charge and Peter started for home again. Were then hidden in the woods for the day.

Dec. 2. As soon as daylight the negroes on this place commenced coming to where we were hidden, all having something for us in the way of food; they also promise us a guide for the night. If such kindness will not make one an Abolitionist then his heart must be made of stone. This is on the Matthews place. At dark were taken to the Widow Hardy's plantation, where chickens, etc., were served for our supper. Here Jim took us eight miles, and gave us into the care of Arthur, who, after going

with us fifteen miles, gave us to Vance who hid us in the woods. At dark Vance brought us more chickens for our evening meal, then started on the road with us going eight miles, then Charles took us, he going five miles; then David took us four miles, he giving us into the care of Hanson who took us a short distance and left us at the Preston Brook's plantation (late United States Congressman from South Carolina). Distance made during the night about twenty miles. This plantation is located at a place called 96, and is one of the best equipped and most extensive places we have yet come across. Here one of Brooks's negroes who goes by the name of Russell took us in charge. His first duty was to hide us in the woods, or rather a pine thicket too near the widow's house for absolute safety.

Dec. 4. Early this morning the slaves brought us a nice breakfast, for everything is in first-class condition on this place; do not seem to have felt the effects of the war as the rest of the country we have passed through. We are now less than one-eighth of a mile from the Brooks's homestead,

where the widow and her children live, three daughters and one son, who no doubt would like to hang us Northern mudsills, as their late father was wont to call us, if they only knew how near we are to them; for we very well know their feeling toward us of the North by the cowardly assault of the husband and father, Preston S. Brooks, upon the person of Charles Sumner in the halls of Congress just before the war, and the Rebellion has not improved or sweetened their dispositions. The day being Sunday the family are going to church and the Brooks house servant, who has been in the woods to see us, has promised after the family are out of the house to show us the identical cane that Brooks used upon the uncovered and defenseless head of our senator. After the family were out of the house this woman brought a wash leather sack into the thicket for our examination. The cane was a large rosewood stick with a massive gold head, and on its face this inscription: "Hon. P. S. Brooks from B. D. Vick." Must have been a presentation cane from some admirer of this Southern bully. The stick used upon the head of Sum-

ner was broken in three pieces. My great desire was to take this cane away with me, and I so expressed myself, but the servant protested with so much earnestness that I gave up the idea, for she said the house was left in her charge, and if this cane was missed, which it certainly would be, she would be called upon to produce it or satisfactorily explain its absence.

We, at that time, were entirely helpless without the assistance of these poor ignorant negroes. We were dependent upon them for food, shelter, and guides; so it was incumbent upon us not to make them any unnecessary trouble when they were risking so much for us; and for that reason alone this cane is still at 96, South Carolina, instead of being in the hands of some of Sumner's personal friends in Massachusetts, who would appreciate it as a memento and relic of those troublesome times that preceded the war which ended at last in the freedom of the slaves of the South.

At this time it was cold, ice forming every night, and, we had escaped from prison with only what we stood in, and not much of that; but here

we received valuable additions to our worldly possessions, each a warm comfortable, more valuable than gold or all the canes in the South, one pair of pants, one pair of socks, one pair of knit gloves, and food in abundance. I think a good portion of the entire donation must have come from the Brooks house rather than the negro quarters; but as beggars should not be choosers, and, as the end justifies the means we asked no questions but willingly and thankfully received this Godsend to us in our destitute and almost naked condition. At night we bade good-by to the Brooks plantation and its most loyal servants, and every mile that we advanced towards our journey's end, Tennessee, the stronger was our regard for the poor blacks, for to be detected feeding or assisting an escaping Federal soldier was the promise of one hundred lashes, well laid on; although knowing this would certainly follow, they never failed to meet us with full hands and willing hearts and feet, never weary in accompanying us nights away into the small hours of another day, and always after a hard day's work. But thank Heaven or the fortunes of war, I had within

eight months of that date an opportunity to return some of the many favors done me by these same faithful negroes, but at no sacrifice or risk on my part as it was on theirs, so I take no credit upon myself for what I did. That night we made no progress; were simply taken three miles up the road and left in a better place of security, as it was not possible to find a guide for us, a darkey by the name of Dan taking us in charge.

Dec. 5. At dark we were taken four miles, when we found we were going in the wrong direction, retraced our steps, got another guide who took us to Colonel Frazier's. Distance in right direction about ten miles. During the night crossed the railroad above 96, and here Ned took us in charge. The boys on this place were good foragers, for while with them we lived on the fat of the land. At dark, December 6th, two of the Frazier servants took us eighteen miles and then gave us into the hands of Ben and Harrison, who took us to Henry Jones's place. Just before we arrived at this plantation it commenced raining and we got as wet as if thrown into the Saluda River. Here we were put into a

negro cabin with a fire and bed at our disposal, and we took advantage of both.

Dec. 7. Our breakfast was bacon and eggs and pea coffee, also a good dinner with negroes to watch the cabin during the day to see that we were not surprised and captured; best place we have yet struck not excepting the Brooks place. At night Henry took us to Elijah Waters, he in turn to Sam Jones, distance nine miles; he giving us, after going five miles, to the keeping of Andrew who hid us in the woods for the rest of the night.

Dec. 8. Nice breakfast of chicken, wheat bread, and preserves, and at dark after taking a warm supper Ned took us six miles, giving us to John Wesley, who after going eleven miles turned us over to Sandy Latimore who went three miles, he giving us to Balus who went six miles, he finally leaving us with Sam Matterson, making twenty-three miles during the night with four different guides.

Dec. 9. We were hiding in the woods when it commenced snowing, the first of the season; soon our guide came for us and hid us for the day in a negro cabin. At night some negroes came six

miles through the storm to bring us food. We are gaining in strength and weight, for we are eating most of the time when we are not on the road tramping. The snow being so deep it is not safe to travel to-night, so we are hidden in a fodder barn.

Dec. 10. This morning two poor runaway slaves, brother and sister, came to see us. They are living in the woods to keep out of the way of their master, and are suffering much from exposure this cold and wet weather, and they think that because we are from the North we can help them; but we are in as bad if not worse shape than they, for we are liable to capture in any unguarded moment. The slightest carelessness or accident may throw us into the hands of the enemy which is every white face in the South. So, although we sympathize with them in their terrible situation, yet we can do nothing to relieve them. It has continued raining and snowing and we are very fortunate to have even this fodder barn for shelter; yet here it is fearfully cold as the corn-stalks do not keep us warm.

Dec. 11. Emmanuel came to see us last night and said it was not safe to travel as the snow would

prove an enemy, so we keep hidden and wait for the weather to clear.

Dec. 12. Last night we almost froze, and had we been on the tramp think we should have perished with the cold. Even in this fodder barn the drinking water in our pail froze almost solid in twelve hours. But we must start to-night, cold or not. Another chicken supper, and at ten o'clock we took the road, making nineteen miles before daylight. Tough on our poorly shod feet, as it was snow, ice, and water every foot that we traveled; but every mile, although marched in pain and discomfort brings us nearer the Union lines and God's country.

Dec. 13. Lay in the woods all day. Last night was the first time we have attempted to travel without a guide. Passed through Pickensville and at this point took the wrong road, for instead of taking the Pumpkintown road, by mistake took the Pickens Court House road; distance made during the night seventeen miles.

Dec. 14. At dark started by ourselves, struck a cross road where four roads met, but the guideboard being gone were at a loss which one to take. Took

the one we thought right, and, after traveling two hours, were at a loss to know where we were, but made up our minds to approach a house, find our location, get further directions, also something to eat, for we had been on allowance for the past twenty-four hours. Fortunately we struck the cabin of a Union woman and her three children by the name of Prince, and she proved a princess to us who fed and warmed us, for we were wet, hungry, and cold. After this woman was convinced we were escaping Union prisoners of war, she opened her heart to us; told us that her husband was a Union man but had been obliged to go into the rebel army, where he was shot and died. She also told us that ten miles from her house, up in the mountains, there was a camp of outliers made up of rebel deserters and Union men who had never been in the Confederate army, who were living in caves in the mountains to avoid being captured and shot or taken into the army by a company of rangers who were in the Confederate service. These outliers had told this Union woman, Mrs. Prince, that if she ever came across any Yankee prisoners that were making for

the Yankee lines, to bring them to their camp and they would go through the mountains with them and join the Federal army. After hearing this, to us welcome news, getting dry and rested, we at about midnight with this Union woman for a guide started for this outliers' camp, which we reached just before daylight, for it was ten long miles and in a mountainous country. A rougher looking set of men I never saw, all armed to the teeth with knives, revolvers, muskets, rifles or axes, and at first we did not know-but what this woman had betrayed us to a pack of bushwhackers.

Dec. 15. This camp consisted of about fifteen men, whose homes were scattered through the mountains. To these homes they go occasionally to get food or a change of clothing, or else their families come into the mountains to see them, and living such a life as they do are willing and anxious to go through to Tennessee with us, and we are very glad of their company, for they are familiar with all the passes in the mountains. At night went to another haunt in the mountains where these men are kept hidden.

Dec. 16. This morning the outliers began to come into our camp having heard we were there, and now we have twenty men well armed who will go through to our lines with us or die in the attempt. The wives of these men came to see us to-day and said they were willing their husbands and sons should go with us for they are certain to be caught and shot by the rangers before long, as they are constantly being run from one camp to another. Went at night to the house of two Union women, and it is a relief to talk with people whose principles are so loyal, for it has been all secesh for so many months.

Dec. 17. The Union women came to our camp before daylight this morning to see their husbands. These rough mountaineers are intelligent and true as steel. Can fire a rifle and bring down a deer as well as a man. At dark went with two outliers to their homes up the mountains ten miles away; slept in a feather bed for the first time for three years, but with my clothing on all ready to jump and take to the woods if we are surprised by the rangers.

Dec. 18. At daylight we three went into the

mountain to remain until dark, for the rangers are all out and we must keep out of their way. At dark went back to the house once more, got a warm supper, then went down the mountain to a good Union man by the name of Alexander, where we remained all night, and during the night some twenty Union women arrived at this house, for this is the spot agreed upon to start for Tennessee.

Dec. 19. To-night we start for Knoxville in earnest, for our party now numbers forty-six men, quite a strong party for the rangers to strike. The parting between these men and their wives and children was very affecting, for they love their kin with a devotion and affection I never before witnessed. Traveled in a mountainous country all night, making about sixteen miles.

Dec. 20. Remained in the mountains all day, and at night it commenced raining very hard, so we were obliged to remain where we were for the night.

Dec. 21. Went to the summit of Chimney Top Mountain, and remained there until the next morning. We are now within three-quarters of a mile of the North Carolina line, which we shall soon

cross and be glad to get out of the state of South Carolina. Crossed the first range of the Blue Ridge. The mountains we have crossed during the day have been covered with snow and ice, and it is as cold on their top as in Maine in winter.

Dec. 23. Yesterday we made twenty miles and at night encamped at the foot of Hog Back Mountain.

Dec. 24. This morning fourteen of our party started back to South Carolina, frightened at the prospect of meeting Indians some thirty miles in advance of us; also are afraid of the snow and cold we are encountering in these fearful mountains. They say they had rather be shot at their own doors by the rangers and be buried by their families, than die of cold and starvation so far away from home. We do not blame them, but we have no choice left us; must press through although the prospect is very gloomy. A mistake taking this fearful course in midwinter through these mountains that are full of snow, and we dressed in summer clothing, no underclothes, stockings worn out days since, shoes all to pieces and clothing in rags from rough usage in the mountains, as we slip and fall every dozen steps.

Got a guide from this section who says he will go through with us, as our present South Carolina friends are no good to us; are so far away from home that they know no more of the passes in the mountains ahead of us than we Yankees. Crossed Tennessee Mountains to-day, the highest range we have yet struck, being three miles to its top. Made fifteen miles to-day.

Dec. 25. Early to-day crossed a very high peak known as the Balsam Mountain, three and a half miles to the summit, and, being covered with snow, was very hard to climb. At noon crossed the Rich Mountain, another very high peak, and at its top we seemed to be above the clouds. At night encamped at the foot of Chestnut Mountain in a very severe snowstorm which continued all night. Distance made, thirteen miles.

Dec. 26. Crossed many high mountains during the day and at night encamped near the state road that leads to Georgia. Have been on allowance since Saturday, only three bites of bread and meat for twenty-four hours. Distance made, twelve miles.

Dec. 27. Crossed the state road at daylight. We are now four miles past Scott's Creek, Balsam Mountain, which took us all day to cross, encamping at night at the foot of Catalouch Mountain in a rainstorm. Distance made, only eight miles.

Dec. 28. It rained all last night and this morning, commenced snowing and continued all day, and God only knows whether we shall ever be able to stand the exposure and suffering we are hourly called upon to endure. Seems as though there must be a limit to our strength and power to suffer. Are now living on raw corn and wet chestnuts which we find in these mountains, for our food gave out a number of days ago. Teeth and gums are so sore from eating this kind of food that it is painful to open and close our mouths. Distance made to-day, nine miles.

Dec. 29. Snowed again last night until morning. No sleep for any of us. Went to a house for food and directions, for we are almost starved. Found a good Union man who fed us and gave us the information wanted. Distance, ten miles.

Dec. 30. Slept in a house last night, and if ever

I enjoyed the protection of a roof it was on this occasion, for we have had nothing but the heavens for a covering for many days; rain, snow and cold to contend with, always with wet feet and frequently thoroughly wet from head to foot for several days at a time, hungry, tired, and discouraged; the protection of this roof and a full stomach once more makes me think life is worth struggling for a little while longer. We are now within one mile of the main road to Knoxville, which I hope we can take, for we have suffered so much in the mountains that I want to leave them at once and forever. The party have concluded to take to the mountains again, for we hear there are guards on the road. Started over the mountains once more, but after going four miles three of us vowed we could go no farther through the mountains, but would take the road, guards or no guards; so we left the main party with one of our Third Maine lieutenants, S. L. Gilman; and Anderson, Childs, and myself, started for the public highway. Came near capture, as we were approaching a house where we had been told lived a loyal Tennessean, who, unknown to us,

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was feeding four rebel cavalymen; but as we jumped the fence to enter the house his wife chanced to come to the door, and, seeing us, just in the nick of time, motioned us back and away. We kept the house in sight, and, after the rebs had filled up, mounted their horses and drove off, we took our turn, and had a square meal from the same table that the Johnnies had vacated.

Dec. 31. Remained at this house all night, for we were too tired to continue our trip.

Jan. 1. Went six miles last night with the rebel cavalry just ahead of us, but as long as we kept them there we were all right. Stopped at night at Jimmy Caldwell's, a good Union man, who, after feeding us, hid us in his barn, not thinking it safe for us to remain in his house.

Jan. 2. Remained in the barn during the day, were fed by loyal Union women; took the road again at dark, making twelve miles very comfortably during the night, for we are now traveling on the public highway.

Jan. 3. Hid during the day and night. Are nearing our lines. Must be cautious and not get captured when so near God's country.

Jan. 4. Took the road at daylight and made sixteen miles during the day.

Jan. 5. Came into the Union lines at noon today meeting a squad of the Tenth Michigan Cavalry, who were out getting fodder for their horses. Slept at night in the camp of the First Ohio Heavy Artillery. Distance made, nineteen miles. Made a portion of it on one of the army wagons which were out with the Tenth Michigan gathering forage.

Jan. 6. Pressed three horses of the farmers and rode to Knoxville, some twenty-five miles distant, entering that city January 7th, after being on the road seven weeks.

No human being can imagine our feelings as we entered that city unless he has been in the same situation that we had been in; could hardly realize our situation; were more like children than men; would first laugh at our good fortune and then we could not keep back the tears when we knew it was all true, and we were at last in God's country and our sufferings at an end. We were like a man condemned and then at the last moment receiving a pardon, for we were hoping against hope during our

entire trip; hoped to get through yet there were so many things to prevent it, for the slightest accident or carelessness in any unguarded moment would have proved our ruin, and we did not feel safe or willing to speak above a whisper until we were in the lines at Knoxville; and even ten days after our arrival we would speak to each other in a whisper.

After our long trip through the mountains of South Carolina, North Carolina, and Tennessee, we were fit subjects for a sick bed, and, after reporting to the commander of the post we were admitted to the Government hospital to get a change of clothing, and eight months of rebel dirt from our persons, also shelter for the brief stay we should make in that city. We arrived at Knoxville Saturday, and the next day Lieutenant Gilman, with his party of South Carolina outliers arrived all right but terribly worn out. They were given quarters at the same institution we were in, and all, both Southerners and Yankees, received the same kindness.

As our regiment had been out of service since the previous June by reason of expiration of its three years of honorable and severe service, we of the

Third were ordered to report to our state capital for final muster out, while Lieutenant Childs of the Sixteenth Maine, whose command was still in the field, was ordered to report to Washington for orders. We were given transportation home, and on our papers or blanks was the notice that we were officers that had successfully escaped from Southern prisons, and we received many acts of kindness and attention on our way North. Received two months' pay at Louisville, Ky., so were in good condition financially to enjoy the trip home. Arrived at Augusta, Me., Jan. 28, 1865, where I was mustered out and paid all due me from the Government.

The war at that time was nearly over, yet no one knew how long it might last, and, after I had got over my fatigue and replaced some of the flesh lost in my long captivity, I had a strong desire to see the end of the war and was anxious to get back to the army again; and, after remaining at home about six weeks, was commissioned by the governor as first lieutenant of one of the four companies then forming at Augusta to recruit the Fifteenth Maine, then in the field; but when we joined them in the valley

early in April, we found their ranks filled from other sources. So our command of four companies was made into a battalion called the First Maine Unattached Battalion. Our senior captain was commissioned lieutenant-colonel, I was made his adjutant, and thus served the last twelve months of my army life.

The surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia and all the troops under the rebel flag took place when we had been at the front but a short time, and, after the grand review at Washington of the Potomac and Western armies, most of the troops were mustered out; but as troops had to be retained to garrison Southern cities and forts and protect the freedmen, with other late enlisted commands our battalion was retained and served its entire time out, one year, and was finally mustered out April 5, 1866, twelve months after Lee's surrender.

This last term of service as a soldier was one of pleasant and light duties, in marked contrast to my life and experience in the field with our ever hard-worked and fighting brigade; for as a brigade or regiment we never knew what it was to have an

easy time; always in the forefront if there was anything to be done. Now for a change. About July 1st, the battalion was sent to Charleston, South Carolina, the city that had held me a prisoner only the September before, taking the shot and shell from Foster's guns. I took much pleasure in visiting my old prison quarters and rejoiced in the change in my surroundings. About July 20th we were ordered to relieve a colored regiment then on duty in upper South Carolina, stationed in Greenville, Abbeville, Laurens, and Anderson districts away up toward the mountains with headquarters at Anderson Court House. When I found we were going into this section of the state I thought it would be strange if I did not see many familiar spots and come across some of the tried and true negroes who had been my friends a short time past, now freedmen, then slaves and guides. I had traveled as a helpless refugee through the entire length of three of the districts our command was to garrison.

We stopped one day at Columbia on our way up the country, and the contrast between the present condition of the city and when I was a helpless

prisoner was as marked as the contrast between my conditions at these two dates; for between them Sherman had made his march to the sea, and he had put his hand down heavily on this place; for at that hour half the city was in ashes, and I did not mourn in consequence. While there I visited my old prison camp of the November before; found what was left of my miserable apology of a brush tent that had served such a good purpose in sheltering me from the cold; visited the spring where we got our water, the spot where we broke through the lines on the 20th of November.

This simple visit to this abandoned camp meant much to me, far more than you can think, and I felt like a brother in an interesting prayer meeting that "it is good to be here under the present circumstances." While at Columbia as a prisoner every morning the guard under command of a captain used to visit our camp, make us fall into line and count us off and see how many Yankees they had lost during the night, and report the number to issue rations to, and as this same officer came every day we soon came to know him very well, and a very de-

cent fellow he was, too, for a rebel; used to do us little acts of kindness, which, if known by the post commander would have cost him his commission. His name was Martin.

After leaving Columbia our first stop was at Anderson Court House, and, while the command were disembarking from the cars, I jumped on my horse and rode to a little cottage house near the depot, and, seeing a gentleman in the yard, asked him if he would oblige me with a glass of water. As soon as I saw his face it struck me as very familiar, but at the moment I could not tell when or where I had seen him, but on his return it flashed over me in an instant that it was Captain Martin, our old prison captain of Columbia, and at once addressed him as such. His surprise at being addressed by name by a perfect stranger in his town can be better imagined than told, but when he found who I was and that I had been one of the Yankees at Columbia, his joy was as great as his surprise. He invited me to the house, introduced me to his family, and, for the eight months we remained at the Court House, our friendship and acquaintance was unbroken. I

found him a true, polished, but unfortunate Southern gentleman; who had lost all he had by the war and was trying to make the best of the situation, and was then teaching school in the neighborhood.

Our command was divided into five different towns with headquarters at Anderson, it being the largest town in our sub-district, and I was appointed assistant adjutant-general of the district by General Ames at Columbia, to make contracts with the planters and freedmen throughout the region where our command was located; also to do other duties of a similar nature. This, of course, threw me into direct contact with all the freedmen and planters for many miles around, and scores of negroes whom I had met only a few months before. Then I was a refugee (not from justice, however), trying to hide my face from anything but a black one. Now, how changed; I was in temporary authority making contracts with these same loyal, faithful, and true blue negroes. Seven months before I was avoiding the white man's house and presence as a pestilence; now I was invited to share the best his house afforded; not out of respect for me or the Gov-

ernment I represented, only for policy's sake, trusting to make a favorable impression by his seeming whole-souled hospitality; hoping I would make his contract with the freedman favorable to him rather than the blacks. Some of the freedmen did not remember me, while on the contrary very many did, and some of the latter were afraid even at that late day to have the fact made known to their former masters that they had ever met me before; afraid that these men might still do them harm for their acts of humanity to escaping Union prisoners. It was, indeed, strange to be found sitting at the table as an invited guest, partaking of the hospitality of these Southern rebels on whose plantations we had skulked and whose hen roosts had been robbed to feed us; some of the very same negroes waiting on the table whose hands had brought us food in the woods or thicket of some damp and cold swamp where we were being hid. We severally held our tongues, not from fear of wounding the feelings of the planter, but to save the negroes any future annoyance, although I think they were needlessly alarmed.

Before I forget it let me say just here that all contracts made by the planter and freedman, and they were many in the season of 1865, were considered very unjust by the planter, as they gave the negroes too large a proportion of the crops, stipulated too many conditions for their benefit, also gave each two suits of clothes a year where before he received but one. He, the planter, may have been right in his complaints, but it was the only known means at my disposal by which I could reach the entire number of negroes who had been my only friends when they were most needed, and return a small portion of the great debt and obligation I was under to the loyal black men and women.

We remained in this location until the following April, some eight months, and among our duties was to assist all destitute loyal Southern people in the way of issuing Government rations; but they must prove their loyalty as a necessary requisite. We had many applications, some worthy and others not. To one of the former I wish to draw attention. One night in December when we were without a guide and also very much in want of informa-

tion and food, we were obliged to go to a house for all of these, and found a poor widow lady by the name of Prince, who, after feeding us took us to the band of outliers in the mountains. The night we were at her house before we started for the mountains she asked me if I would not give her a paper showing what she had done for us, as it might assist her should any Federal troops pass through that section. I was only too glad to do this, trusting that at some future time it might do her some good, although there was little chance that Union troops would ever be so far up the country. I made a simple statement of what she had done for us and recommended her to the kindness of any future Federal officer or soldier who might read the document.

One day in August I was sitting alone in my quarters when my orderly said there was an old lady outside who wanted to see the Yankee officer who was giving food to loyal whites. I said, "Admit her," and a true type of a poor white Southern woman came in. She told me her wants, said she was very poor, had no husband and three children on her hands, and, as the Government was helping such,

she had applied, as she considered she was as loyal as any man or woman in Anderson district. My next question was, "What have you got to prove all this," and she at once took from the bosom of her dress a neatly folded paper for my examination. As soon as my eyes dropped on the paper the writing looked familiar, and looking at the bottom of the sheet I saw my own name where I had placed it the December before. As soon as I recovered from my surprise I turned to the lady and said, "Madam, did you ever see me before?" and she said she reckoned not. I then asked her if she remembered feeding four Yankee officers the winter before and then taking them to the outliers' camp in the mountains. She said she did. I then said, "Mrs. Prince, I am one of those Yankees, the one that wrote that letter." She said, "Good God! are you the little lieutenant?" I answered that it was indeed so. Then there was a scene. I do not know who was the most affected, for to tell the truth I was "all broke up," for I had yet a tender memory for this woman and her acts of kindness.

Well, in a short time we got down to business, let

tender humanity and feeling pass. She felt that it was good to be there and renew old acquaintance again. This time I was the host, she the guest. I found she was living in the same locality where we had found her, some seventeen miles from the Court House in Pickens district. She told me that the men who had started through the mountains with us and had turned back on account of snow and Indians, had been met by the guard and many of them killed. Those that went to Knoxville joined the Union army. Some had been killed in late engagements of the war and the rest were at home where they would no doubt be glad to see me, although since their return from the Union lines some of them had been murdered by the returning rebel soldiers when they learned they had joined the Union army. Mrs. Prince went to her home in the mountains with a mule load of Government rations, much more than the allowance of a family larger than hers, but it was a case that made unusual demands upon my feelings and disposition, and I simply gratified my inclination to return good in kind with compound interest included.

In May, 1875, while a resident of the city of Lynn, I was surprised by receiving the following correspondence from Augusta, Maine and Columbia, S. C.:

COLUMBIA, S. C., May 19, 1875.

To F. A. CHICK.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I was visited this morning by Capt. J. C. B. Smith, cashier of the Citizens Savings Bank of this city, who, learning that my home is in Maine, desired to obtain the address, if possible, of Lieut. H. A. Johnson, formerly of Company B, Third Maine Infantry.

Captain Smith stated that Lieutenant Johnson was captured by his command (Company K, Twelfth South Carolina Infantry), at the battle of the Wilderness, May 5, 1864, and that he has in his possession the sword and sword belt of Lieutenant Johnson which he is desirous of returning to him if living, or, in the event of his death, to such of his family, if any, as may appreciate its value. The sword, which is a very elegant one, was presented (as appears by an inscription plate on one side of its metallic scabbard) to Lieutenant Johnson by his company, and, upon the opposite side, is a sim-

ilar plate on which is inscribed the name of some twenty battles commencing with the first Bull Run and ending with Chantilly.

Captain Smith states that it has always been his desire to restore this sword to Lieutenant Johnson as an evidence of admiration for his determined bravery when captured, where although surrounded and entirely cut off from support, he absolutely refused to surrender, and that it was with the greatest difficulty he prevented his men from firing in the excitement of the moment upon Lieutenant Johnson who appeared to regard the danger which menaced him with fearless indifference. When disarmed an excellent revolver was also taken from Lieutenant Johnson, but this afterwards was lost or stolen, and Captain Smith regrets his inability to restore it with the sword.

Very truly yours,

JAMES H. COCHRANE.

AUGUSTA, ME., May 25, 1875.

H. A. JOHNSON, Esq., LYNN, MASS.

DEAR SIR: It is with pleasure that I have the privilege of forwarding to you the enclosed letter

from Maj. J. H. Cochrane of Augusta, and now in Columbia, S. C.

Very respectfully yours,

F. A. CHICK.

June 4th, our regiment held, at Augusta, its first reunion since the close of the war eleven years before, and it was suggested that it would be a pleasing incident of the reunion could this sword be received in season to have a second presentation by my old company, but I knew the time was too short for the mail to notify my captain and captor, so I was obliged to telegraph to have the sword forwarded by express to Maine and later I would explain my seeming haste. This letter called for the following reply from Captain Smith:

COLUMBIA, S. C., May 27, 1875.

H. A. JOHNSON, ESQ., LYNN, MASS.

MY DEAR SIR: Your telegram is just received at the hands of Maj. J. H. Cochrane. I assure you it gives me the greatest pleasure to be the medium by which your beautiful sword, the merited emblem of respect and honor, is now to be restored to you.

Scarcely had the clouds of war been dissipated ere it became my earnest desire to return the weapon, with an expression of my sincere admiration of the gallantry with which you used it, but circumstances have hitherto prevented the execution of my design. I now forward the sword by express and accompany it by a sentiment which is common, I trust, to all sections of our great Country:

"May all animosities be buried and hereafter may amity and an earnest co-operation prevail between the States of the Union for the general good."

I am,

Very truly yours,

JOHN C. B. SMITH.

I went to Maine to the reunion and the train that preceded the one I was on had among its express matter the sword.

June 4th, just fourteen years after our muster into the United States service, the sword was again presented to me in the following words:

"LIEUTENANT JOHNSON: I have now the pleasure to place in your hands the sword, which through circumstances beyond your control was taken and kept

from you; but permit me to assure you that even in the act of surrendering the same to the gallant Captain Smith of South Carolina, you have proved yourself true to the trust which the company put in you when first presenting this sword to you. May you have the pleasure of keeping it for many years, not to be drawn except in defence of right and justice for our beloved country, side by side and shoulder to shoulder, South Carolina and Maine against a common foe."

At the reunion the following resolution was passed:

THIRD MAINE VETERAN ASSOCIATION, BATH,

June 4, 1875.

DEAR SIR: At the first reunion of the former members of the Third Maine Regiment, holden this day at Augusta, Me., it was voted that the secretary officially notify you of the proceedings. In accordance with that vote it gives me great pleasure to inform you of the unanimous passage of the following resolution, after which three hearty cheers were given for Capt. John C. B. Smith, of the Twelfth South Carolina Regiment, Company K.

RESOLVED, That we have a lively appreciation of the soldierly and chivalric conduct of Capt. J. C. B. Smith, of Company K, Twelfth South Carolina Regiment, in returning to a member of our organization his sword, taken from him under circumstances reflecting nothing but honor on both parties.

C. H. GREENLEAF,

Secretary.

To Capt. JOHN C. B. SMITH, of Company K,
South Carolina Regiment.

June 8, 1891, I received the following letter:

COLUMBIA, S. C., June 8, 1891.

DEAR FRIEND JOHNSON: On the day of your capture, the brigade to which my regiment was attached, occupied a position holding the left wing of that section of the Confederate army, Cook's brigade was engaged on the plank road, and, being hard pressed, my brigade was ordered at a double-quick, for a quarter of a mile or more, to the scene of action where the fighting was going on around Cook's ordnance wagons.

My regiment went into action by the flank, proceeding into line by column of companies, when fire was opened upon us by infantry and a section of

artillery consisting of two pieces at short range. The colonel of my regiment fell, mortally wounded, and the lieutenant-colonel severely. Once in line, the regiment known in the brigade as the "bloody Twelfth," not from thirst for blood or cruelty, but for its well known fighting qualities, with the Confederate yell swept everything before it but the dead and wounded, capturing the two pieces of artillery, before a second shot could be fired upon it. Going a considerable distance beyond the line, and finding no obstacles, and there being heavy firing on the right of the regiment, the left wing was swung around and moved on the rear of your line, and I am of the opinion that but for a ravine, difficult to cross, would have captured many more of your men. And it was here, that I, a little insignificant captain, with no sign or badge of rank, save three small bars on the collar of my grey jacket, and three good and well tried soldiers came in contact with you and a fellow officer, in rank a major, as my memory serves me. Well do I remember your complete astonishment and your unwillingness to surrender. When I ordered you to, you exclaimed, calling to your fellow officer, "What shall we do?" and I answered the question for him by saying, "Surrender, by all means," for my command was not more than

twenty paces from you, and in full view of you, and an attempt to escape would have been sure death. For as it was, when you showed a disposition not to surrender, the soldiers by my side, all crack shots, had their guns leveled on you, and I ordered them not to shoot for I had too much respect and appreciation for a brave and good soldier, though an opponent in war, to let him be shot under such circumstances. I took from you the beautiful sword presented to you by your company as a token of respect and honor, for your gallantry and noble daring on twenty-two or more battlefields, engraven thereon, indicating clearly to me, that we had often met before!

Very truly yours,

J. C. B. SMITH.

Dec. 11, 1901, I received cards from Captain Smith's youngest daughter inviting me to her marriage at Columbia, but circumstances prevented my attending. Oct. 24, 1902, I received a card from this daughter stating a little baby boy had been given her and she was a very happy mother. These two events again opened the broken correspondence with the Smith family, much to my joy, for I did not

want them to drop out of my life, and, thinking I could reach the mother's heart best through her child, and, being very grateful for the kind acts of the grandfather, Captain Smith, I procured an appropriate loving cup properly inscribed, for the baby boy, the first and only grandchild in the family.

COLUMBIA, S. C., March 5, 1903.

MY DEAR MR. JOHNSON: Last night your note, ever to be kept in memory, heralded the coming of the beautiful loving cup, and to-day your loving words and the exquisite testimony of the affection you feel for papa's grandchild, are welcomed by us all with supreme joy. If he was only here, how happy he would be, for the affection he bore his "Friend Johnson," as he called you, was very great. Those few moments of your only earthly meeting were ever green in his memory. Countless were the times he referred to it, and during the last years of his journey here, in recounting the incident, his great heart had grown so tender, that, great, brave man that he was, tears would fill his eyes as he lived again in those memory laden years. At no time did he seem to think he had showed any special humanity in his attitude towards you. "He was such

a splendid, brave fellow, he couldn't bear to surrender to the enemy. Instead he faced death unflinchingly. Shade Thomas, the 'crack shot' in my company had his gun leveled on him to shoot, but he was too brave and I called out to Thomas, 'Don't shoot! he's too brave!' Then I persuaded him to surrender. The bravest fellow I ever saw." Those were the glowing words with which he described you. We, that's my sister and myself, would ask with a child's love for the comely, how his hero looked, and he would answer enthusiastically, "Oh! he was a strikingly handsome fellow!" You were his knight, in a measure, his "Lockinvar."

This afternoon, on their return from town, mamma and Daisy brought the lovely cup. Your exquisite gift was unpacked by mamma's careful hands, and she, as the person most fit, presented the cup to our little one. As its beauty was revealed to his inquiring little eyes, two dimpled hands clutched each handle and two dewy lips were pressed to the rim. He was as much delighted as four months of humanity can be. When it was taken from him he protested so violently that I had to allow him to touch it again.

This loving cup will be cherished always in the loving memory of the two great men who inspired it. Nothing could be more appropriate than the inscrip-

tion embellishing our boy's cup. May it be God's will that my child shall live, so that as soon as possible, we may teach him to love and revere the very significant inscription on his cup. You will be his hero as well as his grandfather's. Your memory shall be ever dear to him.

FRIDAY MORNING.

At this juncture I was interrupted by Berry (my husband), coming in from the store. His delight over the cup was supreme. I assure you, my dear Mr. Johnson, *our* cup is very full as we behold it. In all time, in adversity and prosperity, this loving cup will stand as a treasure above price in our household. No words can convey the overwhelming joy and gratitude we feel for this gift of love.

Further words will be in vain to express all I feel. May it be God's will that your years may be many more upon this earth; may his greatest blessing, happiness, be heaped upon your head. May we meet upon this earth, but if it is His will that it should be otherwise, may we all meet in that Eternal Home beyond the skies. Let us pray daily for this final meeting. Hoping to hear from you often, believe me, always,

Yours in love and gratitude,

LILA MOBLEY.

The *State*, a paper printed in Columbia, had the following:

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

Taken from a Northerner in Memory of a Southern Friend.

Berry Hill Mobley, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Mobley of this city, have recently received a beautiful loving cup from Mr. Hannibal A. Johnson of Worcester, Mass., a friend of Capt. J. C. B. Smith, the grandfather of the infant. The cup bears this significant and appropriate inscription:

"Oct. 24th, 1902, Berry Hill Mobley, Jr. From his grandfather's friend, Lieut. H. A. Johnson, Worcester, Mass. Met as enemies May 5th, 1864, at Battle of the Wilderness, as friends May 27th, 1875, and ever afterward."

Lieut. Hannibal A. Johnson, Co. B, Third Maine Infantry, was captured at the Battle of the Wilderness, May 5th, 1864, by the late Capt. J. C. B. Smith of this city. On that occasion the valiant Lieutenant Johnson refused to surrender to Captain Smith. Whereupon the "crack shot" of Captain

Smith's company leveled his gun on Lieutenant Johnson to shoot him, but Captain Smith interfered because of the Northerner's unusual bravery, and finally persuaded him to surrender.

Singularly, Lieutenant Johnson was imprisoned in Columbia, Captain Smith's native town. He escaped from the Confederate prison here and after many thrilling experiences rejoined the Union army.

In May, 1875, Captain Smith returned to Lieutenant Johnson his sword, a very valuable one, on which twenty-two battles were engraved. Since then a very warm friendship has sprung up between these two families. The loving cup is an appropriate reminder of the tender regard in which Lieutenant Johnson holds Captain Smith's memory.

Possibly some of my comrades may criticise my friendship for my Confederate friend; if so, God pity their narrow souls, for when Robert Lee's brave and beaten veterans stacked their muskets at Appomattox and took their parole from the big-hearted Grant and returned to their homes to once more become citizens of our reunited Country with but one flag for all, all my hostility ceased,

and I could take the hand of a Southern veteran and wish him well. My bitterness departed when the armies of Lee and Johnston turned their backs upon the past and became loyal citizens of the United States, and, while I condemn rebellion as much as any one who wore the blue, I have never taken much stock in those the last to forgive.

Captain Smith had no call to return my sword, for with everything lost but his honor and manhood, he was entitled to all he received in honest encounter, and I tell you comrades, it takes a mighty large heart and a magnanimous soul to do as he did, but he, like our noble hearted GRANT, when the end came, said,

“LET US HAVE PEACE.”

PERSONAL NARRATIVES
OF EVENTS IN THE
WAR OF THE REBELLION,
BEING PAPERS READ BEFORE THE
RHODE ISLAND SOLDIERS AND SAILORS
HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

SIXTH SERIES.—No. 7.

PROVIDENCE :
PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY,
1904.

SNOW & FARNHAM, PRINTERS.



LIEUT. CLAY MACCAULEY,

At nineteen years of age; Second-Lieutenant, Company D, 126th Regiment,
Pennsylvania Infantry, U. S. V.

Through Chancellorsville, Into and Out of Libby Prison.

I.

FROM CHANCELLORSVILLE INTO LIBBY PRISON.

II.

IN LIBBY PRISON, AND OUT OF IT; HOME
AGAIN.

BY

CLAY MACCAULEY,

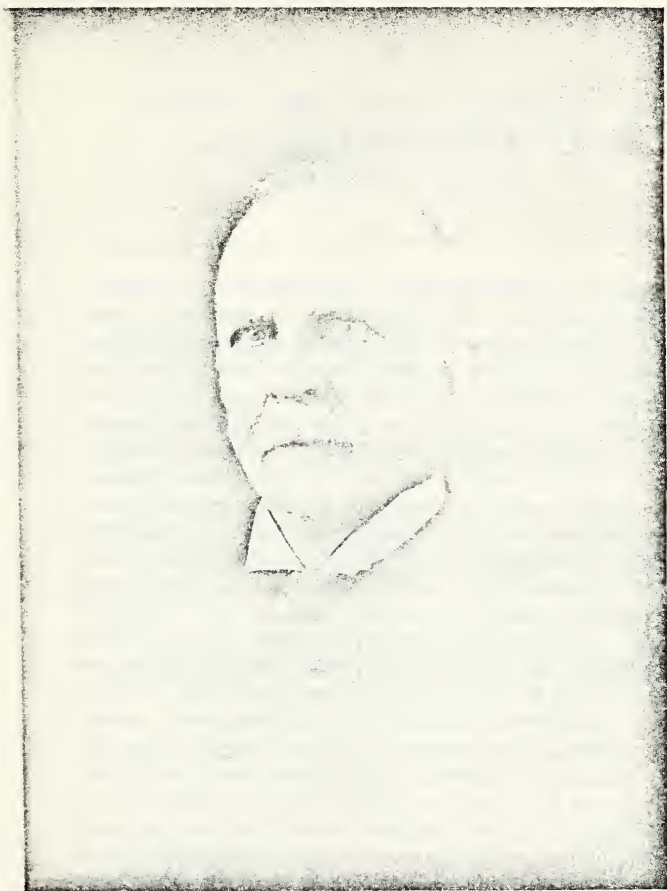
[Late Lieutenant in One Hundred and Twenty-Sixth Infantry,
Pennsylvania Volunteers.]

PROVIDENCE :

PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY,

1904.

[Edition limited to two hundred and fifty copies.]



REV. CLAY MACCAULEY, A. M.

I.

FROM THE BATTLEFIELD AT CHANCELLORSVILLE INTO LIBBY PRISON.

NOTE. — Chancellorsville, Virginia, U. S. A., a large brick hotel, once kept by a Mr. Chancellor, was the site of severe sanguinary conflicts between the American Federal Army of the Potomac under General Hooker, and the Confederates under General Lee. On the 29th April, 1863, the Federal army crossed the Rappahannock: on 2d May, General "Stonewall" Jackson furiously attacked and routed the right wing, but was mortally wounded by his own party firing on him by mistake. General Stuart took his command, and after a severe conflict on 3d and 4th May, with great loss to both parties, the Federals were compelled to recross the Rappahannock. The struggle was compared to that at Hougemont during the battle of Waterloo. Jackson died 10th May. Hooker's loss was 17,000 (16,845) men, of whom 5,000 were made prisoners. Lee's loss was about 13,000 (12,764), of whom 3,000 were prisoners. The result of this battle has always been an enigma to military critics. Hooker's army was composed of the best of material, was well equipped and full of spirit, and numbered 120,000, while Lee's force was 62,000. Hooker succeeded in turning Lee's position, and in forcing him out of his fortified camp into the open field, where a complete victory for the national forces seemed so easy of attainment as to be well-nigh certain. That it was not won, was due simply to bad management.—*Haydn's Dictionary of Dates, 17th Ed. 1886.*

IN answer to your invitation I offer some personal recollections of this historic event,—the battle of Chancellorsville,—together with a recital of some experiences immediately following it. Competent critics long ago passed judgment upon the battle and laid the responsibility for the defeat of the Union army upon those who should bear it. I have, consequently, nothing to say of the conflict as a whole. My purpose now is simply to recall some experiences in the battle, eventful for me, which, although of no great historical value, were somewhat unique. They may, moreover, be of more than merely personal interest. I have learned that the culmination of the disastrous conflict came on the morning of May 3d between eight and ten o'clock. General Doubleday, in his graphic history of the engagement, speaks of a part of those critical hours in these words: "The struggle increased in violence. The rebels were determined to break through the lines and our men equally determined not to give way. Well might De Trobriand style it 'a mad and desperate battle!' Again and again Rodes's and Hill's divisions renewed the attempt and were tem-

porarily successful, and again was the bleeding remnant of their forces flung back in disorder." The momentous event for me occurred during that temporary success of Generals Rodes and Hill.

A few words about what happened previous to this occurrence may have place here. I was a lieutenant in a Pennsylvania regiment; in General Humphreys's division, (Third) of the Fifth Corps. This division had had hard marching and arduous work for its share ever since it had broken camp, Monday, April 27th. We had made a long, rapid detour towards our objective point, by way of Kelly's and Ely's fords in the Rappahannock and Rapidan rivers. At Kelly's Ford we were detailed as the rear guard of the Eleventh and Twelfth corps. Our work was to take up pontoon bridges from streams swollen by heavy rains, and to move at night and by forced marches. In a journal kept at the time is this record of April 30th: "A terrible march; my feet are very sore and are blistered. Had to cut open my boots." In the history of the campaign, it appears that it was not the original intention of General Hooker, our commander, to use us for fight-

ing. Our term of enlistment would expire in a short time. He apparently had decided to make a sort of factotum of our division in his preparations for the conflict. In doing this duty, Friday became a day for us which I shall never forget. Already we had been greatly fatigued by our night marches and hard work. On that day there came a grand climax. We made a "quick time" reconnoissance to Banks's Ford, nearly five miles away, on the Confederate right. Reaching that point we were suddenly "bought" and sent back at a "double quick" pace to our starting place. It seemed at times in that movement that human endurance could last no longer. Upon our return, fierce skirmishing on our centre at Slocum's Corps, of which we had had some tokens, was not at all cheering under the circumstances. At length, however, our tribulations seemed to have ceased.

Before nightfall we were in position on the extreme left, on a high bluff, in a beautiful wood, our own left resting on the river bank, covering an important line of communication, the United States Ford of the Rappahannock. Then, we concluded

that the army was finally in position and our division assigned to a place wholly free from danger. Nothing of the enemy could be seen or heard at our front. We threw up entrenchments and began to take time at our ease. We were delightfully comfortable that first of May evening, tired though we were. We could hear distant skirmishing. We were nearly three miles away from the point of Confederate resistance to Hooker's advance, and were on impregnable heights. Over our pipes we talked of the day's events. There was, item first, our commander's boast in General Order No. 47, which had been read to us that morning, to the effect that we had "completely surrounded the rebels," and that they would "either have to fly ingloriously or come out from their breastworks where destruction was certain," and that "the operations of the Fifth, Eleventh and Twelfth corps were a series of splendid achievements." This was flattering and reassuring. Also, we had considerable amusement over some encouraging incidents which befell us in our swift reconnoissance on the river-road to Banks's Ford. We had passed

through a Confederate camp, apparently hastily deserted because of our approach. Tents had been left standing, fires burning, clothing, food and utensils scattered about on the ground, two caissons broken down and left lying in the road, and ammunition upset to become our spoil, by men too much in a hurry to gather it up. I am saying only what we thought. The supposition that our coming had set the Southerners to going made us jubilant. In this good mood at length we fell into well-earned sleep on the soft leaves under great trees, that bright and perfect May-Day night.

Just a word, in passing, about the kind of country in which the Chancellorsville fight took place. Very little of that region was open space. For the most part it was heavily wooded; the woods densely undergrown, and almost impassable. The two famous "Plank Roads" and a turnpike were the only continuous clear stretches through the wilderness, excepting two or three quite obscure and primitive woodways. Add to these features a few houses with small open spaces about them, some low heights, several wide marshes and small streams,

and you picture the topography in general of that district. These peculiarities made the disposition and movement of troops exceedingly difficult. And to these characteristics, in large part, may be attributed the success of "Stonewall" Jackson's decisive descent upon our extreme right, on Saturday evening.

But to continue the personal narrative;—Friday night we passed in almost unbroken sleep. We awoke that fateful Saturday well rested, confident that, before the day should close, our centre and right would break the enemy's opposition to Hooker's advance and give a clear road for our long desired movement toward the Confederate capital. Saturday was quiet on the left. We lay lazily about, doing nothing. The fighting at the centre was continuous through most of the day. The sound of the musketry firing and cannonading rose and fell like that of a distant thunder-storm. At times the sound seemed like the booming and dash of a wave-beaten shore, carried to the ear on the gusts of a fitful wind. Nothing eventful took place for us except the mild excitement aroused at our seeing a

small battery of our own forces drag into position at our left. We ate, slept, smoked pipes and talked. Towards evening an accidental shot by one of our pickets rallied us "to arms," but we soon broke ranks. We did not know that the great genius of the Southern armies, "Stonewall" Jackson, was just then executing one of his boldest and most masterly movements,—the movement so fraught with doom to Hooker's army. He had taken 26,000 men, cut himself free from General Lee, and, by an obscure road, was speeding towards the listless and unguarded Eleventh Corps, on our farthest right. We heard a violent outburst of battle towards sundown, but we did not know then that Jackson's forces, like a mighty torrent had swept down on the right, which, almost like sand, had been trailed out into the wilderness and left there without barrier outposts and unprepared for such an onset. This decisive event of the battle, it was, that brought about the disaster which the next morning befell us of Humphreys's division, so comfortable then in our ease and safety on the left. It is said, so ill-guarded was the extreme right of our army, that

Jackson's attack upon it was almost a complete surprise; that the fierce rush of the Southerners came in almost simultaneously with the retreat of our pickets. The result was that Jackson fairly put the Eleventh Corps to rout and left it for the rest of the battle *hors de combat*. Though ignorant of its purport, I heard the crash of the far-off conflict. It was midnight before I fell asleep.

The next morning, Sunday, we were awakened at daybreak by heavy, irregular tramping at our rear. Rising and looking around, I saw, moving along among the trees, a very broken and most demoralized trail of soldiers. Instantly I felt what it meant. Our time had come. We must go into action. We soon learned that this was the remnant of the Eleventh Corps, and that it had been sent to occupy our safe place. Our division was at once all in bustle and preparation. Coffee and "hard-tack" were soon swallowed. With the risen sun our regiments were speeding at a "double-quick" pace towards the right, where desperate fighting had already been renewed. In a short time we were under cannon-fire. Near Chancellorsville

hotel we were halted. The three miles run had been a severe beginning for the day. We remained where we had been halted under fire, for nearly an hour. Then, in column, we moved on past the famous house, past the forty guns which had been massed in the open space beyond the house, and towards the woods where, at the right, a sharp, crashing whirr of musketry rose above all the other dreadful sounds which filled the air. The horrors of battle began to appear. In our path were many who had met with wounds and death in the regiments which had preceded us. We made a short halt where these dead and wounded were lying. This was a most trying ordeal. Had the stop continued long it might have been demoralizing. With nothing to do, with mutilation and death visible at our feet, and with peril to ourselves increasing, large drafts were made upon moral resources. Fortunately the halt was but for a few moments. Then, by the right flank we advanced in line of battle. What an advance! Leaving the open field we entered the wilderness. Our progress was for the most part a mere scramble; over logs, through dense

underbrush, briars, and in swamp-mud. We were scratched and bruised, and our clothing was torn. But we pushed on for about a hundred yards into the thicket. In somewhat thinner woods we were halted, and, when in line, lay down and began to load and fire at will. It was an ugly give and take. We could not see the enemy, but the whizz and ting of their bullets showed that they were not far away. How long this aimless firing continued I do not know. But, as the excitement grew, many of the men rose to their feet, fired and remained standing to load and fire. A little experience I had just then proves how much support numbers may be to each in a common danger. One of my men in his haste had shot away his ramrod. He held up the musket to show me what he had done. Without thinking I started to the rear, where, at a short distance, I knew lay a musket. No sooner had I left touching distance of my company when an irresistible sense of loneliness and dread seized me. Each step away made the sensation more acute. Somehow, however, I got the ramrod of the dead man's musket, and went back to the line on the run. With the

return to the firing line came assurance and courage. I never felt more alone or helpless than in those few moments of separation from my comrades. The air seemed full of hissing, shrieking demons, and I expected that the next moment would bring death. The fight went on. So continuous and direct had been the firing that the underbrush at our front was literally cut down at about waist-height. Gradually, one after another of the men ceased firing. Ammunition was becoming exhausted. We sent for supplies. None were to be had. Something had gone wrong. The men began to feel it. Then, as the firing slackened I saw a foreboding disorder on our right. A feeling of suspense and of doubt seemed to thrill along the line. About that time I felt a blow on my right side as though I had been struck by a heavy hammer. A glancing ball had hit me. The disorder, changing into tumult, came nearer and nearer. At last, it swept in upon the company next to mine, and then it struck my company's right. Rising in successive ranks from the ground, the men, with questioning looks at one another, started, at first

slowly, and then rapidly, backward. It was not a panic. It was a necessary retreat of almost helpless men from a coming danger which they felt themselves powerless to resist. They were good soldiers. They had led in the farthest charge made by the Union forces up Marye's Heights at Fredericksburg in the preceding December. I have read that that charge was characterized by the Confederate general Ransom as "a last desperate and maddened attack." But what can men, without ammunition, and seeing the line of which they form part steadily breaking away from before some oncoming force, do? The flow of a wave backward on a curving beach does not more steadily sweep broken on its way than did the retreat of our battle-line from right to left that Sunday morning. The enemy, discovering that our ammunition was exhausted, had "charged" us, striking our extreme right, much as one line of the letter V meets the other.

What then happened a letter written not long afterwards tells in these words: "Soon I found myself alone. I saw that I must run or be killed.

I started to run, but after a few steps my sword scabbard tripped and threw me down on my face. Up again, I tried to break through the bushes; I fell again, and was so exhausted that I could go no farther. I crawled alongside one of our wounded, and in a moment the rebels were on me." I remember well that poor fellow, at whose side I was; his body torn open by a shell. Seeing me he had begged for water. I was about to give him my canteen, when, looking up, I discovered the rebels rapidly coming through the brush. Those moments are now like the memory of some dreadful dream. Instinctively I started to rise. But, as I rose, I saw one of the oncoming skirmishers take a sudden interest in me. He jerked his musket from charge to direct aim. I was his mark. Perhaps some of you understand just what it is to look into a loaded gun, its hammer up and the trigger under the finger of a man who would just as soon pull as not. Under the circumstances, naturally, I remained just where I was, half risen. For several seconds I looked into the muzzle of that advancing musket. As in a mist, I saw many mov-

ing men, and heard the noise of their rush. But my brain was concentrated on that one advancing figure. He came upon me swifter than my speech of him now. When within a few paces distance down came his musket to a charge, and with the bayonet at my breast the man yelled, "You —— ——— of a ——, give me that sword." While he was speaking the charging line came up and passed. Two regiments deep, it was. Afterwards I learned that the Sixth and Fifth Alabama regiments were at our immediate front. My captor, a big, tawny-bearded fellow, seeing that I was but a boy, changed his manner at once when I gave him my sword. As I did not rise he asked me if I was hurt. "I don't know," I replied, and added, "Get me out of this as quick as you can." I remembered suddenly that just beyond where our line had entered the tangle, in the open space, were batteries consisting of about forty guns, planted in crescent and bearing on the woods. Our men, I thought, would fall back to those batteries and rally there. I was sure, too, that as soon as the rebels should appear at the edge of the woods something would

happen. I had no desire to be killed by the shrapnel, canister, shell or anything else shot from our own guns. Consequently I urged retreat into the enemy's works as quickly as possible, and in a direction I pointed out. My new acquaintance from Alabama agreed with me. He put a strong arm under my shoulders, and, half carrying me, started for the rear. I cannot tell how far we had gone—perhaps it was a hundred yards—when the expected something happened. It seemed as though a hurricane had all at once burst out of a clear sky upon that forest. We had just reached a breastwork behind which there was a deep hole. With the first crash among the trees, we fell into that. For about ten minutes a roaring torrent of iron plunged through the air over us. At once we were almost covered by fallen tree branches. The noise was horrible. Gradually the devastating stream ceased. As it slackened, back came the Southern crowd pell-mell, all in disorder, really “a bleeding remnant,” as General Doubleday wrote of it; and back with the retreating mass we two scrambled towards the further rear. Soon, the Confederates halted

under the commanding shouts of their officers, and I was hurried on farther to where at length we met General Rodes, to whom I surrendered and by whom I was sent still farther backwards. Our way then lay over one of the "Plank Roads," so much spoken of in connection with the Chancellorsville fight. On this road the struggle of the day and night before had been severest. Our own and the Confederate dead by the score lay side by side there. Twice, batteries plunged past us, the hoofs of the horses, and the caissons' wheels, crushing and mutilating the dead bodies of friend and foe. Along the roadside, were gathered hundreds of the wounded of both armies, their only shelter from the blazing sun being blankets stretched over them, held in place by the closed hammers of muskets, the muskets reversed and stuck upright into the ground by their bayonets. It was a sickening march. Confederate reserves passed us, hurrying to the front at "double-quick time;" supplies of ammunition were being carried forward. Farther on, we reached what, I was told, had been the first line of the "Yankee" breastworks. At that point was

a house, filled with, and surrounded by, wounded and dying of the hapless Eleventh Corps. Many evidences of a fearful struggle were visible there. Leaving these we soon entered the original Confederate position. I was there delivered over to an officer, and became one more in a large crowd of our own men, chiefly of the Eleventh Corps, already gathered there. I was freed from the morning's horror. I threw myself down upon the ground physically exhausted; a discouraged, miserable prisoner of war.

At this place let me acknowledge that from the Southern soldiers who had anything to do with us on the battlefield we received nothing but kind treatment. As far as I could learn, much had been done for our wounded. A number of our own surgeons had been left within the Confederate lines, who, with the Confederate surgeons, were giving their services to the injured of both armies.

After a short rest, I began to observe my new situation and surroundings. One of the things most to attract attention was the generally miserable appearance of the soldiers of Jackson's corps.

Dirt and tatters seemed to be universal in their clothing, and a used-up, emaciated look in their physique. They were really what one would call "a hard-looking crowd." Nor could one style them "wearers of the gray." Dusty brown rather were they, from their rusty slouched hats, sandy beards, sallow skins, butternut coats and trousers down to their mud-stained shoes. I thought them emaciated, I said, but perhaps I would better say that they were lank and lean. Certainly they had shown remarkable endurance, and they were yet able to do exhausting and desperate work. I suppose the facts were, that already the Confederacy was beginning to suffer from poverty in its commissariat, and that, accustomed to the round, well-fed look of the soldiers of the North, I could not judge correctly of men who had become chiefly sinew and bone by doing such work as "Stonewall" Jackson exacted of them. Nevertheless, as we soon found out, the Confederate commissariat was neither well filled nor luxurious. One of our guards gave me a small piece of his "hard-tack" for luncheon, and said that they were all on short ra-

tions. We officers, as it proved, were unfortunate in having put our haversacks on pack-mules that morning before going into action. Consequently, we had become, in every sense of the word, dependents on our captors' bounty. How generous that was, the record of the next few days will show.

Towards noon the prisoners were formed into a sort of column, the members of the numerous Northern regiments ranging side by side as chance ordered, and were started off southward on a road towards Spottsylvania Court House. We were guarded by a South Carolina regiment. By the way we marched, it was about fifteen miles to the Court House, which, at nightfall we reached. We were driven into the Court House enclosure, where we spent the night on the grass under the shelter of overspreading trees. As I lay there, looking up at the quiet stars and sky, I realized for the first time what the events of the day meant. I was a prisoner, and doomed to—I could not tell what. I dreaded the revelations of the future, but worse than all else I suffered from the thought of the suspense of the father and mother at home, who would

not know what had become of the boy they had expected so soon to see. At length I fell into sleep with a miserable depression of brain and heart.

Early the next morning we were on the road. No food had we had with which to start the day. Already some of us had begun to feel the effects of our unusual fast. That Monday's march was silent and dreary. We saw but few people, and passed but few houses. No signs of war appeared. Our column must have seemed more like a doleful band of condemned criminals than a body of honorably defeated soldiers. Most of us were in a sorry condition from bruises and wounds received in that scramble in the wilderness. The clothing of some was so torn that arms, legs and even backs and chests were laid bare. Only these incidents of that day are left in memory. During one of our halts, near a good-looking house, a woman gave to the major commanding our guard a small Confederate flag, which, to please her, he flaunted over us as he rode by, with the declaration that now we should have to march under that. This was the first real in-

sult offered us. At another place, a little woman came running down a path from her house to the roadside, fairly wild with revengeful rage. She raised her little fists and shook them at us, her black eyes sparkling. With a sort of scream she cried out, "Kill 'em all, colonel, right here for me!" Negroes at times came out from their cabins to look, but never a word said they. This gloomy march lasted for about thirteen miles, when, late in the afternoon, we crossed the Ny River, neared Guinea's station on the Richmond and Fredericksburg railway and were halted in a meadow, which, as I have learned, was but a continuation of what is called "Stannard's Marsh." We were less than a mile northwest of the station. Guinea's Station was at that time the base of supplies for Lee's army.

Monday night we slept wretchedly,—those who slept at all. The ground was soft and wet, and we had been without food all the day; we did not have even the comfort of fires. The strain had begun to tell. But we had reached a railroad. That fact had some consolation in it. And we were only about forty-five miles from Richmond. Tuesday morning

dawned. A noticeable stir at the station aroused us to wonderment. The rumor spread among us that the rebels had, after all, been defeated. Trains of baggage wagons came in from Fredericksburg, their horses at a gallop. We heard reports that the rebels were making preparation for a wholesale removal of their supplies toward Richmond. Hope of recapture by our own men sprang up. The hope soon failed. We made a request for food. We were answered that there was none. We asked for wood. "None to be had," was the reply. The day dragged along. In the afternoon a wagon was driven into our camp with rations, so we were told. It brought to us a half-barrel of salt beef and a barrel of flour. These rations were distributed. This was the way of the distribution:—the barrel of flour was tumbled from the wagon to the ground. The barrel burst open where it fell. At the side of the flour the beef was dropped. Now, hungry as we were, what could we do with either the flour or beef? We had neither kettles nor fire. There lay the two gifts of food. Gradually the flour absorbed moisture from the earth and became a dirty brown

paste, and the beef took on ironical red, white and blue tints from exposure to air and water. Some tried to eat of the pasty flour but soon had to give over the effort. We began to long for transportation to Richmond. There, we felt sure, we should get both shelter and something to eat. But Tuesday night came, and again we lay down for a night in the marshy meadow.

Wednesday morning a chilling northeast wind arose with clouding skies. We did not seem to have anything to wake up for. That camp of Union soldiers was about as unhappy a looking set of men as one could see. Our clothing was wet through and through, and our stomachs were still empty. A few of us determined that, if possible, something should be done. What others did I do not know. This story centres around myself. Therefore, what three of those wretched men with me did to solve the problem, I can recount. We asked permission to go to a house about a quarter of a mile away to try to find food. Our request was granted. A kind-hearted fellow happened to be our guard. With some renewed hope

we began our foraging expedition. At that house General "Stonewall" Jackson lay, dying. From our guard we learned that Jackson was in an extremely critical condition. We did not get quite to the house. At a cabin near-by, we found an aged negro woman. She had but little. We returned to the camp, however, with an old hen for which we paid \$5.00 in United States money, together with about a quart of corn-meal which cost us \$1.00. On the way back, our soft-hearted guard led us by a tent near the railway, and allowed us to pick up a cast-away iron tea-kettle lying there. Then came the question of how to cook our dinner. The generous rebel helped us to gather some small sticks on the banks of the Ny; in the little river there was water more than we needed. The fire problem, however, was difficult to solve. A pocket-knife had cut off the hen's head and anatomized her body. Hen, corn-meal and water were mixed together in the rusted kettle. But the wood was damp and the river bank was wet. After all our efforts we could not get quite as much fire as smoke, and I know it was hard work holding the kettle in the smoke.

Not a stone on which to rest the kettle could be found. But suddenly in the midst of our proceedings came a crisis and a catastrophe. The novel soup was not even quite lukewarm, when all officers were ordered to fall into line. We obeyed the orders, of course, and hastened into camp. Each of us took place in the ranks carrying with him a handful of dripping chicken and warm corn-meal. One of our number still held on to the precious kettle. "To Richmond," was the cry. With this prospect to stimulate us, we started for the station. On the way we disposed of our grabs of raw chicken. It was almost nightfall when we reached the rail-line. By that time the sky had become densely clouded. Already a thick mist was driving by on a chill wind. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," it is written. So, as night closed in, it was with increasing heaviness of heart that, in vain, we strained our eyes to find the cars which were to take us away from that place of increasing torture. Everything was in confusion about the station. Cars were shunting from track to track; wagons coming and going; men hurrying to and fro. The

hours passed, but nothing came for us. Eight—nine o'clock was gone. Rain began to fall, and a fiercer, colder wind to blow. Still no cars came for us. Instead, when it was nearly ten o'clock, we were, to our dismay, driven back to the marsh. Reaching that, we found it changing into a veritable swamp. Water seemed to ooze out of the ground as well as to pour down from the clouds. No one bothered himself in trying to get out of the water. Water covered everything. However, we began to care but little for whatever happened. My brain was giving way to a sort of torpor. I now can remember only, that with a kind of animal instinct at self-preservation, I groped about in the blackness of darkness and found a small hummock, on which I laid my canteen. I put my elbow on the canteen, my head on my elbow, and there, with hundreds of comrades, I lay down in water to pass the doleful hours.

I wish I had memory clear enough, or pen graphic enough, to describe the appearance of the Union prisoners' camp at Guinea's Station the next morning. How those Confederate officers ever allowed it to become a possibility, even under the

stress of the events following the battle, I have never been able to explain. To their everlasting dishonor they did permit it. Having, practically, had no food for four days, being without shelter in prospect, without even fires to protect us, lying in water inches deep, and exposed to a piercingly chill northeast storm, I saw that Thursday morning come. Possibly the officers in command could have bettered our condition but little, if at all. Possibly, with prospect of removal to Richmond at any hour, they felt no necessity for making a change of camp. Possibly, they did not care. Yet, I must admit, our guards seemed almost as forlorn and famished as we were.

How that Thursday went I do not remember. There was no pause in the storm, I know. Only as evening approached came renewal of hope. We were again ordered to go over to the railway. That walk was a cheerless struggle through deep, soft mud. I fell two or three times on the way, from exhaustion. At the station some of our men sank down at the halt and swore they would not move again. This time, however, we had not been taken

to the station on a fool's errand. At about nine o'clock, with many other Union officers, I climbed into a car headed for Richmond. I do not remember just how many of us were in the cars. My car, I recollect, was a rickety freight-box. It was seatless and windowless. Its roof gave no real protection from the beating rain. The floor was covered with filth nearly an inch deep; mud and corn mixed. To say that we were crowded is not to tell the whole truth; we could not, all, have sat down at once had we tried to sit down. We disposed of ourselves in many sorts of postures as best we could. Some of us would then have given up wholly had we not been supported by the confidence that before morning we should have release and at least shelter and food in Richmond. In truth, hardly as much consideration was given to us as is given to a carload of cattle. Well, within an hour after we had been jammed into that freight car, the train was started and we braced ourselves for the night. But a tired horse could have gone as fast as that train went. Much must be considered as accounting for this. The track was sin-

gle, and many obstacles were in the way. We were stopped often, and, to our great discomfort, the loosely coupled cars were jerked backwards and forwards. But we were upheld by the feeling that the agony could not last much longer. At least, so felt those of us who were not too benumbed to feel. Yet, so slow was our progress that towards midnight we had not gone farther on our way than about six miles. Again we began to move. I did not know what was being done. Doubled up in as small a place as I could take in a corner of the car, I knew only that we were moved, and stopped. Finally we came to another stop. Then there was a long silence. Dawn lightened slowly through the continuing storm. Soon I heard someone say, "Hell! boys, we are still at Guinea's." And, for the truth, we were there. We were sidetracked just at the place from which we had started at ten o'clock the night before. There is no use in my trying to give you any notion of how we felt. I state merely the facts. Friday morning had come. As all things else that, too, at length passed. Not a mouthful of food was given us. Some of the

men were allowed to get out of the car, and they lay beside it and under it in the mud for hours. The rest of us stretched our benumbed bodies where we were. Gradually the rain ceased and the skies slowly brightened. About noon for a second time we were packed into our box, and what proved to be the real start for Richmond was made. Of course, I cannot tell what justification the Confederate authorities might offer for this brutal manner of transporting us southward. I know that everything inside General Lee's lines was badly demoralized by the battle of Chancellorsville. Probably, too, the Confederates had hardly enough food at command with which to supply their own troops. All their means of railway carriage at Guinea's were in bad shape. But I often think that the authorities at Guinea's were as willing to see us as badly crippled through our misfortunes while prisoners in their hands, as by the damage inflicted upon us in battle.

At last, at about five o'clock, Friday evening, May 8, 1863, we, threescore and more, thoroughly used-up Union officers were emptied out of our

pen into one of the streets of the Confederate capital. The once dreaded city had, by force of events, become in imagination, a welcome place of refuge. Famished, filthy, many of us ragged, we moved painfully down a main street followed by crowds of men and women, and jeering, hooting boys. How is it in human possibility for us who endured that week ever to forget our suffering and humiliation? Our experiences at Guinea's Station, and the manner in which we were taken to Richmond, had been as cruel as cruel could be under the Nineteenth Century's civilization, had there been any possibility of preventing it. I noticed but little in our walk. Only two things impressed themselves distinctly upon memory, excepting the tauntings of the crowd. We passed the capitol. There stood the noble statue of Washington in the capitol grounds, seemingly a spectator of the degradation of children of men who had fought and died under his leadership that their country might become the home of a free and independent nation. And there, too, stood on the capitol steps the leader of the rebellion against the Union, the rebel President,—not a statue but

a living man, he, also, seemingly an impassive spectator of our degradation, the degradation of many fellow Americans, whose only crime had been that they had done what they could to save the Union which Washington and our patriot fathers had bequeathed to posterity as a sacred trust for the blessing of mankind.

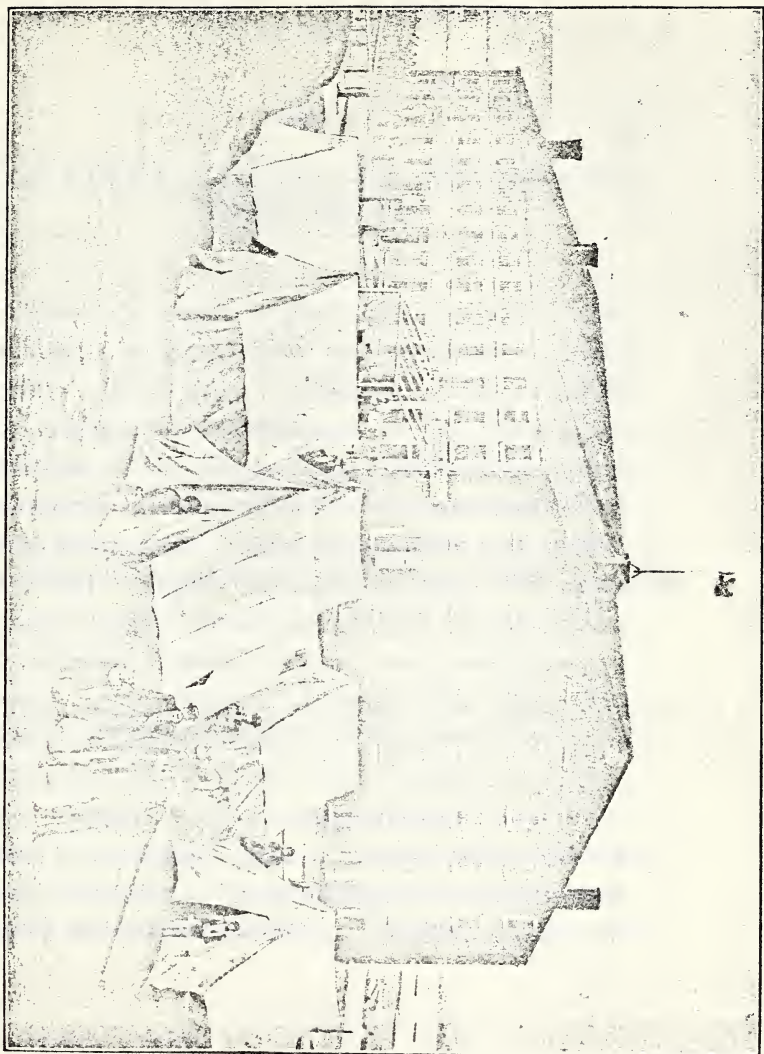
Our forlorn band kept on its way, followed by the hooting crowd. Then came the last moment in this little episode of the great war. We were halted in front of a large, three-storied brick building. Looking up, I saw a white sign extended across the sidewalk. On it were painted these words: "Libby and Son, Ship Chandlers and Grocers." By file right we passed that and entered a broad, low-ceiled hallway. Again we were halted. Our journey was at its end. We had come from the "Battlefield at Chancellorsville into Libby Prison."

NOTE.—“Libby Prison” was a warehouse in Richmond, Virginia, located in the eastern part of the city, on Carey Street. It was an isolated building, erected on a corner lot which slopes rather abruptly almost to the canal that borders the James River. The building was three stories in height on Carey Street, and was divided into nine rooms, each about 105 feet by 45 feet in area. In addition there were three large basement rooms or cellars, which, on account of the sloping ground, gave the appearance of four stories to the building on the south side.

Soon after the outbreak of the Civil War, the Confederate Government began to use this warehouse as a prison for captured Union soldiers. From twelve hundred to sixteen hundred men were constantly confined there during most of the war time. In 1863, the Commandant of the prison was Major Thomas P. Turner. The prison clerk was a civilian, E. W. Ross. Assistants in the management of the prisoners were “Dick” Turner, Adjutant Latouche, and some non-commissioned officers with a guard of soldiers.

At the close of the war “Libby Prison” remained as an object of curiosity to sight-seekers. For a while it was put to various manufacturing uses. I visited it in 1871. In 1892-3 it was purchased, taken to pieces, transported to Chicago, Illinois, where, after many mishaps on the way thither—one of them being a railway wreck—it was rebuilt to be a “War Museum” and an attraction to the multitudes who should visit the “World’s Fair” of 1893. Some time ago the ill-fated structure was torn down. The bricks, of which it was built, were stored away; I have not learned where. May the obscurity never be removed!

C. MAC C.



LIBERTY PRISON.

II.

IN LIBBY PRISON AND OUT OF IT: HOME AGAIN.

THERE are places whose names are remembered in history as synonymous with extremes of human cruelty and suffering. No one can read the records, for example, of the dungeons of the Spanish Inquisition, of the Venice Ducal Palace, of the Tower of London, of Nurnberg Castle, or of the Bastile and their like without a sense of repulsion, and, indeed, of horror. Man's inhumanity to man, and man's power to endure, found culmination in those places of terrible memory. There are gradations, of course, in the degrees of torture and pain. The Tower of London stands at a far remove from the Black Hole of Calcutta. Yet, cruelty is cruelty; and, whether the tragic results follow in only one hour, or through a lapse of months and years, the deeds of cruelty are grouped together in man's memory in one isolated catalogue. In this catalogue we

have been obliged to enroll the names of the American Andersonville and Libby Prisons, the chief among the places in which the soldiers of the armies of the Union, taken in battle during the great Civil War of forty years ago, were confined.

I am to tell you now somewhat of Libby Prison, so far as personal knowledge extends. I shall not give a history of the prison throughout the four and more years of its existence. Nor shall I pass judgment upon those under whose charge, willingly or through the force of circumstances, Libby Prison became a place of forbidding reminiscence. Nor yet have I a tale of horrors to tell. There is but little for me to recall that might not have occurred under, possibly, well-intentioned but embarrassed superintendency. My experience as a prisoner of war was passed through before the Confederate States had suffered severely from the great conflict, and before the worse passions of the men who had command of Andersonville and the Richmond prisons were aroused by the widespread disaster and poverty that at length fell upon the States in rebellion. I was confined

in Libby Prison in the spring of 1863. The real inhumanities of the place were not developed until a year later, when, with Andersonville, it became horrible from the deaths, and the lifelong disease of thousands of the soldiers of the Union. Of Andersonville, for instance, it is true that during the year 1864, forty-five thousand prisoners of war were received there, and that, of these, thirteen thousand died of starvation and want of care, and the great majority of those who remained alive were returned to their homes hardly more than living skeletons; practically all incurable invalids. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that Henry Wirz, Superintendent of the Andersonville torture-pen, was executed by the Federal Government for his cruelty. Also, during the same year, Libby Prison, under charge of the notorious Major Thomas P. Turner, followed close upon Andersonville in imposed suffering and consequent mortality. But, as I have said, in the year 1863, little that has classed this war-prison with the world's greatest scenes of cruelty and pain had come to pass. I can tell of kindlier things. So then to my story.

I closed the first chapter of this recital with these words about the company of captured soldiers in which I was marched down the streets of Richmond on the 8th day of May, 1863: "We were halted in front of a large three-storied brick building. Looking up I saw a white sign extended across the sidewalk from the west wall to a column. On it were painted these words, 'Libby and Son, Ship Chandlers and Grocers.' By 'file right,' we then passed that, and entered a broad, low-ceiled hallway. Again we were halted. Our journey was at its end. We had come 'from Chancellorsville into Libby Prison.'"

As it happened, I was well forward in the column, and was soon brought face to face with the prison officials. "Here you, strip!" was the first word of greeting. It came from a tall, sallow-faced, but rather good-looking young fellow, uniformed in well-fitting gray as an officer of a rank I did not then know. "Here you, strip! That's a good sword-belt you have, lieutenant. Sergeant, take off that belt." These words I heard in quick succession, and, before I quite knew what was being

done, my sword-belt was unbuckled and laid aside; my ragged coat was opened and its inner pockets searched. We were a forlorn crowd; as officers nearly eighty in number; for six days practically foodless. I cared little, consequently, for what was being done to me, except, indeed, for the loss of the prized and handsome belt, a present from some home friends. I had dearly wished to keep that as a memento of army service. I had refused for it a goodly sum of money at the front the day after I had been taken prisoner. The major who had offered to purchase it had said: "Better let me have it. Those home-guard skunks in Richmond will rob you of it, sure." The sword, I had given up on the battlefield. That was a fortune of war. But the sword-belt, which should have remained my own, waked the greed of that young officer. As it turned out, he appropriated it for himself. Throughout our stay in the prison I was compelled to see him daily at roll-call girdled with my precious property. A small grievance, perhaps one may say; yet to me it was an outrage. However, in groups of a half dozen we were rapidly searched.

In the search we were deprived of all sums of money beyond the small currency we happened to have. Indeed, we were received into that war-prison very much as though we were common criminals. The search being over, a registration was made of our names, positions and other facts. We were then taken to our place of confinement. I was among the first who were freed from the personal indignities of the search and sent to quarters. I yet remember well the weary climbing of two flights of steps; our being put into the great room which covered the eastern third of the third floor; my going hastily to an empty bunk that stood against the east wall and throwing myself down upon the hard boards in utter exhaustion, sick at heart. There was some feeling of relief, naturally, from the fearful strain of the march and of the rail journey from Guinea's Station, but the miserable fatigue and discouragement of that first hour in the Richmond prison I can never forget so long as memory holds her own. I heard my companions come in, group by group, and find places for themselves. The room had seemed well filled when I entered it; before

long I had a sense of being in a mass of human-kind. The room was gradually over-crowded. More than two hundred men, as I found out afterwards, had been made occupants of this space of, say, one hundred by forty feet in area. Beds, even such as mine, could not be given to all. Many had to take places for themselves on the floor, and each show proprietorship by spreading there the blanket which he soon received from the warders. At about nightfall baskets of bread were brought and given to us in quarter-loaf pieces. That was all the food we received the first night. We were told, however, that we should have regular rations the next morning, and that if any of us wished to purchase extra food we should have the privilege of doing so from the amounts of money standing to our credits on the prison books.

Well, my bread having been eaten and some water drunk, I wrapped myself in my blanket, careless of what anyone else did, or of the noise of the crowd settling itself for the night. Soon I was lost in a sleep of which I remember nothing except that nothing at all was remembered. My bed was but

boards; my clothing was as brambles, logs, swamps, rain and the filth of the cars had made it; my food had stayed hunger, but it had not done more; yet I slept that night through as though to exist were only to sleep.

We had a queer *reveille* the next morning. I was suddenly recalled to consciousness by a loud, musical voice crying,—“Great news in de papers! news from Mississippi; news from Alabama; news from Tennessee; *great* news in de papers. Good mornin’, gemmen!” At once the silence of the room was broken. We were all awake, and nearly all in speech. I sat up, for the moment dazed; my eyes dazzled by the sun’s rays shining full across my bunk; my ears confused by the sudden clamor and shouts of the two hundred and more men who covered the floor of that big grocery-house loft. Above all the other noises, however, rang out the musical call, “Great news in de papers.” It came, I soon saw, from a big mulatto, who stood near the stairway holding in his hands a bundle of Richmond’s morning papers. The American’s passion for news soon made babel even in that un-

happy mass of men, for from every side arose confused answering yells, of which I remember, "Here, uncle!" "This way, general!" "What you got, Pete?" and like welcoming demands. Rapidly the newsman picked his way around the room followed by a rustling of the opening journals. Very soon "Examiners," "Inquirers" and "Whigs" by the score, transformed the scene, from where I sat, as into a festival with waving banners. Leading items, about the fluctuations of the war over the thousands of miles of the battle lines between Union and Confederate forces, were shouted from one to another. But, gradually, comparative quiet fell upon us. The mulatto had gone away, and the unwelcome realities of the situation were quickly obtrusive. I then began to busy myself with trying to put some comfort into my surroundings. Meanwhile, I gradually took note of the place that had become our enforced home. The room was directly under a roof which arose from the side walls of the building, a little more than four feet from the floor, to a ridge about fifteen feet above us, exposing the roof's timbers. We were in the loft of a big

river-side business house, used before the war by a Mr. Libby as a ship-chandlery and wholesale grocery, and appropriated by the Confederate government for the confinement of captured soldiers. There were three rooms like ours on each of the second and third floors of the house. On the lower-most floor there was a hospital, and in the cellar there was, among other things, a dungeon for the confinement of men adjudged to be, or treated as criminals. Indeed, the day after my release, the men remaining in the room in which I had been confined, were compelled to draw lots for two of their number to be hanged. This was done as retaliation for certain acts of Union soldiers in a distant part of the country. These men were not hanged, because of fear of worse reprisal on the part of the Federal government, but they were thrown into that cellar-dungeon, and were kept there for some months.

But let me recall some other happenings of that 9th of May. In the southeast corner of the room were two large cooking-stoves. Probably, something to eat was the very first consideration of im-

portance that morning in the mind of each one of that ragged, half-famished crowd; certainly that was true at least of the fourscore new arrivals of the night before. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that soon there was a large group of men, each man impatiently awaiting his turn, at the stoves in which big fires had been kindled. About the time of our awaking, quantities of bread, bacon and beans had been brought and been piled up on two long pine tables which stood near the stoves. From these heaps were given to each applicant,—in portions, say, of six ounces of bread, two of bacon and a small cupful of beans—his day's rations. I was content to eat my bread with some slices of raw bacon and to await the course of events. An immediate neighbor and I at length resolved to have a feast. We sent for eggs which cost us \$1.65 a dozen, and for sugar for which we paid \$1.50 a pound, in Union money. With these gains he and I during that morning had an extravagant omelette,—the eggs mixed with boiled beans and sugar, and fried with bacon. Before noon, however, the chief discomfort of the room increased to excess. The

two stoves were kept in operation without pause. Two hundred men to two stoves was a relation out of all reasonable proportion. The stoves, consequently, were so hard worked that they overheated the room. Besides, the low roof being covered with tin, the fierce heat of the Southern sun beat through that, adding intensity to the sweltering atmosphere. Before the noon hour, nearly all of us were stripped to the waist, were barefooted and were trying to find some cooling air for our fevered bodies. It was a sorry sight, that of our crowd of active, energetic men, hemmed in, cramped, each by his neighbors, none of them in fact nourished by food, all fatigued by severe antecedent hardships and suffering from the doubly intensified heat. This scene was continued through each day of the wretched days many of us spent in that furnace-like loft. The windows at the ends of the room were not much more than three feet in height, rising directly from the floor; the windows of the east wall were hardly much better placed. In fact, so ill was the ventilation, that there was very little escape for the super-

heated air. It filled, and remained suspended in, the low angle of the wide roof over our heads. Along and near the floor fresh, though heated, breezes often moved, but above was a stagnant, fetid mass, whose poisonous fumes again and again descended upon us.

I have some notes of that memorable week, written on the steamer in which I was carried from the South. They tell hardly anything of exceptional interest that varied the monotony of the cheerless experience I have just recalled. For most of the time, there was simply a rigid endurance of loss of personal freedom, of inability to move around, except by interference with the movements of others, of privation of good and palatable food, and, through a large part of each day, of suffering from a heat such as one seldom anywhere is compelled to undergo. Yet, a few incidents of special memory will bear repetition. On Sunday, May 10th, a chaplain who had been taken prisoner, because, contrary to the popular fancy about chaplains, he had gone to the front, even into the battle line, with "his boys," as he called the members of

his regiment, and there had met with the misfortune of capture,—this chaplain invited us to join him in divine worship. A captain conducted the introductory services of reading and prayer, and the chaplain preached from the text—probably one of the most difficult of all texts under the circumstances: “Seek ye those things which are above.” It was an exhortation very hard for us to heed. But the sermon was excellent. It even gave some dignity and hope to life, forlorn and hopeless though it then seemed. However, to the sermon there were strong contrasts. Some of the men were possessors of cards instead of the New Testament, commonly the American volunteer’s *vade mecum*; indeed, some men had not hesitated to carry both cards and Bible about their persons. On that Sunday, consequently, there was card-playing as well as church-going, side by side on the crowded floor. There was scarcely any literature among us other than that which appeared in the poverty-stricken looking newspapers brought to us by the privileged news-seller. Then, excepting the incoming of a few Confederate officials and prominent citizens of



Richmond, nothing else occurred to break the monotony of that Sunday. But it was a remarkable evidence of the unnaturalness of the American Civil War—was it not?—that several of these visitors came for the purpose of finding out whether any friends or relatives of theirs were among us, or whether any of us might have news of persons in the North with whom they were connected by ties of friendship or family.

On Monday morning, however, came a genuinely exciting bit of news. Our *reveille* was again the negro's musical call of "Great news in de papers." But hardly had the man passed the inner sentinel and made his first sale, before a voice cried out, "Hello! boys, Stonewall Jackson is dead." That *was* news! We had known that the greatest of the corps leaders of the Southern army had been wounded and would probably die; nevertheless news of his death was a startling surprise. By his splendid strategy and daring, the defeat of our army at Chancellorsville had been accomplished. It is not to be wondered at, then, that we did not grieve to hear of his death, however much we might

honor and revere his memory as a brave and good soldier. From this point of view, then, no apology is necessary for the little incident that took place at the foot of my neighbor's bunk, as the newsman stopped there for a moment. It reveals a feeling common then to the Southern slaves: "Say, uncle," whispered my neighbor, "Ain't you glad that Stonewall Jackson is dead?" The man at first would not answer; but, to a repetition of the question, he replied rapidly and almost inaudibly, "Of course I is," immediately shouting out, "Great news in de papers." Another item;—that afternoon I almost lost my life for doing what in the following year would certainly have caused me to be shot. The flag of the Confederacy was at half-mast on the capitol building, to show respect for the dead hero. It could be seen from the north windows, I heard. Ignorant of any rule to the contrary, I leaned far out of one of the windows that I might get a good view, when suddenly I heard the command, "Take in your head, there, you damned Yank!" At first I did not understand, but looking downwards I saw that

one of the sidewalk patrol was aiming his musket at me. I did not continue looking. In 1864, several men were shot for doing less than I had done. Close proximity to a window a year later was sufficient cause for murder. After the much-celebrated escape by tunnel from the prison had been made, the authorities, suspecting the use of signals to outside helpers, forbade approach of the confined soldiers to the windows. Again, on that same day, we were considerably stirred by an item in the papers to the effect that Robert Ould, the Confederate commissioner for exchange of prisoners, had gone to City Point to make an arrangement for a large exchange of our men for Southern soldiers who were on the way thither from the North in flag-of-truce vessels. City Point lay more than thirty-five miles away near Petersburg, with the siege of which, begun the next year, the war was brought to a close. This news about Commissioner Ould at once started the question, "Are we indeed going home so soon?"

Monday night came. It passed without special event. A widespread complaint of the appearance

of vermin had arisen during the day. The building, notwithstanding the fresh whitewash that brightened the walls, was infested. Also, several of our company had fallen ill from the heat, from poor food, and from reaction from the exposure of the week before. They had been removed to the hospital-ward. One of our comrades had apparently become insane. He had for hours paced up and down the length of the room wringing his hands and singing at short intervals, "When this cruel war is over." The guards that evening took him away. During Monday night nothing noteworthy occurred.

As Tuesday morning came we were again aroused by the newsvender's call of "Great news in de papers." Yet, how soon the prison life had made its evil influence felt! There was that morning very little of the brave fun-making of Saturday and Sunday. Most of the men were dull and gloomy. The intense heat continued. We were becoming wretchedly tired of one another. We were altogether too many. We had entirely too little with which to occupy heads and hands. Probably, because the Confederate au-

thorities knew that they would very soon send most of us away on parole they supposed it no cruelty to crowd so many men into that loft. Possibly, too, accommodation for our large numbers was not available.

Tuesday morning dawned in that hot, overcrowded room, to men already tired out and disheartened. On that day, however, to ninety-six of them came deliverance. Towards noon, through one of the guards, we heard that some of us—how many he could not tell—were to go to City Point. At about noon, official confirmation of the report came. Little comfort, however, was there for me in the official orders. All officers above the grade of second lieutenant, so we were told, upon giving their “parole of honor” not to take arms against the Confederate forces until they should have been regularly and legally exchanged, would be marched to City Point and there delivered into the care of officers of the Federal army. At this announcement I was as thoroughly depressed as, I suppose, my companions of superior rank were elated. Should those flag-of-

truce boats return to the North without me, I lamented, what should I do? The prospect was unbearably dark. I saw that among the fortunate many all had become bustle and preparation. There was hardly any preparation for them to make, to be sure; the rolling up of a blanket with a few articles of personal use in it, perhaps; yet there was much ado among them about even this nothing. There were messages, too, from those left behind to those who were going, to be sent to the dear ones at home, that they might know that husbands, and brothers, and sons were not dead. So, the noon hours passed. But I was on the alert. I was determined to get into that lucky detail, if there were the slightest way opened for it. I felt a touch of encouragement from the fact that a white-haired second lieutenant had been excepted from the excluded number. The line, I saw, was not to be drawn rigidly at rank. Besides, when, at last, the hour for departure came and the names of the fortunate ones were called, I noticed that a first lieutenant did not go out in answer to the summons. He had become so ill that he could not move. What

ministering spirit helped me, I do not know, but there flashed through my busy brain the thought, "Suppose, after all, that the number in the detail is to be kept full, even though that first lieutenant can not go." Acting upon this inspiration, I put myself near the door as the chosen ones passed out. The roll-call at length came to an end. The summoning officer following the last released prisoner, the door was slammed shut, leaving only the guard standing there leaning upon his musket. "Is there no chance?" thought I. None, so it seemed. But still, for some reason, I stayed just where I had been waiting. That door was like a gate to heaven in my longing eyes. And it was as though some voice were saying to me, "Stay here!" I lingered there, one, two, five minutes, perhaps, when—for a fact—the door was flung open; the officer had returned; and, scarcely could I believe my ears, I heard him shouting out what meant a summons for another man. I sprang for the opened door. Hands, how many I never saw, clutched at me. Part of my coat I left with some one; through that door I plunged. As I tumbled out, a sentry

slapped me on the back, with the greeting, "Bully for you, you little Yank!" In the hallway below, I gave parole in the midst of congratulations. And why should I not be congratulated? Congratulation was there for any one who might have come. Besides, I had been the youngest inmate in the officers' quarters. I had entered the prison on my twentieth birthday.

We were a long column, made up of officers and of privates, gathered from I know not where. The afternoon was excessively hot. But what cared we for that heat! We were off for home—for home. That thought lightened everything else; fatigue, rags, sultry air. We spoke, as we went, of the men left behind, but we could not sorrow for them, so jubilant were we at our own deliverance. No martial music led our column; we needed none. We were off for home.

However, we were not yet at home; not yet even free. We had a night before us, the worst I ever passed through; a night that brought suffering to last for a long time to many; and that brought death to several of my home-going companions before the next dawn.

Our column began to move at about four o'clock, under guard of a squadron of mounted men from the "Thirty-first Virginia Battalion." The sun was oppressive to an extreme degree. We crossed the James River on a bridge, into Manchester opposite, and turned southward towards Petersburg. The bridge lay over Belle Isle. As we marched, I saw the shadeless, filthy, open-air camp of the Union prisoners there. We soon made our way through Manchester, and entered the main road towards our destination. It was not long before heat and ill preparation for the march began to show their effects. Breathing was tormented by the dense clouds of dust that arose from our tramping. Soon, too, the feet of our cavalry and field officers began to scald and to blister. Besides, Lieutenant Dedrich, who commanded our portion of the column, kept the horses of his men going at a pace which, though it was only a walk, compelled us who were leading to move rather rapidly, and soon forced those at the rear into frequent runnings. Before nightfall, even, the rear of the column was straggling badly. But we kept on in our march, halting

only when the straggling compelled a halt. Then came night. With nightfall the sky, which had been clouding before the setting of the sun, began to grow darker from an oncoming storm. Just when the storm broke, I do not know. At length it burst upon us with the terrific force that tempests in the American Southern States often show. Rain came down as a wind-driven torrent. Soon the dusty road was turned into a ditch of flowing mud. But our column did not, even then, come to a halt for rest. We were urged on through the violence of the storm. At about ten o'clock the tempest was at its wildest. The lightning was almost ceaseless, and the thunder became a constant succession of crashes and deafening tumults. So black was the night that, except for the lightning, I could not see the man at my side. How it fared with the rear of the column, I could not tell. As we heard no command to stop we kept on, plunging through the stream that the road had become. At midnight, the worst of the storm had passed and had left only a steady downpour of gentle rain. The lightning flashes then were darting along the distant

eastern sky, and the rolling of the thunder came from far away. Not until about two o'clock were we brought to a long halt. At that time all pretence of order was gone. What had become of our column no one knew. When I learned that we were really stopped, I pushed a way into the woods at the side of the road; threw myself down upon the saturated ground and soon was fast asleep. How long I slept, I do not know. A terrific burst of thunder awoke me. Another tempest had fallen upon us. In my stupor I scrambled out upon the roadside, fell into the mud there, and there slept until daybreak.

When I awoke again, the sky had cleared; the dawn was coming; a bright day was in full promise. But what was the condition of that hapless detachment of returning war prisoners? It had been scattered along a distance of several miles. During the march in the storm it had lost all semblance of cohesion. The first work of the guard, therefore, as day broke, was to bring the disintegrated mass into something like the shape it had had the day before. That was hard work. And it was cruel work. The

sabre, with the voice, was often used to hasten lagging footsteps; and, in that morning hour, word was passed along the lines of deaths, and of men dying. We believed then, and I yet believe, that four of our number, that night and morning, from fatigue, from exposure to the storm, and from the cruelty of the guards, lost their lives.

Our column was at last in shape again, and we were on our way towards Petersburg. The road lay near the railway. There passed us early, a train of twenty-two empty cars, speeding in the same direction as that in which we were struggling on foot. There were cars enough to have carried us all. As we neared Petersburg, our driver, Dedrich, tried to force us into a four-rank order. Inability to obey his command made him furious. Near me rode a guard—Hudson by name—who, among other kind acts, had dismounted to allow one of our badly exhausted superior officers to ride. When Dedrich saw what Hudson had done he ferociously cursed the man, and threatened him with the guard-house in Petersburg if he attempted that thing again. At near nine o'clock we entered Petersburg, about

twenty-three miles from Richmond. The first stage of that memorable march had been passed.

From Petersburg the road lay northeasterly towards City Point, thirteen miles away. Those miles were at length behind us. Yet, while there was the certainty to sustain us that at the end of those miles lay freedom, comfort, and friends, many who passed over that road that day have never forgotten its torture. I was young, strong, and was an infantry officer. But there were cavalry officers, and worn-out men, and men of mature years, with me. I need not tell all of what some of them endured, but I know of men who walked that morning with the soles of their feet almost bared of skin by the breaking of large blisters raised by the march in the dust and mud of the night before. I was tired enough, but there were many far worse off than I was. I will not, however, keep you longer on this painful part of my story.

Between one and two o'clock, freedom really came. Can you imagine my feelings, as, reaching the crest of a low hill over which the road passed, I saw, not far away, the flag of the Union

fluttering from a steamer's mast in the noon sunlight. That flag—delight as it is to patriotic eyes in a strange or far-off land—on that May 14th, awoke in us almost the joy that deliverance from death and hell would bring to the soul. To step from under the "Stars and Bars" of the Confederacy, across the steamer's gangway, into the shadow of the "Stars and Stripes" of the Union, was, for the moment, perhaps, source of the greatest gladness I could have known. There had been but little delay for us after we reached the railway pier. For, perhaps, half an hour we had lain upon the pier. And, to our amazement, we had been halted at the side of the same train of cars that had been rushed by us in the early morning. There, at City Point, it had been filled with returning Confederate war prisoners who had had easy transportation through the North to the very wharf on which this reception-train stood. Why that awful night march was forced upon us when we could all have been easily carried by rail to our flag-of-truce boat, I never knew. But it is true, that we were transferred to our government

authorities a famished, exhausted, crippled, and seriously injured body of men; and that, in our stead, were sent back to Richmond, to all appearances, a well-fed and vigorous re-enforcement for the armies of the rebellion.

Here this story might end. Yet, allow me a few words more to tell of the home-coming. From City Point on, we received nothing but comforts with which to make good our privations. The first meal on the good steamer *S. R. Spaulding* was a feast rather than a mere dinner. Some of our number, it is true, were confined to beds, and were, all the way to the North, under medical care. I recovered rapidly from the fatigue and depression. I made a luxury of life even before we reached Annapolis, three days later. Baths, food, and sleep did not cleanse or mend ragged clothing, but they did refresh the young body. And freedom, with the hope of soon seeing home, made the bright skies brighter, and wrought for every hour a jubilee. Speeding down the James River, as I sat at the stern of the steamer, for once having been feasted, and enjoying one of the fine cigars—a Havana at that!—which had lib-

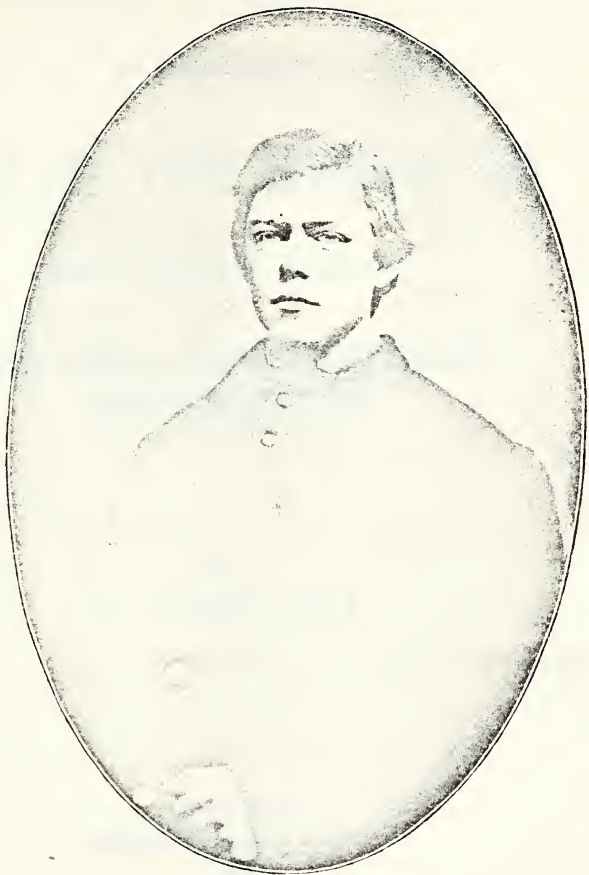
erally been given to each one at table—at table, mind you!—with our wine and coffee—pardon the memory!—I was entertained by seeing from a lounging deck-chair many places made famous in the Peninsula Campaign of the year before. At Fortress Monroe, far within the Union lines, our white flag-of-truce furled and stowed away, I felt again really free. I began to remember the past fortnight as only a horrid dream. From Annapolis I was soon sent to Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, where my regiment, the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania Volunteers, was awaiting discharge.

On the 20th day of May I re-entered my company's camp. I was welcomed as one returned from the dead. Returned from the dead, I say, for as one brought back to life from death I was greeted everywhere. It falls to the lot of but few persons to read their own obituaries. Yet this lot was mine. Credible word had been sent home that I had been killed. In consequence, the valedictorian of my college class and my home parish minister had prepared memorials of the close of my young life. And in the Princeton College magazine there

appeared, simultaneously with a visit that I soon made to the college, an obituary which opened with telling of how "a few hours before the expiration of his term of enlistment, Clay MacCauley fell fighting for the cause of Liberty." The special personal tribute following, I need not repeat. I quote farther only that, "on the beautiful banks of the Rappahannock he is gently sleeping the sweet sleep of the Hero and Patriot—'testifying from the silent land beyond, through the echoing halls of memory, how sweet it is to die for one's country.'" So, you see, I am one of the few who have been privileged to enjoy the praise which men are so chary of giving us while we live, but which they lavish upon our memories when we are dead.

Our regiment remained in Harrisburg only two days after I rejoined it. Then the real home-coming took place. Freed from rags, well clothed, and well nurtured. I marched down the main street of my native place, Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, on the 23d day of May, accompanying the comrades who remained of the companies that had gone thence to the war in the summer of the year before.

That day was the gladdest of all days in that memorable year. With church bells ringing; streets lined with proud and happy fathers, mothers, wives, sisters, and sweethearts; Franklin Hall doors standing wide open in welcome, we marched along the decorated streets and through those opened doors. There, after glad words of welcome and feasting, we separated, free to go to our homes, civilian, not soldier-citizens. Then, the best pleasure of all, but hidden from the world's sight, came, that of welcome from the dear ones in the home. At the sacred threshold of the home let this recital end.



LIEUT. HAZARD STEVENS,
Adjutant of the Seventy-ninth Highlanders
New York Volunteers.

[At the time this picture was taken he was nineteen years of age.]

PERSONAL NARRATIVES
OF EVENTS IN THE
WAR OF THE REBELLION

BEING PAPERS READ BEFORE THE
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The Storming of the Lines of Petersburg by the Sixth Corps

APRIL 2, 1865

BY

HAZARD STEVENS

[Brevet Brigadier-General United States Volunteers]

A Paper first read before the Military Historical Society of Massachusetts, February 11, 1884, and published now by its permission

PROVIDENCE

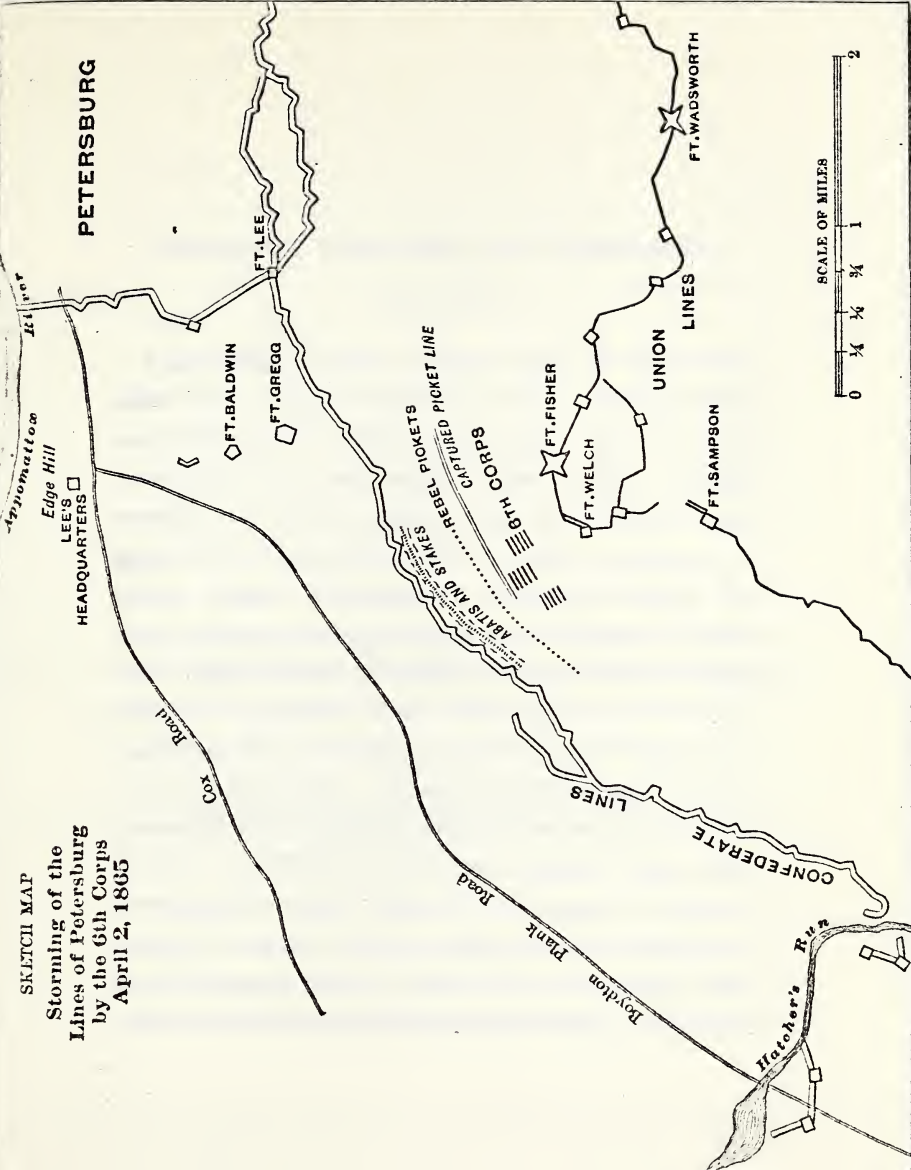
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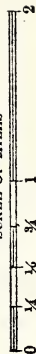
SKETCH MAP

Storming of the
Lines of Petersburg
by the 6th Corps
April 2, 1865

PETERSBURG



SCALE OF MILES



STORMING THE LINES OF PETERSBURG.

THE armies of the Potomac and of the James spent the winter of 1864-5 in their intrenchments confronting the Confederate works which covered Richmond and Petersburg. These works extended around the rebel capital from the James River above it to the river below the city, a distance of fifteen miles. Crossing at Chapin's Bluffs, the lines followed the right bank of the James for four miles and thence stretched across the Bermuda Hundred peninsula four miles more to the Appomattox River, effectually barring the Federal advance on that front. Thence to Petersburg the Appomattox with batteries and troops on its left bank afforded a sufficient barrier for another four miles. Crossing the river below Petersburg, the line of southern works, its left resting on the stream, extended around the city with a wide sweep for seven miles to Fort Lee on its southwest front, and thence

was prolonged ten miles farther to their right to and beyond Hatcher's Run in order to cover those important communications, the Southside Railroad and the Boydton Plank Road. From Fort Lee again an inner line extended back to the river above the city, forming a second line of defences on that front. The length of the Petersburg works was seventeen miles, not counting the inner lines or second lines of works beyond Hatcher's Run. The length of the whole lines defending both cities would reach fifty miles.

Many of these works had been carefully laid out and constructed in the early part of the war, the rest were hastily thrown up as the armies grappled together in the preceding summer and fall; but the veterans behind them had for months been strengthening them in every way that their ingenuity, quickened by the thought that every stroke would tell for their own safety and success in the impending struggles, could suggest. Abatis, chevaux-de-frise, telegraph wires, fraise of stakes firmly driven into the ground with their ends sharpened and pointing out at an angle of forty-five degrees,

and other devices were plentifully planted in front of the works, to delay and disorder an assaulting column, while batteries judiciously posted along the line so as to cross fire every part of the ground in front could shatter it with deadly front and flank fire, with grape and canister, at short range. The almost uniform repulse of repeated attacks upon many different parts of these works had satisfied the army that when well defended it was impracticable to carry them. That they would be well defended all knew, for Lee's veterans manned them.

The Union lines, beginning on the right on the New Market Road to Richmond, beyond Fort Harrison, closely confronted the Confederate works from that point to the James, across Bermuda Hundred and around Petersburg to Hatcher's Run. They, too, were strong. Covered by a heavy picket-line to prevent surprise, the Union troops during the winter lay behind them with full feeling of security, and rested and recuperated. In truth, they needed rest. The unremitting and terrific hammering of the last campaign had worn them down.

They were fought out. Many gallant spirits, the soul of an army, had fallen. The loss in officers was especially heavy. The troops, jaded and depressed, obeyed orders; indeed, ever responded to the call to battle, but without confidence or vigor, as an exhausted charger moves at the prick of the spur.

The Sixth Corps, however, furnished an exception to this impaired morale. Hurried from Petersburg in July, 1864, to the defence of Washington, the Sixth Corps reached there just in time to save the Capital from Early's bold grasp; pursued him into the Shenandoah Valley, and bore the conspicuous and decisive part in Sheridan's brilliant campaign. Although the corps suffered heavier losses, proportionately, than the troops which remained in front of Petersburg, its losses were cheered and rewarded by victory, while theirs were attended by repulse. They were blindly fighting against works, or in dense pine thickets, laboring night and day in the trenches, suffering every discomfort of heat, dust, bad water, and the stench of dead animals, while the Sixth Corps was freely marching over

a beautiful and healthful region, winning victory after victory, and regaled with the poultry, fruits, milk and butter and juicy mutton of the Valley farms. No wonder the sick list disappeared, the convalescents made haste to rejoin their regiments, and the morale of the corps was high. It returned to the Army of the Potomac late in November, and was posted in the centre of the lines in front of Petersburg.

As the winter wore away, the depleted ranks of the Union troops were replenished by the return of the sick and wounded of the last campaign—good men these—and by recruits, mostly substitutes or drafted men, many of whom, it may be said, served to swell the muster rolls and augment the supply trains without adding to the fighting force.

As fast as the weather and his force would admit, Grant kept extending his left with a view to seizing the Southside Railroad, and operating thence upon the enemy's rear. Lee, on the other hand, was forced to cling to his communications on the south side of the Appomattox with the grasp of desperation, for their loss involved the loss or evacuation of

his entire position. Their loss would reduce him to the sole line of the Richmond and Danville Railroad to feed his army, and would enable the Union commander, with his preponderance in numbers, to concentrate an army, too large to be encountered by less than his entire force, within easy striking distance of his sole line of supply and of his rear. Hence, Lee, forced by political considerations to hold Richmond and Petersburg to the last moment, had extended his right, step by step, opposing every effort of the Union forces to gain these roads, until as spring drew near, he found his lines stretched beyond Hatcher's Run, already too extended for his numbers, and Grant still threatening his right. If Lee could not extend his works still farther, Grant would be sure to envelope and turn his right and seize the well-contested roads. If he did extend his right and save the roads, Grant would be sure to break through at some point on his long and weakly manned lines. In a military point of view, Lee had held the position too long. Political and moral reasons kept him there at first, and now the muddy roads in his rear effectually prevented the

withdrawal of his artillery and trains in the face of an energetic foe. No alternative remained but desperately to hold his ground until the weather had settled, the roads become hard, and he could move his wheels, and make good an orderly retreat to the interior.

It was a last effort to arrest the progress of the inevitable and gain time, the vital element of safety to him, that caused Lee to order the assault on Fort Steadman, on the Ninth Corps front, on the 25th of March, 1865. The attack was ingeniously planned and vigorously and well executed. It captured Fort Steadman and broke the line of works, but the gap it made served only as the entrance to a trap for its own destruction. The Union works on either side of the gap opened on the enemy, the Union troops advanced and smote him in front and flank, and speedily drove him back with heavy and disastrous loss. Another instructive lesson as to the folly of attacking strong and well defended intrenchments, but for once it was not written in the blood of our troops.

While this combat, fierce though brief, was taking

place, the Union troops on the left of the Ninth Corps, the Sixth, Second, and Fifth Corps, were massed under arms, each in rear of its intrenchments, leaving a thin line to man and defend the works, ready for any emergency, but when the Ninth Corps had driven back the enemy and re-established its line, the Sixth and Second Corps were ordered each to feel the enemy in its front.

The order was received about 10 A. M. by the Sixth Corps, and its execution was entrusted to Gen. George W. Getty, commanding the Second Division. His troops filed over the works and rapidly deployed in front and to the left of Fort Fisher, while the enemy's artillery opened a brisk and noisy fire of shells upon them. The guns of Forts Fisher and Welch replied, firing over the heads of the Union soldiers. Soon a brigade flag waved,—the signal to advance,—the line moved forward; the enemy from his intrenched picket line, heavily reinforced and stubbornly held, poured in a hot musketry fire, his artillery redoubled its storm of shells, cross firing and enflading the advancing line, but it steadily and swiftly moved on, and swept with a cheer over the

rifle pits, capturing many of its defenders. On two occasions in the afternoon the enemy threw several regiments, or a brigade, in front of his works, threatening an attack to recapture his picket line, and some sharp skirmishing ensued. But Getty's troops held the ground they had gained until dark, reversed and strengthened the captured rifle pits, and sheltered themselves as best they could behind them, and by the inequalities of the ground, from the severe shell fire. About midnight they were withdrawn to camp, leaving a strong picket line in the captured works.

In this sharp action Getty's division lost 350 in killed and wounded, and captured 547 prisoners, besides inflicting a considerable loss in killed and wounded upon the enemy.

The advanced position thus gained was of incalculable advantage. From it all the intervening ground to the enemy's main line could be closely scanned as well as his works themselves, and room was secured to form an attacking column in front of the Union works and within striking distance of the enemy's.

Capt. William H. Terrill, of the Forty-third New York Volunteers, commanding the division sharpshooters, took an active part in the engagement, and was confident that when the enemy was driven back, one of his works, nearly opposite Fort Fisher, could have been taken by a vigorous rush, and other officers shared his opinion. The works farther to the right were found to be protected by ponds formed by damming a stream which flowed along their front and were apparently unassailable.

From this time forth many eager eyes were searching the enemy's intrenchments to find a weak spot, and many earnest discussions took place as to the comparative feasibility of this or that point. Getty soon convinced himself that he could force one part of their line, opposite Fort Welch. The ground here was nearly level, dropping off on the left into a shallow, marshy hollow, which narrowed to a ravine next their works, and extending a good distance on the right to the artificial ponds which there protected their line. Thick pine woods covered all this ground in the beginning of winter, but these had been cut down and removed for fuel by

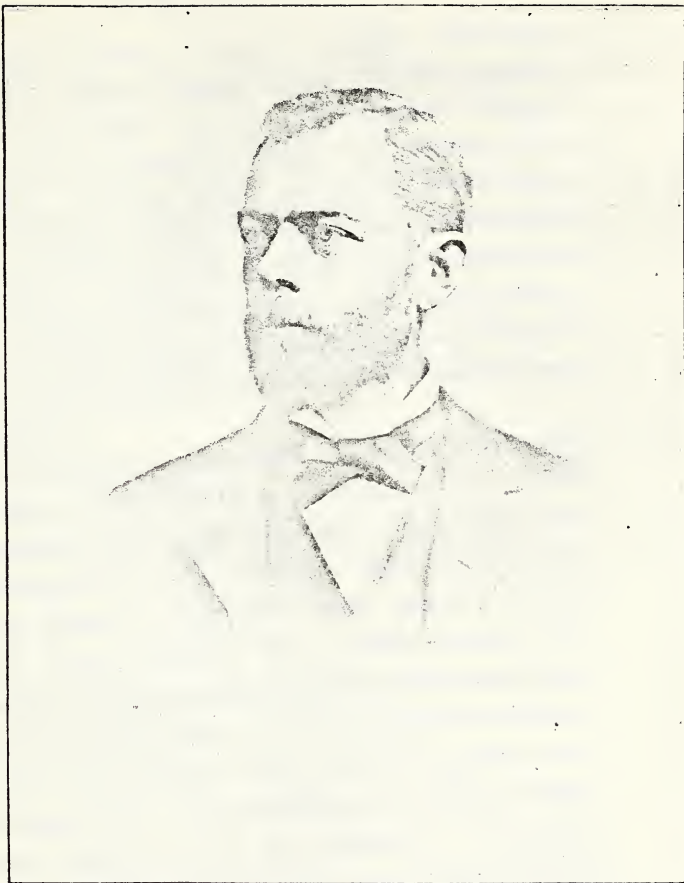
the troops of both sides, and many of the stumps had even been cut a second time, close to the earth. Still many stumps remained, and loose branches and undergrowth. Along and in front of the line bristled a heavy fraise, a serried row of heavy sharpened stakes set close together and pointing outward with an unyielding and aggressive air, as if to say, "Come and impale yourselves on us." In front and rear of these again were four rows of abatis.

Behind and frowning over these obstructions, the works consisted of a heavy earthen parapet with a deep and wide ditch in front. The inside of the parapet was reveted with logs and along the top were heavy head logs with notches cut on their under sides, through which the defenders could fire in comparative safety. In strong redans at intervals twenty guns swept and searched every inch of ground in front, and there was no cover from their fire. The distance to be crossed by an attacking column under such deadly fire, from the captured rifle pits to the enemy's works, was 700 yards, nearly half a mile. Moreover, the enemy had placed some of their sinks in front of the abatis and stakes, so that

attacking troops would have to break their lines in order to avoid falling into these filthy holes.

But, on the other hand, their men had knocked over a few of the stakes, daily passing through them in going to and from the sink, leaving gaps of one or two stakes here and there. There was an opening besides, wide enough for a wagon to pass, which they used to send out for wood. The enemy had thrown a plank across the ditch at this point, near the ravine, and the Vermonters watched his pickets crossing on it and passing through the abatis in going to and from their picket line. In rear of the captured rifle pits there was room to mass an attacking force, while the ground extending thence to the enemy's line was level and not too obstructed to be rapidly traversed by resolute men.

Gen. L. A. Grant, commanding the Vermont brigade, which held that part of the line, called General Getty's attention to these points, and they reconnoitred the ground the day after the capture of the picket line. Getty then posted to corps headquarters and assured Gen. Horatio G. Wright that he could break through there with his division.



GEN. HAZARD STEVENS,

Born in Newport, R. I., June 9, 1842.

[At the time this picture was taken he was fifty years of age.]

and begged orders to make the attempt. Both generals then sought General Meade and laid the plan before him—Getty urgent and confident, Wright doubtful, yet anxious to attack if practicable. The next day, all three, Meade, commanding the Army of the Potomac, Wright the Sixth Corps, and Getty the Second Division of the Sixth Corps, with General Grant, of the Vermonters, made a close examination of that part of the opposing lines. The result of this reconnoissance and Getty's urgency soon appeared.

On the first of April, 1865, the Ninth Corps held the right of the lines from the Appomattox to Fort Wadsworth, the Sixth Corps the centre from Fort Wadsworth to Fort Sampson, the Twenty-fourth Corps thence to Hatcher's Run, and the Second Corps from Hatcher's Run to the extreme left. Sheridan, with his cavalry and the Fifth Corps, was operating still farther to the left about Five Forks.

On the Confederate side, General Longstreet held the lines north of Petersburg and in front of Richmond, General Gordon the defences of Petersburg opposite the Ninth Corps, with 7,600 troops, and the

works in front of the Sixth and Twenty-fourth Corps, were held by the four brigades of Davis, McComb, Lane, and Thomas, of A. P. Hill's corps, numbering 4,000 bayonets, under the command of Gen. C. M. Wilcox. These are the figures given by Gen. A. H. Humphreys, in his *Virginia Campaign of '64 and '65*, and are taken from the Confederate return of February 20th. We know, however, that General Hill commanded here in person, where he was killed the following day, and it is impossible to reconcile this estimate of their strength with the number of prisoners actually taken. It must have been much larger.

On the 31st of March and 1st of April the Sixth Corps was under arms momentarily and impatiently expecting orders to attack in front, or to move to the left. About five p. m. orders were received to assault the enemy's works at four o'clock in the morning at the point proposed by Getty in front of Fort Welch, and in accordance with his plan of attack. At ten o'clock p. m. news was received of Sheridan's victory at Five Forks, and every Union gun along the extended lines from Appomattox to Hatcher's Run opened fire upon the opposing works in celebration of the glorious tidings.

At midnight, the Second Division, leaving small detachments to hold the forts, moved from camp without knapsacks, and filed silently through the breastworks and abatis by openings made for the purpose on the right and left of Fort Welch. The men had been ordered to lay aside all accoutrements that might rattle and charged to preserve perfect silence. Each regiment was conducted by an officer familiar with the ground to its designated position, on reaching which it lay down. The formation was in three parallel columns of regiments, closed in mass on the advanced picket line, each brigade forming a column. The Vermonters on the left, their left resting on the hollow or ravine already described, were made the directing column. Hyde's brigade, the Third, was placed in the centre, and Warner's brigade, the First, on the right, in the following order:

Second Brigade.

5th Vermont,
2d Vermont,
6th Vermont,
4th Vermont,
3d Vermont,
11th Vermont.

Third Brigade.

77th N. Y., 43d N. Y.,
1st Maine Veterans,
49th N. Y., 122d N. Y.,
61st Penn.

First Brigade.

93d Penn.
98th Penn. •
102d Penn.
139th Penn.

The effective strength of the corps at this time was 16,000. Taking out 2,000 on picket and left in the intrenchments, and there would remain about 14,000 in the attacking columns.

Axmen were placed in the front lines to cut away the abatis and stakes. Capt. George W. Adams, with twenty picked men of his Rhode Island battery, provided with rammers and primers, took post in the centre column to be ready to turn the enemy's guns upon him as soon as captured.

Orders were impressed upon both commanders and men to advance without firing, and to force their way through all opposition and obstruction into the enemy's works; and the works once carried not to pursue the enemy but to halt and reform in readiness for any emergency. At the appointed hour Fort Fisher was to fire a gun as the signal to advance. These orders, with others prescribing the plan of attack in detail were read at the head of every company before the movement began, and I am told that the remark was frequent among the men: "Well, good-bye, boys; that means death." Full well the officers and veterans

realized that they were undertaking a forlorn hope, with the chances greatly against them, but they did not flinch.

The pickets under Lieut.-Col. Charles A. Miliken, of the Forty-third New York, division officer of the day, were assembled to the right of the division, on the picket line, supported by Brevet-Major William H. Terrill and his sharpshooters, and were ordered to advance simultaneously with the main attack, capture or drive in the enemy's pickets on the right, and threaten his main line in their front. Major Terrill had set his heart on taking the works which he kept insisting might have been taken on the 25th, and this arrangement gave him his chance, while it covered the right flank of the main attack. The other two divisions moved out after the Second, and were massed in similar order, the First Division, Gen. Frank Wheaton, in echelon on the right and rear of the Second, and the Third Division, Gen. Truman Seymour, in echelon on the left and rear of the Second.

While the troops were thus silently stealing into position, the pickets commenced firing on both

sides, and many brave Union officers and men were killed or wounded. Among others, Gen. L. A. Grant, commanding the Vermont brigade, was slightly wounded in the head, and was obliged to retire, but resumed command at night. The loss was heaviest in the Third Brigade, including two regimental commanders. Lieut.-Col. E. D. Holt, Forty-ninth New York, was killed, and Lieut.-Col. J. W. Crosby, Sixty-first Pennsylvania, was mortally wounded.

This harassing picket-firing at length died away. The night was pitchy dark. It was deadly chill and raw. The troops lay benumbed and shivering on the damp ground, anxiously awaiting the signal, the death call to many a brave and beating heart. The artillery fire still rolled and thundered along our lines, especially on the Ninth Corps line, but the enemy had ceased to reply to it, and in front all was still. How long it seemed waiting in the darkness and cold! Would that signal gun never sound? Would daylight never come?

At length a staff officer from corps headquarters was heard inquiring if the troops were advancing,

and declaring that the signal gun had been fired ten minutes ago. The signal gun was indistinguishable from other guns continually firing along the line, and we were still listening for it.

The order to advance was communicated to brigade and regimental commanders. It took some minutes, and many a prod with boot or sword, and many a smothered oath, in order to get the troops on their feet and in motion. Benumbed, and realizing and dreading the dangerous task before them they hesitated for a moment, but the columns were soon started, and regiment after regiment, successively taking up the movement as the preceding one gained sufficient ground, climbed over the picket intrenchments and swept forward. Yet at a hundred yards' distance nothing could be seen, nothing could be heard to show that 14,000 troops in one solid wedge, were swiftly moving to the assault of those formidable works, determined to break them, save the sound of a deep, distant rustling, like a strong breeze blowing through the swaying boughs and dense foliage of some great forest.

The head of the columns had advanced about two

hundred yards to the enemy's picket line, when the oppressive stillness was suddenly broken by a scattering volley, followed instantly by heavy rolling musketry fire, which crackled and sparkled all along his intrenchments, and the roar of his artillery, opening with shell, grape and canister, especially on the left. The troops responded with one full, deep, mighty cheer, and rushed forward. Defiance, force, fury, determination and unbounded confidence were expressed and hurled forth in that mighty shout. It swept away all misgivings, fear and doubt from every manly breast like mists before the whirlwind. Grasping their muskets with a firmer grasp, the brave and resolute men in every regiment pushed on straight for the blazing line in front. All orderly formation was lost. Many shrank back or halted, but the main mass rapidly advanced. The artillery fire fell mostly behind it. The leading fiery spirits, far ahead of the rest, tear away or scramble through the abatis and stakes, swarm over the ditch and parapets, simultaneously at several different points, and, leaping down among the startled defenders, force them to instant sur-

render or flight. They turn the captured guns upon the flying foe, and then the main disordered mass comes pouring over the parapet like a mighty torrent just as the dawn begins to break and the first faint eastern light reveals the full measure of their victory. Without halting or reforming, regardless of orders, the men rushed on from crest to crest, the foremost firing on the fugitives, all cheering, until it seemed as if the bonds of discipline were broken. On an elevation back of the lines was camped a considerable force, evidently in reserve, but it was instantly swept away and scattered before the storming thousands like chaff before a tornado. It was only by galloping ahead and stopping the foremost, and throwing them into a line to check the others, that the troops were finally halted and reformed on and across the Boydton Plank Road, over a mile beyond the captured works. A mile still farther on, near the Southside Railroad, I found the Fourth Vermont and One Hundred and Twenty-second New York, about fifty men of each, with the colors, demolishing and burning a wagon train in great glee, and

soon started them back. Men went beyond, even, and tore up a section of the Southside Railroad.

Gen. A. P. Hill, the Confederate commander, was aroused at daybreak by the alarming report that the Yankees had broken his formidable lines and were pouring through the gap. Immediately he sent a dispatch to Lee, imploring reinforcements, and hastily rode to the front to ascertain the extent of the disaster. Near the Boydton Plank Road he encountered the advancing men of the Sixth Corps, by whom he was fired upon and killed.

It is impossible to determine who first mounted the parapet, or what regiment first planted its colors upon it. The Fifth, Sixth, and Eleventh Vermont each claimed that honor. So, too, did the Third Brigade, and so, too, claimed the First Brigade. In truth each is entitled to full credit, for each stormed the works in its front without aid from the others and almost at the same instant. The report of the Vermont brigade awards the honor of being the first man to mount the works to Capt. Charles G. Gould, of the Fifth Vermont. When the enemy opened fire, Captain Gould dashed on in front of his regiment, which led the brigade column, reached

the abatis, outstripping all but a few of his troops, pushed through it, following the path of their pickets, ran across the ditch on the plank used by them, closely followed by a sergeant and two men, and scaled the rampart just at the battery on the right of the ravine. As he leaped down behind it, sword in hand, the rebels rushed upon him. One drove his bayonet through his mouth and cheek. Him he killed with his sword. An artilleryman struck him on the head with his sabre, inflicting a terrible wound, and at the same instant another infantry soldier plunged his bayonet into his back, but even as he thrust, his own head was dashed to pieces by the butt of the clubbed musket wielded by the brawny Vermont sergeant. A score more of such Vermonters swarming over the parapet and leaping down among the combatants, forced the enemy to drop their arms in surrender, and put an end to the unequal fight. Captain Gould survived his severe wounds, and was a clerk in the Patent Office in Washington for many years. I regret that I have not ascertained the name of the brave sergeant who so manfully supported him and undoubtedly

saved his life. The Vermonters took four guns here and two more in a redan to the left of the ravine. In the Third Brigade, a handful of the First Maine Veterans—a regiment formed from the re-enlisted men of the Fifth, Sixth and Seventh Maine, and better and braver troops never bore arms—with the colors, reached the works so completely spent that they were forced to rest a moment in the ditch and recover breath, ere they scaled and carried them. Another incident furnished me by General Hyde shows the difference between soldiers and substitutes. The Sixty-first Pennsylvania, which formed the fourth or last line in the Third Brigade column, had been filled up with recruits, mostly drafted men or substitutes and mustered over five hundred strong. When the attack began these recruits all disappeared, and, as General Hyde says, have never been seen since, but the old soldiers, about two hundred strong, pushed on with the column and captured two of the five battle flags taken by the brigade. Here, too, the Seventy-seventh New York scaled the works and had a hand-to-hand fight, in which Lieutenant-Colonel Caw was severely wounded in the shoulder by a bayonet.

Many more such incidents might be given, but enough has been related to show the dash and bravery of the troops.

Simultaneously with the main attack, Lieutenant-Colonel Milliken and Major Terrill carried the enemy's picket line on the right and captured between three and four hundred prisoners. From this position they soon made a dash on the main line, and carried the fort so long coveted by Major Terrill, and another battery next it, each mounting three guns. The enemy, shaken by the success of the main attack, probably made no great resistance.

Dr. Allen, surgeon of the Fourth Vermont and medical director of Getty's Division, was in Fort Welch, where he had established his hospital just before the attack. He was standing on the parapet when the advance began, and was anxiously peering into the darkness and awaiting the result in doubt and apprehension of disaster. He could hear the muffled tramp and rustle of the moving host, but could discern nothing. He saw the flashes of the first volley, he heard the mighty shout of fourteen thousand throats, and then he saw stretching across

the front for half a mile, a line of flashing fire, crackling, blazing and sparkling in the darkness, vividly lightened up here and there by the heavier and deeper flash of artillery, while shells, with their fiery trails, sped forward through the gloom in every direction. Although missiles hurtled overhead, and stray bullets went hissing past, he could not leave, but stood intently watching that deadly line of fire. Suddenly, in the middle of it there appeared a tiny black spot, a narrow gap, which spread and widened inch by inch and moment by moment to the right and left, and then he knew the works were carried, even before the exulting cheers of our troops proclaimed the fact.

As soon as the troops of the Second Division could be reformed, as already stated, near the Boydton Plank Road, the division was moved to the left and formed in one line, facing towards Hatcher's Run, at right angles to the captured works, the Vermont brigade on the left, its left not far from the works; Hyde's in the centre, and Warner's on the right. A heavy line of skirmishers of the Third Division, or men whose ardor had carried them ahead of their

regiments, filled the interval between the left and the works. A brigade was left to hold the right of the captured works, and two brigades of the First Division were moving up to support the right of the Second, when the line of the latter, having completed its deployment, advanced. The enemy stoutly resisted from work to work on his line, reversing his guns and firing grape and canister, but while the Third Division skirmishers and the left of the Vermonters were pushing him hard with sharp musketry, the rest of the long line went swinging rapidly forward, closing upon his rear, and cutting off all escape. At the sight of it, the enemy would run from their guns, some down the line to the next battery to repeat the same futile resistance, others trying to get past the long Union line and make good their escape, and many to surrender. For three miles, the line thus moved forward with great swiftness, over a partially wooded and difficult country, encountering little resistance except at first on the left, and capturing guns, colors and prisoners at every step, to Hatcher's Run. Captain Merrill, of the First Maine Veterans, crossed the stream with a

few men, and captured and brought in the relics of the sharpshooters of Heth's division, seventy-nine men. The following extracts from the report of the Vermont brigade will give an idea of the dash and spirit of this advance:

"Every man appeared to consider himself a host, and singly or in squads of three or four they charged upon whatever obstructions came in their paths. But Major E. Wales, of the Second Vermont, with two men, captured a piece of artillery, turned it upon the enemy, and the shell with which the piece was charged went howling through the woods after the very men who had prepared the compliment for us. Major Sperry, of the Sixth Vermont, assisted by a few men, captured two pieces and turned them on the flying rebels. Being unable to procure primers, the pieces were discharged by firing a musket into the vents. In this manner twelve rounds were fired, when a section of artillery coming up the guns were turned over to its commander. Captain Tilden, of the Eleventh Vermont, with about a dozen men, captured two pieces of artillery, eleven commissioned officers, and sixty-two enlisted

men, of the Forty-second Mississippi Regiment. Sergt. Lester G. Hack, Company F, Fifth Vermont, dashed into a squad of rebels who had gathered around a beautiful stand of colors, and, with a humanity as praiseworthy as his daring, knocked down the color bearer and seized the colors as he fell. Corporal Charles H. Dolloph, Company K, Eleventh Vermont, also captured a battle flag supposed to be that of the Forty-second Mississippi."

The long blue columns of the Twenty-fourth Corps were now seen marching across from their position to the captured works. The division was halted, the scattered line reformed, and closed in on the works. The two brigades of the First Division and the Third Division soon after came up and the troops rested a short time.

About nine A. M. the corps countermarched towards Petersburg, moving in parallel columns, and followed by the Twenty-fourth Corps. Reaching the scene of the morning's assault, it was found that a strong column of the enemy advanced from Petersburg by General Wilcox was pressing upon the troops left to hold the captured works at this

point, while the corps swept down towards Hatcher's Run. Milliken and Terrill had been obliged to relinquish the works taken by them, the pickets and sharpshooters having expended their ammunition. They now rejoined the division.

The troops were at once deployed, facing Petersburg, for a second advance upon the enemy, the Twenty-fourth Corps on the right, next the line of works; Getty's division on its left, with his right on the Boydton Plank Road; the Vermont brigade on the right, Hyde on the left, Warner in the centre, the First and Third Divisions of the Sixth Corps in column in support. It was at this time that Lee telegraphed the dispatch to Davis which was handed him in church, announcing that the rebel lines were broken, General Hill killed, and that the rebel capital must be evacuated that night.

The lines being formed, moved forward about half a mile under a severe shell-fire from front and right. Crawford Allen's Rhode Island battery and Harris's battery, attached to the Second Division, went into battery from position to position as the infantry advanced, and replied to it. The Twenty-fourth Corps

were encountering heavy resistance on the right, and Getty's division was halted temporarily. Much annoyance was felt from a battery on the Cox road on the left, which completely enfiladed his lines. It frequently changed its position, and the bayonets of its infantry support could be seen moving along that road.

At Getty's suggestion, General Wheaton, commanding the First Division moved up to support the left; but without waiting for him, Getty, observing the enemy endeavoring to form, ordered his division forward regardless of his exposed left, to which he sent the writer, with orders to push it forward vigorously, without regard to flank or reverse fire. The enemy, to avoid being in turn outflanked and cut off from Petersburg by this resolute movement, hastily limbered up his artillery, and carried it at a gallop down the road, followed by its support at the double-quick. This force was under the immediate command of General Lee in person. He posted the artillery in front of the Trumbull House, or Edgehill, which was his headquarters, formed the troops in support and sternly bade the battery commander

to die at his post. This was about three o'clock, at which hour General Lee gave the final orders to evacuate that night, as General Humphreys states. Meantime ~~the~~ Second Division was advancing in the face of terrific shell-fire, now spread out, scattered, and reduced to little more than a skirmish line, and soon came up to the battery and troops which Lee had just planted at Edgehill. For a short time the fire was hot. The battery was well served and kept up so heavy a hail of canister that the Vermonters could not carry it by a direct charge and sought shelter in the hollow in front of it, but the left of the division swinging around, took the enemy in flank, killed the horses, the supports fled, and the battery was taken, both parts of the line claiming the credit. General Hyde states: "There were six smoking brass pieces, and a rebel officer lying wounded beside them told us it was Capt. A. B. Williams's battery, of Pogue's North Carolina battalion, and that Gen. Robert E. Lee was the last to leave the guns."

Riding forward a short distance to the farther brow of the elevated plateau or eminence of Edge-

hill, Petersburg, and the strong line of inner works appeared in plain view. The latter were only a few hundred yards distant on the other side of a wide hollow. The enemy, in great disorder, were hastily forming behind the parapet and I saw their officers beating the men with their swords back into the works. A thousand fresh troops could have broken through, but Getty's division was completely exhausted and scattered into a mere frizzle. Riding back to find Getty, I met General Penrose, commanding Third Brigade of the First Division, and urged him to push forward and attack, that he could thereby cut off their retreat and make prisoners of all the troops in Petersburg. Penrose objected that he could not attack without orders, but he deployed and moved forward to the edge of the hollow, and was here wounded. It was fast growing dark, and the golden opportunity was lost.

While the Sixth Corps was thus driving the enemy into his inner line of works, the Twenty-fourth Corps met with a rougher reception from Forts Gregg and Whitworth, two strong works on the outer line. The former was an enclosed work with

a heavy parapet, mounted two guns, and was surrounded by a ditch ten feet wide and deep, half full of water, and had a picked garrison of 400 taken from Harris's, Thomas's and Lane's brigades. The latter was equally strong, except that the gorge was open, mounted three guns, and was manned by Harris's brigade. Foster's division of the Twenty-fourth Corps assaulted Gregg, but it was not until after repeated charges, and with the support of the First and Second brigades of Turner's division, that it was finally surrounded and taken with the bayonet late in the afternoon. Fifty-five of its scanty garrison were killed, and only thirty remained unwounded. This handful of determined men had inflicted a loss of nearly 700 in killed and wounded upon their assailants. Harris's brigade of Turner's division and the First Division captured Fort Whitworth nearly at the same time, but General Wilcox claims that he withdrew the garrison to prevent its sacrifice.

The Ninth Corps made its assault at daylight as ordered and under a heavy musketry and artillery fire broke through the enemy's lines, capturing

twelve guns and 800 prisoners. But a second line of works was encountered which repulsed every attack. The loss in officers was especially severe. General Potter was wounded. The corps held possession of 800 yards of the enemy's works on both sides of the Jerusalem Plank Road. Gordon made repeated attempts to retake them, without success. The firing was incessant all day and into the night. Although the Ninth Corps did not succeed in breaking clear through, it occupied Gordon's forces and prevented his sending re-enforcements to Hill's succor.

The losses in Getty's division were forty killed, 355 wounded; total, 395. The loss of the entire Sixth Corps was 1,081. Getty's division captured thirty-one guns, nine battle flags and 2,100 prisoners. Being in the advance all day, most of the captures were made by it.

The loss of the Twenty-fourth Corps, nearly all of which occurred at Fort Gregg, was 122 killed, 592 wounded; total, 714. It captured five guns, several colors and 300 prisoners. The Ninth Corps lost 253 killed, 1,305 wounded, 201 missing; total,

1,719. It captured twelve guns, 800 prisoners, and some colors.

That night General Getty and staff occupied the Edgehill Mansion, Lee's headquarters during the long siege, and, with intense interest, perused many of the dispatches he sent and received during the eventful hours of the preceding day. Among them was Hill's urgent call for help, who lay dead ere his chief received it, and Gordon's message that his last man was in battle and he could not send one. Some of Lee's personal effects fell into the hands of our troops. I was fortunate enough to secure his ruler, a polished round one of ebony, twelve inches long and three-quarters of an inch in diameter, which I highly prize as a memento of the great Confederate soldier.

PERSONAL NARRATIVES
OF EVENTS IN THE
WAR OF THE REBELLION,
BEING PAPERS READ BEFORE THE
RHODE ISLAND SOLDIERS AND SAILORS
HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

SIXTH SERIES.—No. 9.

PROVIDENCE:
PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY,
1905.

SNOW & FARNHAM, PRINTERS.



1865. Age 35.
JAMES SHAW, JR.

Our Last Campaign and Subsequent Service in Texas.

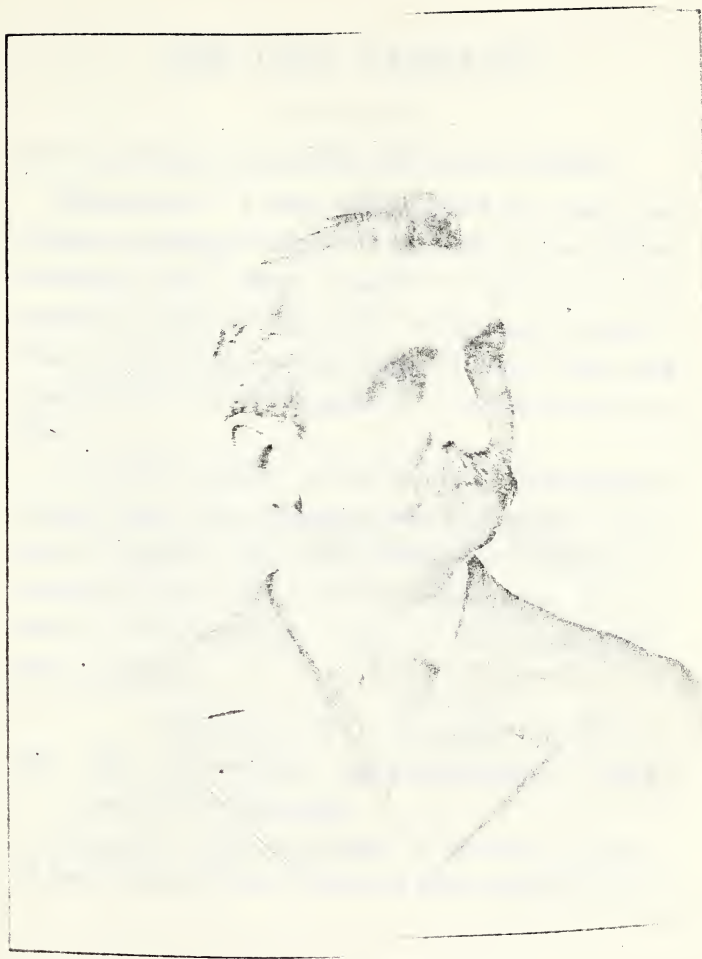
BY

JAMES SHAW,

[Late Colonel of Seventh United States Colored Troops.
Brevet Brigadier-General United States Volunteers.]

PROVIDENCE:

PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY,
1905.



1890. 50
GEN. L. W. CHAN.



OUR LAST CAMPAIGN.

To the Soldiers and Sailors Historical Society:

GENTLEMEN: I have been invited by your committee to prepare a paper to be read at some future meeting, and I think I cannot do better than to quote my plan to secure the writing and preservation of personal reminiscences of those who had participated in the struggle for the life of our nation.

A special meeting of the National Encampment Grand Army of the Republic was held in New York, Oct. 27 and 28, 1869, and in the report embraced in General Orders, No. 6, dated Washington, Nov. 4, 1869, will be found my letter to the adjutant-general as follows:

PROVIDENCE, R. I., September 16, 1869.

COL. WM. T. COLLINS, *Adjutant-General, Grand Army of the Republic:*

COMRADE: I have the honor to call the attention of the Commander-in-Chief to a plan adopted at my

[Edition limited to two hundred and fifty copies.]

suggestion by Rodman Post, No. 12, Department of Rhode Island, and to suggest, if it meets his approval, that the plan be recommended, by circular from headquarters, to the Grand Army of the Republic throughout the country.

At each meeting of the Post a comrade is detailed to prepare a paper, to be read at the next meeting, which shall be a "personal reminiscence of the war;" it shall contain only such facts as came under the *personal observation* of the writer, and such other facts and explanations as may be necessary for a proper understanding of the position. These papers, after having been read, are placed on file in the archives of the Post, and we, in honor of Major-General Rodman (after whom our Post is named), call them the Rodman papers. If this plan should be adopted by the Grand Army of the Republic, I would suggest as a title, "The Grand Army Papers." The reading of these papers furnish a pleasant evening entertainment to the members of the Post; it draws to the meetings comrades who might not come for other purposes, and, what is by far the most important feature of the plan, it will bring out and add to the history of war an immense mass of material and evidence that would otherwise never be written or placed in any enduring form.

and for which future generations would have to depend on tradition, always unreliable.

Commanders of regiments, brigades, divisions and corps can give us the history of the part taken by their respective commands in such an action or campaign; company commanders, sketches of their companies, tours of duty on detached service or on the picket line, items of great importance as throwing light on subsequent actions; while the non-commissioned officer and private can give the scenes and incidents of camp life, his tour of duty as a scout or in the advance, or the history of his mess, or of some comrade who shared with him the toils and dangers of the campaign, who slept beneath the same blanket and whose bright young life went out that our country might live. Let him, with the same care and affection that led him to carve on the rude headboard the name, company and regiment of that comrade, write out his history and tell to the world how nobly he lived and died. Written by men who saw and knew of what they write, read in the presence of others who were with them at the time and can correct errors, if they should be made, these sketches cannot fail to be correct. Let writers remember the importance of being as nearly correct as possible in regard to dates, for when these papers

are gathered together we shall have a full and complete history of the war. I would also suggest that the commanders of Posts be requested to make reports through Department headquarters, giving the subject, date, name and writer of each paper, that a complete index may be kept at National Headquarters of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Yours, &c.,

JAMES SHAW, JR.,

Member of National C. of A. for Dep't. of R. I.

“RESOLVED, That the National Encampment cordially and heartily approve of the suggestions submitted by Comrade James Shaw, Jr., of Rhode Island, and that the Commander-in-Chief be requested to publish, to the Grand Army of the Republic, the communication referred to, with the recommendation that the plan be adopted by every Post of the Order.”

General Logan says:

“It is earnestly recommended that every Post of our organization should at once adopt and enter into the plan submitted by Comrade Shaw for collecting ‘personal reminiscences of the war.’”

Truthfully it has been said, that we have, as the bequest of this vast war, materials for a literature richer, more copious and more varied than the annals of any nation ever furnished its sons and daughters. It will not be the least or the meanest influence of our fellowship if it helps to inspire the fellowship of letters to put in undying forms the memorial of eventful deeds in which we have borne a part. The fair record of the lives and deeds of our comrades-in-arms is one thing we have at heart, one of the dear and inspiring purposes of our organization; and if other men prove themselves indifferent about the creation and preservation of such just and enduring memorials of the country's defenders, we who knew and shared the costly experience must see to it that the grave be not allowed to seal up from human eye and thought such patriotic consistency and heroic deeds.

The following paper was prepared at the request of Rodman Post, No. 12, Department of Rhode Island Grand Army of the Republic, and was the first of the papers referred to in the preceding letter to the adjutant-general, Grand Army of the Republic:

OUR LAST CAMPAIGN.

On the 29th of September, 1864, the Tenth and Eighteenth Army Corps crossed the James River at Deep Bottom, and captured the works of the enemy at Fort Harrison (afterward known as Fort Burnham) and at "Signal Hill," giving us possession of the lines reaching from Butler's canal, at Dutch Gap, on the left, to a point between the Newmarket and Darbytown roads, and extending from thence to the rear, covering our position at Deep Bottom. My regiment (Seventh United States Colored Troops) was at the time attached to the colored brigade of the Tenth Army Corps.

The enemy attacked and were repulsed from Fort Burnham, on the 30th of September, and near the "Kell" house, on the right, on the 7th of October.

On the 13th of October and on the 27th and 28th of the same month, we made attacks on our right, but were in both cases unsuccessful. No further movements were attempted during the winter.

On the 4th of December the Twenty-fifth Army Corps was organized. It consisted of the colored

troops of the Ninth, Tenth and Eighteenth Army Corps, and such other regiments of colored troops as had recently arrived in the department. At the same time, the Twenty-fourth Army Corps was organized from the white troops, of the Tenth and Eighteenth Army Corps, and to them was afterwards added a division of the Eighth Army Corps.

On the formation of the Twenty-fifth Corps I was assigned to the command of the First Brigade, Second Division, which consisted of the Seventh, One Hundred and Ninth, One Hundred and Sixteenth, and One Hundred and Seventeenth United States Colored Troops; the one Hundred and Seventeenth was afterwards transferred to another division and replaced by the One Hundred and Fifteenth.

During the winter we remained quietly in camp, except on two occasions, when we were severely shelled by the enemy. In both cases the amusement was entirely on their side, as we had no artillery sufficiently heavy to do them any serious damage.

On the evening of the 25th of March we left our comfortable quarters, moved to the rear about one mile, and bivouacked for the night.

This sudden and unexpected move furnished a striking illustration of the uncertainties of life in camp. On the evening of the 24th I had written to my father saying, "I think we shall soon finish up this war; you ought to come down and see the army before it moves, and, if you will consent to do so, I will apply for a pass. I think there is very little chance of *our* moving." My friends, Engineer Greene and Paymaster Stevenson, of the *Massasoit*, and Paymaster Sam Browne, of the *Onondagua*, after a visit which we had thoroughly enjoyed, left me at noon of the 25th, with a promise on my part to send my spring-wagon for them on the 26th, that they might witness a review of the Army of the James by the President. Three hours after they left me we received marching orders, and I next met my friend Greene in Providence, in the fall of 1867.

On the afternoon of the 26th we were reviewed by the President. On the evening of Monday, 27th, we were again on the road, and, moving to the left, we crossed the James at Varina, and the Appomattox at Broadway Landing.

The troops participating in this movement were Turner's and Foster's divisions of the Twenty-

fourth Army Corps, and the Second Division Twenty-fifth Army Corps, of which our brigades (with the exception of the One Hundred and Fifteenth, which was temporarily detached and left in our old lines) formed a part. The night was very dark, the roads bad, and no one seemed to know the way; at least we judged so from the marching and counter-marching we were made to undergo.

At 6 A. M., 28th, we halted near Birney's Station; moved again at 1 P. M., and halted for the night at 7 P. M.

Our destination was to us entirely unknown, and I find by a memorandum in my diary that we were on a "big raid," cut loose from our base, etc.

March 29th, we moved at 7 A. M., and now for the first time since we left the Appomattox, learned where we were. At 9 A. M. I had the pleasure of calling on the Second Rhode Island Volunteers, whose camp we passed on our route. A few miles further on we came to a halt; we had reached the extreme left of the Army of the Potomac, or rather, where it had been (Hatcher's Run); but now the Second and Fifth Army Corps and Sheridan's cav-

alry had passed still further to the left, and were pressing the enemy heavily in the direction of the South Side Railroad and Five Forks.

On the 31st we advanced our lines nearer to the enemy's under a sharp fire of infantry and artillery, and received orders to form for a charge, but before the lines could be formed the division commander received orders that placed the forces of the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth Army Corps in the field, under the command of General Gibbon, and directing that no movements should be made but by his orders. The time had not arrived to strike the enemy on this part of the line; we were only to keep him employed.

Under the direction of our Commander-in-Chief, General Grant, our immense army in one continuous line of battle of over fifty miles, from the Army of the James on the right to the force under General Sheridan on the left, were moving in concert.

On the morning of the 2d of April General Grant's plans having ripened, we were formed for attack. The Sixth and Ninth Army Corps had been vigorously at work since a little after midnight; Sheri-

dan, with the Second and Fifth Army Corps, had turned the enemy's right, troops on our left were advancing, and I ordered my command forward by regiment in echelon from the left. The enemy gave way and fled; we entered their works, passed to the right, and soon met the Sixth Corps advancing from the opposite direction. The entire line was ours.

"On to Petersburg" was now the order, and we moved forward toward its inner defenses. Soon came the report that the city was evacuated, and a dense cloud of smoke in that direction gave color to the story, but as we advanced the heavy booming of the artillery, and soon the shrill whistle of the shell, told us that we had yet more work to do, and we moved into position for action.

It was a splendid sight. Column after column appeared in view, line after line was formed, and the great "Army of the Potomac," with three divisions of the "Army of the James," coiled themselves around the doomed city. The heights in our front were surmounted by earthworks, and from them the shot and shell came thick and fast. In our rear the burning camps and within the city the burning to-

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bacco warehouses added to the grandeur of the scene.

Foster's Division, Twenty-fourth Army Corps, charged and took Fort Gregg after a desperate struggle, and here ended the infantry fighting for the day. Our lines were now extended and closed up, and from the Appomattox to the Appomattox one continuous line embraced the city, within rifle shot of its inner defenses.

In this position we rested for the night. At 3 a. m., April 3d, rumors reached us that the enemy were evacuating, and we were at once in motion. Deploying the Seventh Regiment as skirmishers, and connecting with like lines on either side, I pushed forward, to find their works deserted and the enemy fled. The Eighth United States Colored Troops of the Second Brigade (Doubleday's) struck first a salient much nearer to them than the works in our front, and cheer after cheer announced that the line was ours. Now we had the advantage, for the city was more to our right, and so we pushed forward, passing prisoners to our rear as we went, and were the first to reach the center of the city.

where we were joined a moment later by troops who had entered from the opposite side.

Petersburg was ours! How many weary days and weeks and months had we been trying in vain to effect its capture, how much blood had been spilled, and how much treasure wasted! With what rejoicing was the news received throughout the land!

We had hardly entered the city when we received orders to move out on the Cox road in pursuit of the enemy.

The whole army was in motion, and the roads were crowded with troops and trains.

EXTRACT FROM DIARY OF THAT DATE (April 3d).

"3 P. M. We have official information that Richmond is evacuated, that Weitzel is in possession of the lines in front of our old position, and that the city was taken possession of by the Twenty-fifth Army Corps at 8 A. M."

We made but ten miles during the day and bivouacked for the night near Sunderland's.

At 4 A. M., 4th, we again started, but by a mistake got on to the Namozine road instead of the Cox road, and, as a consequence, had our march impeded by the trains of the Army of the Potomac, which had the right to the road, and orders to give way to no one. At noon we succeeded in getting onto a cross-road that connected with the Cox road, and there halted for dinner, having made but seven miles since 4 A. M. While at dinner I received orders to take my brigade back to Sunderland's, from where we had started that forenoon to hold that position until relieved by General Willcox with a division of the Ninth Army Corps.

On my way back I met the Second Division of the Ninth Army Corps, and had the pleasure of seeing my old commander, General Griffin, Major Raymond, and Captain Goddard, of General Parke's staff; also the old Fourth and Seventh Rhode Island Volunteers, now consolidated; but in these regiments where, in 1863, I had been well acquainted I found but two officers that I recognized, viz.: Captain Joyce and Adjutant Sullivan.

We arrived at Sunderland's an hour before sundown. I placed the troops in position, and was supplied by Mr. S. with a comfortable feather-bed, to which I had long been a stranger.

My diary says: "We hear to-day that Johnson has surrendered to General Sherman, that Lynchburg has been captured by Thomas, and last, that Lee himself has surrendered. These are all rumors. I don't know that any of them are true, but it all will be soon, if not now." We can only account for such rumors on the ground that "coming events cast their shadows before;" but there is no place like a camp for a rumor to gain credence.

In the evening I had a call from more old friends, General Hartranft and Major Bartelle of his staff; his division had moved up the road just before dark, and they had returned for a chat over old times. I do not know that I can better describe our movements for the next few days than by quoting from letters written home in the form of a diary:

"April 5, 6 P. M. General Willcox has just arrived, and we are again on the road; have orders to move in the direction of Burkesville and to rejoin

our division with all possible dispatch. For rations we have but one day's bread and six head of beef on the hoof. I ordered my quartermaster to return with our train, but some higher authority has countermanded my orders. We should have been entirely out but for the above named supply from General Willcox's division. Our division is two days' march ahead of us, and we must take care of ourselves best we can.

"9 P. M. Have marched six miles, have distributed rations, and are in bivouac for the night.

"April 6, 5 A. M. Again *en route*; have been detained by our butchers.

"1.30 P. M. Stopped at Hobbs's house for dinner, or rather we stopped in the yard, for the house had been burned the night before. Passed this A. M. two brigades of the Ninth Army Corps encamped on the road. Hear heavy firing northwest of us; evidently a battle going on. Fine weather for marching—cloudy but no rain. Halted for the night at Epps's farm, one and a half miles beyond Black's and White's. Sent out a company foraging; succeeded in getting some corn and salt, and so we are

all right for another day; the men parch the corn, and then, with salt for the beef that yesterday we ate fresh, we can get along very well.

"7 A. M., April 7. Halting near a fine mansion owned by Fitzgerald, called 'the Castle.' We marched at 4.30 this morning, have made five miles, and are now halting for breakfast.

"1 P. M. Halted at Burkesville; reported at General Grant's headquarters, and obtained orders for two 'days' bread, coffee and sugar. We hear that our division commander has been relieved from the command of our division.

"3 P. M. Seven thousand prisoners are just moving by us; with them are several generals, viz.: Lieutenant-General Ewell, Major-General Custis Lee, Major-General Kershaw, Brigadier-Generals Barton and Sims, Admiral Tucker, and Commodore Hunter. The last two were in command of a marine brigade composed of the sailors of the rebel navy at Richmond. They were all captured yesterday, and bring with them many batteries of light artillery.

"Evening. Only three miles beyond Burkeville. We were detained there for orders. Have been directed to march to this place and halt. Have been in to headquarters, and have now orders to move on again in the morning. Self and staff have for to-night comfortable quarters and a good supper and bed, luxuries not to be despised. We are at Burke's House, so called.

"April 8, 7 A. M. We moved this morning at 4.45. Have marched five miles, and are now halting for breakfast.

"8 A. M. Again on the road.

"11 A. M. Our division commander has just passed us. He has been relieved from the command of our division, and is going to the rear. Double-day's brigade has reported to General Foster, and Woodward's to General Turner.

"2.30 P. M. At Farmsville, fifteen miles from where we camped last night. The troops have moved forward, and we follow.

"Farmsville is a very pretty place of about 1,500 inhabitants. It is well built, and we saw many respectable-looking people as we passed through;

quite a contrast to what we have seen on the road. A lady came to her door, where I was resting for a moment as the brigade passed, and invited me in. Speaking of the troops that had passed through, she said, 'You have armies enough to conquer the world.' 'This is only one of them,' I replied, as I bowed my adieu. I hear that I am to report to General Foster. 5 P. M. Troops are still reported as moving on; don't think I can catch them to-night.

"The country through which we have passed to-day is very beautiful; we are getting into the hilly part of the State. The Blue Ridge is visible in the distance; scenery fine. I shall select a camp about one and a half miles ahead and stop for the night. 7.30. Halted at Ferguson's farm; twenty-six miles to-day; heavy firing in the distance since 6 P. M. west of us.

"Sunday, April 9. On the road, marching as usual. We sound reveille at 4.15; move at 4.30; march fifty minutes; halt ten; march again fifty, and halt for breakfast; then continue and march through the day, halting ten minutes to the hour,

and an hour and a half for dinner, going into camp while it is yet light enough for the men to see to cook their supper and make themselves comfortable for the night.

"11 A. M. General Grant and staff have just passed us going to the front.

"1.30 P. M. Halting for dinner. Have made fifteen miles this A. M. Have found quite a pond of good water. Hear that we captured a large train yesterday.

"3 P. M. An *'intelligent contraband'* has just come along, and says Lee has surrendered, and we have some reason to believe it. We heard firing this morning early; none since.

"4.30. A captain of cavalry says a flag of truce was out; was to end at 4 P. M., and as we had heard no firing he thought it was all right.

"6.15. We have positive information that Lee has surrendered, and we therefore go into camp immediately; twenty-four miles to-day. A staff officer says Lee has surrendered his whole army, and will advise Johnston to do the same, but that he has no power to surrender him. We passed large quanti-

ties of captured cannon and material, parked near the road, a half mile back. I have sent Captain Rice, assistant inspector-general, with my report to headquarters. We have marched in the last four days ninety-six miles, and from that time should deduct the half day that we were detained at Burkeville for orders, leaving our marching time at three days and a half, and this without a single straggler from the entire brigade.

"Monday, 10th. We started at 6 A. M., but at 7 were obliged to halt for a cavalry division passing to the rear. We are on the battlefield of yesterday A. M. It is strewn with the *debris* of the fight, always a horrid sight, but one that we have had to see far too often.

"8.30. Reported to General Turner. We are to return to Richmond and rejoin our corps. It has rained all night, and we have this morning a cold northeast wind; but no matter now, for it does not interfere with operations. We have been blessed with an unusual amount of good weather.

"9.30. Our division is again together. Gen. R. H. Jackson is in command. I have been over to re-

port to him, and found orders to return immediately to Richmond; have, however, obtained a delay of one day, to enable us to shoe our mules and repair wagons.

"We were highly complimented this A. M. by General Ord, for splendid marching, in very flattering terms; words that were of all the more value from the fact that he is generally so sparing of them.

"'Ah!' said General Ord, 'you have got along.' 'Yes,' I replied, 'we have made ninety-six miles in the last three and a half days and have no stragglers.'

"'Yes,' said the general, I heard of you at Farmville. You have done splendidly, sir, splendidly.'

Evening. I went over this P. M. to visit the rebel camp; found the men generally good-natured and quiet; saw Gen. Fitz Hugh Lee. This evening I have been out to take a view of the scene by the light of the camp-fires.

"One could hardly have selected a spot where its beauties could have been so finely displayed. The rebel army are on a hill in the center of a large valley; all around them and on another range of hills

is our glorious and victorious army. The lights of thousands of camp-fires light up the scene, showing our lines enfolding the now crushed and conquered foe.

"Thursday, 11th. We are off this morning for Richmond. What a glorious campaign this has been! Petersburg, Richmond and Lee's army, all within two weeks, and now we are marching to garrison the enemy's capital. Since we left Petersburg we have not been permitted to take part in any of the several actions; but it is a soldier's duty to obey orders, and if we have done well what was required of us, we should be satisfied. To have contributed in ever so small a degree to this glorious result should be a source of pride and pleasure beyond price."

I closed this paper at the point where we faced about for our return from Appomattox Court House. It had been written with a view to show the necessity in such papers, of giving exact dates, hours and minutes, positions and distances, items that in some cases might be of vital importance; the trial of Gen. Fitz John Porter, for instance.

It had been hammered down from scores of pages of letters to my wife and friends.

I have said "from my diary." This was kept in little blank books, just big enough to go into a letter envelope, that had on it the printed address of my wife; the books were numbered successively, that we might know if any were missing.

Many times they had to be copied, for they were sometimes written in pencil, on horseback, or in the dark.

I got the idea of keeping in letters the record of days, hours and minutes in the first year of the war from my brother, Capt. John P. Shaw, Second Rhode Island Volunteers, who was afterwards killed at Spottsylvania. We have his letters written in this manner through many of the fiercest engagements and hardest campaigns of the war, up to the very day of his death. I only improved on his plan by using the little books, for in them pencil marks would not rub out.

For some time such papers were regularly read at meetings of Post 12, and the plan was soon adopted by Post No. 1, but bye and bye it became



difficult to get comrades to write, and General Rhodes, who had from the first taken great interest in the matter (I think introduced it in Post. No. 1), suggested and organized this Soldiers and Sailors Historical Society March 17, 1875, while its general adoption by many commanderies of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion and other organizations has resulted in adding very many valuable contributions to the history of the war.

"April 11. *En route* from Appomattox to Richmond. We have had a cloudy day with a drizzling rain, the roads very bad, but everybody is in good spirits, and we go along smoothly, the only trouble is lack of rations,—28,000 rations were sent over to the rebels and we can get no bread, coffee or sugar, and I doubt if we get them before we reach Burkesville.

"12th. We have the rear to-day, the Seventh Regiment guarding trains. At noon we passed through Farmsville with colors flying and bands playing. There was a young ladies' seminary there, full of girls who were all at the windows. The Sixth and Second Corps are on the road, so we take a cross-

cut through the lots and have to ford two streams from one and a half to three feet deep.

"We arrived at Burkeville at 10.30 A. M., 14th, and there found our destination had been changed to Petersburg, and heard that Sherman had finished his work and the war was ended.

"April 16th. Moved at 7 A. M. Passed camp of Ninth Army Corps, who are doing duty on the road. I got a newspaper of 13th. Have seen nothing from *America* since the 4th.

"At noon heard of the assassination of President Lincoln, Secretary Seward and his son. The news seems to be direct and I fear too true.

"Now when the whole country is rejoicing over our victories and the close of the war, the man, who of all others, has done so much to bring us through, whose wisdom and sagacity has carried the country through one of the most trying ordeals that any nation ever had, is cut down just as he has seen his plans carried out and the rebels conquered. Thank God he was spared to see that. No man has a prouder history; may his successor act as wisely and as well; but I fear we have in the vice-president

no such man, and very much fear he will not be equal to the emergency."

A dispatch was received this A. M. (16th) saying, "Lincoln is dead." When we received the news of the assassination the fields on either side of us were full of paroled rebels going to their homes, while our black division was moving along the road. The negro had looked on Lincoln as little short of a God, but not a word of threat or insult did we hear. It is characteristic of them as a people. Men of almost any other nationality under the same circumstances would have torn these rebels limb from limb.

The black man believed, long before we dreamed of it, that the war would result in his freedom, but he stayed and worked for his old master, and for his wife and children, and they were safe under his protective care. If he could get away and join our forces he did so, and an escaped Union soldier was always safe in his hands; he piloted him through the woods, he secreted him in his home and shared with him his last crust.

There is not a case on record when he betrayed him. They knew of the massacre at Fort Pillow, and other barbarities of the war, and their own probable fate if captured; but were not disposed to seek revenge.

The abject terror of a rebel captured by a black soldier was laughable, but the black soldier laughed at him and sent him to the rear. Was he brave? None more so. The losses in my own regiment (the Seventh United States Colored Troops), within three months, in the fall of 1864, were 500 men killed, wounded and missing, but in all that time I saw but four men turn their backs on the foe, and they were following thirty white veterans out of a hot hole. A vigorous application of the flat of my saber to their backs showed them the errors of their ways and they returned to their duty.

In the Seventh, we seldom, if ever, had a man drunk; I cannot to-day recall a single case; an obscene or profane word was rarely heard, and in all our three years of service there was but one fight among them in anger.

They would fool and play rough enough to kill a white man, but it was all in fun.

In drill I never saw their equal. They took pride in their work and their sense of time is perfect. Col. William W. Brown, who visited us after our return from Appomattox, said, "That drill would win applause as an exhibition drill on any stage in the country," and it was only our ordinary every day parade.

When we started out not fifty men in the regiment knew their a, b, c's. When they returned the larger portion could read and write, and they had about \$90,000 in savings banks.

I do but simple justice when I make this tribute to my comrades: the brave and faithful black soldier of the Seventh United States Colored Troops.

My letter of April 18th, is dated Headquarters, Second Division: "General Jackson has gone to Richmond and I am in command." "We were met last night by an A. D. C. and directed into the old camp of the Sixth Army Corps, but are to move in a few days and make a new one on the South side of the Boydton road; shall probably stay here for

some time and shall send for you as soon as I get my quarters fixed up." "We have to-day for the first time in three weeks received a mail.

I selected my ground and the next day moved the division to its new quarters, across the Boynton Plank road, sending a sketch home that incidentally gives the brigades and regiments with their commanders, the only record I have, so I will record them here for better preservation:

2nd Division, 25 A. C.

GEN. R. H. JACKSON, or

SHAW in his absence.

1st Brigade.

COL. JAMES SHAW, JR.

7th U. S. C. T.	Shaw,
109th " "	Bartholomew,
115th " "	Elder.

2nd Brigade.

COL. U. S. DOUBLEDAY.

8th U. S. C. T.	Armstrong,
41st " "	Haskell,
45th " "	Doubleday.

3d Brigade.

COL. WOODWARD.

127th U. S. C. T.	Given,
29th Conn. "	Wooster,
31st U. S. "	Ward,
116th " "	Woodward.

We had our camp finely laid out, my own quarters nicely arranged, a garden in front of my tent with paths and flower beds shaped as corps badges, Ninth, Tenth and Twenty-fifth Army Corps. Mrs. Shaw had been asked to bring down seeds of quickly growing plants, and we were looking forward to a pleasant visit, when "Presto change!" Orders to move camp to the banks of the James. A dispatch home to prevent my wife from starting, followed by a letter and quotation from Burns:

"The best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft a-gley ;
And leave us naught but grief and pain for promised joy."

But such is life in the army.

Here ended letter for the time. Our camp was moved to the bank of the James River, one and a half or two miles below City Point. My wife, son and father and Col. W. W. Brown arrived a few



days later and remained with me for ten days, during which time the above named party, with our surgeon, Dr. Joel Morse, and self with orderlies rode up to Petersburg, examined our works and those of our late enemies, the Hare House Battery where we were stationed during the month of September, the salient of our line, so near the rebel works that you could throw a stone into them from our lines; saw where they had commenced a tunnel to blow us up. We stayed one night in Petersburg, took cars the next morning for Richmond, but could only go as far as Manchester. Got a seat for wife and son on an old wagon while the rest of us walked. The crossing of James River was by a pontoon bridge, both ends thereof being very steep. The old horse, unable to hold the load, backed down and off the bridge. The river was running like a mill stream, but by mere accident the hind wheels struck into a boat. Mrs. Shaw clung to the dasher with one hand and to our boy with the other, and carries the marks to this day of an encounter with some piece of iron of her chariot. Had they not struck in the boat there would have been no help for them; a very close call.

We stayed but two nights in Richmond, when I got a dispatch from A. D. C. Taggart of my staff, saying our corps had been ordered to Texas. We returned immediately and a few days later started for our destination, my wife, son and father going down the river to Fortress Monroe, while Colonel Brown left for Washington to see the review of the Army of the Potomac.

This sudden move to Texas was Grant's plan to serve notice on France to get out of Mexico, *vs.* the slower and less certain way by negotiation desired by Seward.

As Grant says: "These troops got off before they could be stopped."

It deprived Sheridan, one of the three greatest generals of the war, and the Twenty-fifth Army Corps from taking part in the great review in Washington, but it planted a corps all up and down the Rio Grande; and Bazaine was withdrawn from Mexico by order of the French government. From that day the empire began to totter. Mexico was then able to maintain her independence without aid from us.

The Eighth United States Heavy Artillery (colored) had been added to my brigade, bringing it up to 3,000 men. We embarked on five steamers, *Victor*, *United States*, *Daniel Webster*, *Rebecca Clyde* and *Thos. A. Scott*. Headquarters on the *Victor*.

A rumor had been started and I think industriously circulated by those who would liked to have seen trouble with colored soldiers, that the Twenty-fifth Corps would mutiny, that they would not go to Texas.

In their slave days Texas had been held up to them as a sort of a hell to which they would be sold if they misbehaved.

On our arrival at Fortress Monroe the captain of the *Victor* came to me and said that the men were talking mutiny. "Nonsense," I replied. The captain repeated his report the next night with the same result. On the third night he came to my room and said: "It is no use disguising the fact, the men up forward are talking rank mutiny, they will take possession of the ship and cut our throats."

"Come in, captain," I said, "I want to tell you of a scene I witnessed in camp before we embarked."

I had taken some friends down to see the camp of the Seventh by moonlight; the men were having one of their evening meetings. They thanked God for his care and protection when others had fallen, that he had kept them in health when others had been sick, and prayed for his care on their voyage on the mighty deep.

"Captain, that kind of men don't mutiny and that regiment is on this ship. Up forward there are some unassigned recruits, but I want to say to you that those fellows would have to walk over 400 dead bodies before they could touch me or any one else I put under their protection. If they attempt anything of that kind I will hang them to the yard arm, if necessary, and my men will help me."

"Am I not right, captain?" He admitted that I was. "Well, you take care of your ship, and I will take care of the men."

It is needless to say that we had no trouble.

At 2.20 P. M., May 30th, we sailed from Fortress Monroe with orders to rendezvous at Mobile Bay.

There my brigade was detached from the corps and I was ordered to proceed to Indianola and garrison that port. On my arrival I found myself the only authority in Central Texas, civil or military, and with no other orders than as quoted above.

I found the people ready to bow their neck to the yoke they expected to be placed upon it, and this state of affairs continued until the development of the so-called "Johnson policy." Then we had trouble; every "stay at home" suddenly became very valiant; I had to cut some legal knots with sharp orders; but I won the approval of the Union men, and my superior officers, Stanley, Custer, Granger, Wright and Sheridan.

About the middle of July General Stanley arrived with the Fourth Army Corps, moved up into the country, making headquarters at San Antonio, and I had some one to report to.

Along in the winter of 1865 and 1866, these troops were gradually mustered out, the regular officers going out of their volunteer rank, and back into their several regiments.

General Stanley was mustered out in December, and was succeeded by General Custer. He was mustered out in February and I was ordered to San Antonio to take command of the Central District of Texas. My territory reached from the Colorado to the Nueces, and from the Red River to the Gulf, a district larger than all new England, and my force had by that time been reduced to six regiments, viz.: Fourth and Sixth United States Cavalry, Eighteenth New York Cavalry, Third Michigan Infantry, Thirty-eighth Illinois Infantry, and Seventh United States Colored Troops.

It is not my purpose to give the details of our service in Texas; the troops were veterans and the military part of my duties were simple. The civil and legal part kept me busy, but, as I said before, it was the "stay at homes" that made the trouble; in no single instance did a returned rebel soldier give me cause for complaint; in fact, they personally interfered to prevent the abuse of Union men and freedmen.

They would say to these "stay at homes," "What regiment do you belong to?" And when they had

to admit that they had not been in the Confederate service, the sharp reply would come, "You'd better get;" and they did.

On the 8th of May General Heintzelman arrived with the Seventeenth United States Infantry. On the 9th I turned my command over to him and returned to Indianola, where we remained until October 14th, when we started for New Orleans *en route* for Baltimore for final muster out and discharge.

Just previous to our departure from Indianola, the Masonic Lodge called a special meeting to bid us good-bye, and we were gratified at receiving the following communication from thirty of the principal citizens:

COMPLIMENTARY CORRESPONDENCE.

INDIANOLA, TEXAS, September 30, 1866.

*Brev. Brig. Gen. JAMES SHAW, JR., Commanding
U. S. Forces, Indianola.*

SIR: The undersigned, after the surrender of the armies of the Confederate States and the proclamation of President Johnson, whose terms of amnesty



we availed ourselves of, and in good faith at once gave our allegiance to the Government of the United States, believed in so doing that there was no necessity for the quartering of troops in our midst. But the authorities thinking otherwise, we have to congratulate ourselves in being so fortunate as to have had your command stationed in our place.

Having learned of your departure at an early day with your command, we desire to express to you and your officers our grateful acknowledgments for the signal ability with which you have managed the very delicate duties devolving on you, in the successful discipline, control and management of the troops under your charge.

While in many other sections of our State difficulties and discords have been engendered between citizens and soldiers, even to the destruction of life and property, in your command at this place everything has been smooth and tranquil, even beyond our most sanguine hopes; and for which you will carry with you in your retirement our sincere and lasting gratitude.

"Peace has its triumphs as well as war," and although you and your command may have won dis-

tion on the bloody field of strife, the conduct of yourself and officers in our midst, in time of peace, but adds another chaplet to your laurels.

We have the honor to be,

Your most obedient servants, etc.,

H. L. JONES,	H. H. WOODWARD & Co.,
D. K. WOODWARD,	ADAM MURDOCK,
JOHN H. DALE,	T. S. COATES,
JOHN W. BOYD,	GEORGE FRENCH,
J. M. REUSS,	C. B. HUBBELL,
DAVID LEWIS,	P. SMITH,
HENRY THEEMAN,	R. D. MARTIN,
JOHN H. DALE,	HERM. IKEN,
JAMES ASHWORTH,	ANDREW DOVE,
W. H. WOODWARD,	EDW. MUEGGE,
WM. P. MILBY,	L. WILLEMIN,
A. L. DIBBLE,	HENRY BEAUMONT,
H. SEELIGSON,	A. W. NORRIS,
R. A. VANCE,	D. G. BEAUMONT,
JONA. PAYNE,	D. SCHULTZ,
HENRY J. HUCK,	S. A. BENTON.
D. F. VANCE,	

HEADQUARTERS, U. S. FORCES,

INDIANOLA, TEXAS, Oct. 3, 1866.

GENTLEMEN: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of the 30th September, thanking my officers and myself for the manner in which we have performed the duties devolving on us while commanding garrison at this post, and attributing thereto the peace and quiet of this community, "while in other places difficulties and discords have been engendered between citizens and soldiers."

To yourselves, gentlemen, as much or more than to us do I attribute that peace and quiet that has, since our occupation, characterized this city. It is because you have, by your precept and example, endeavored to allay and prevent all cause for ill-feeling between the different parties in the town, and between the citizens and soldiers. Such a course on your part has rendered our duty here, that might have been under other circumstances onerous and disagreeable, both easy and pleasant, and for this we return you our sincere thanks.

We shall, from our Northern home, watch with

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interest the growth and prosperity of your city, and rejoice in your success.

I am, gentlemen, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

JAMES SHAW, JR.,

Col. 7th U. S. Col'd Troops, and Br't. Brig. U. S. V.

To Messrs. William H. Woodward, William P. Milby and others, citizens of Indianola.

FROM THE INDIANOLA TIMES, OCT. 6, 1866.

Complimentary:—Our readers will notice with satisfaction the cordial feeling manifested by our citizens and the military, as expressed in the correspondence in to-day's paper.

This feeling we heartily endorse and reciprocate; and although, as a public journalist we have strongly advocated what we considered the rights of the South, and denounced in no measured terms the oppressive acts of the last Congress, yet this has been done without the least shade of personal pique or prejudice.

The conduct of the troops has been truly praiseworthy, and we rejoice that there has been nothing like a collision between the civil and military authorities. This is mainly attributable to the discipline enforced by the officers. The license of the

camp is proverbial without proper restraint, and soldiers, either white or black, when not under the immediate control of their officers will sometimes become a little boisterous. To the credit of the colored troops here, Indianola has witnessed but little flagrant misconduct, and we have every confidence that the same orderly deportment will be shown up to the moment of their departure. The troops, as well as their officers, will carry with them our best wishes for their prosperity.

General Weitzel commanding the Twenty-fifth Army Corps, also issued a complimentary order.

The last days of our service in Texas were sad ones. Early in September cholera that we had heard of in Galveston, appeared in Indianola, and within two days five deaths occurred. On the 10th of October, it broke out again with increased virulence, during the first twenty-four hours we had fifteen cases and three or four deaths, and on the 12th eight new cases. It was hard to see men who had safely passed through three years of active service, and were on the eve of returning to their homes and friends, stricken down without a moment's warning, and dying in a few hours.

Several we buried at sea between Indianola and New Orleans. We went into camp at Greenville; the cholera still raging. My servant boy, "Joe," brushed my coat and boots when I started in town at II A. M., and was dead and buried before my return at 6 P. M.

It had been decided to send us North by sea that we might not spread the disease through the country, and proposals were made for bids. Morgan, who wanted to send his ship, of about 1,600 tons burden, home for repairs, could easily outbid his competitors, and there was a prospect of his obtaining the contract. Among the bidders were the owners of the steamship *Mississippi*, 2,800 tons, but their bid was \$3,000 higher than Morgan's.

I called on General Sheridan and stated the case, the amount of sickness, how much worse it would be if we were crowded in the small ship, and ended by saying: "General, the difference is \$3,000. Before the war any two of my men would have *sold* for that. I think it a pity if they have served their country three years and ar'nt worth that now."

"You can have your ship, sir," was Sheridan's instant reply. General Sheridan knew how to cut "red tape" when occasion required.

My remark was not premeditated, but it was the happiest speech I ever made, and I think the first time a commercial value was ever put on a soldier.

Now it was left to the medical director, Dr. McParlan, to say if we could go at all.

Calling at the hospital where I went three or four times a day to see the men, I said, "Well, doctor, can we go?" "No," he replied, "It looks like suicide, you have lost five men a day for the last week and your men are coming down as fast as possible."

"I will tell you what I think of it, doctor. If they stay here they will *think* they stay to die and they *will* die; to start them for home will do them more good than all your medicine, and I prefer to go and take my wife and boy with me as I must, rather than to stay here."

"I can't make any such report as that," said Dr. McParlan. "but go with me to the general, I *must* make my report against you, but I will see that you

have a chance to state your views and I shan't combat them."

He did so. I stated my views to General Sheridan in about the same words as I had to the doctor. The general stood looking out of the window, thinking.

It seemed a long time. It was probably but a few moments. Then he turned and said, "You can go."

"Thank you, Good-bye," I replied, wrung his hand and went out, took my regiment to another part of the levee that night, put them on board ship the next morning and *never had another case of cholera.*

I met Dr. McParlan many times before his death. He always had something to say of our experience. Considered it the best example of the power of mind over disease in all army records. We had lost about fifty men within two weeks. The same proportion as applied to this city would be 1,000 per day.

Our voyage to Baltimore was uneventful. In preparing our muster-out rolls we were directed to re-

gard presumptive evidence as in favor of freedom. We knew the larger part of our men had been slaves, but we had taken care to have no evidence of it in our records. We mustered them all as free, but on our arrival in Baltimore we found in the provost marshal's office not only that they had been slaves, but that their former owners had received the bounty.

Then there was an act giving to all who had received a bounty an additional bounty of \$100, so that, according to the ruling of the paymaster, as they did not receive the first bounty, they could not receive the second, and it looked as if they would get no bounty whatever. I went to Washington and laid the matter before Secretary Stanton. I had never met him before, but found he knew of me and my regiment. He received me very kindly, interested himself in our behalf, dictated a letter to the President and said he would take it to the cabinet meeting the next day, but I said, "The regiment is to be paid to-morrow." He sent for General Brice, paymaster-general, and directed him to postpone the payment, and discharge of the regiment.

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At my request he also gave me brevet commissions for fourteen officers I had recommended, so they were able to take their commissions home with them. He took occasion to compliment the regiment in most flattering terms.

A few days later we received an order, giving the men a bounty of \$100 under a clause of an act of 1863, that had never been used.

It gave to the men of our regiment, with the "additional bounty" to which this entitled them, \$100,000.

On the 16th of November the payment was completed, and the Seventh United States Colored Troops (Infantry) had passed into history.

The officers dined together at the Fountain Hotel, and then with a hearty "God bless you," we went our several ways.

JAMES SHAW,

Late Col. 7th U. S. C. T., Bvt. Brig. Gen. U. S. V.



1861. Age 15.

PATRICK EGAN.

Private Battery C, Third Rhode Island Heavy Artillery.

PERSONAL NARRATIVES
OF EVENTS IN THE
WAR OF THE REBELLION,
BEING PAPERS READ BEFORE THE
RHODE ISLAND SOLDIERS AND SAILORS
HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

SIXTH SERIES.—No. 10.

PROVIDENCE:
PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY,
1905.

SNOW & FARNHAM, PRINTERS.



1896. Age 50
PATRICK EGAN

*The Florida Campaign with
Light Battery C,*

Third Rhode Island Heavy Artillery.

BY

PATRICK EGAN,

Late Sergeant Light Battery C,
Third Rhode Island Heavy Artillery.

PROVIDENCE:

PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY,

1905.

[Edition limited to two hundred and fifty copies.]

THE FLORIDA CAMPAIGN.

HAVING taken part in the Florida campaign, I have been urged by several comrades to write a paper giving my recollections of the Florida campaign and the battle of Olustee and the part taken by Light Battery C, Third Rhode Island Heavy Artillery. I shall have to tell it in my own way and ask you to make allowance for lapse of time.

Early in the winter of 1864 Light Battery C, Third Rhode Island Heavy Artillery, was stationed at Hilton Head, S. C. It was at this time that the re-enlistment of the veteran volunteers took place; ninety-nine men re-enlisting then and others re-enlisting afterwards. There were few commands in the army where so large a percentage of the men became veterans. I remember one incident: Captain James said to me, "Egan, I thought you would be the first one to re-enlist." I probably would have been but the very morning that re-enlistments were

called for I received a letter from my mother urging me not to re-enlist, but to come home at the expiration of my three years' enlistment the following September.

The ninety-nine men who re-enlisted received a sixty days' furlough. This left the battery in a crippled condition. Fifty men were detailed from other companies of the regiment and temporarily assigned to the battery. The veterans had just gone home on their furlough when the expedition to Florida was ordered. Had the battery had its full complement of men it would undoubtedly have been sent as a whole with the Florida expedition. Captain James was ordered to send one section, and it was with this section that I went as sergeant of the first piece. This section took nearly all of the old and experienced men left in the battery.

I herewith quote a copy of a letter sent by President Lincoln to Gen. Quincy A. Gillmore commanding the Department of the South, as it will best explain the cause and object of the Florida expedition:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON,

Jan. 13, 1864.

Major-General GILLMORE:

I understand an effort is being made by some worthy gentlemen to reconstruct a loyal State government in Florida. Florida is in your department and it is not unlikely that you may be there in person. I have given Mr. John Hay a commission of major and sent him to you with some blank books and other blanks to aid in the reconstruction. He will explain as to the manner of using the blanks and also my general view on the subject. It is desirable for all to co-operate, but if irreconcilable differences of opinion shall arise, you are master. I wish the thing done in the most speedy way possible, so that when done it will be within the range of the late proclamation on the subject. The detail labor, of course, will have to be done by others, but I will be greatly obliged if you will give it such general supervision as you can find convenient with your more strictly military duties.

Yours very truly,

A. LINCOLN.

Before relating my recollections of the battle of Olustee, I will give abstracts of correspondence between General Gillmore and General Seymour, and leave it to you to draw such conclusions as you may from the same.

General Gillmore at Jacksonville to General Seymour at Baldwin:

"Don't risk a repulse in advancing on Lake City but hold Sanderson unless there are reasons for falling back, which I don't know. Please inform me how your command is distributed between here and South Fork of the St. Mary.

"Please report by telegraph from Baldwin frequently."

From Seymour to Gillmore:

"BALDWIN, Feb. 11, 1864.

"I am convinced that a movement upon Lake City is not, in the present condition of transportation, admissible, and indeed what has been said of the desire of Florida to come back now is a delusion. . . . As far as I can learn yet, Lake City will be defended by more artillery and infantry than I have with me. To be thwarted, defeated, will be a sad termination

to a project, brilliant thus far, but for which you could not answer, in case of mishap, to your military superiors, and Stickney and others have misinformed you. The Union cause would have been far more benefited by Jeff Davis having removed this railroad to Virginia than by any trivial and non-strategic success you may meet, because victories must be decisive elsewhere before Florida can be won back by hearty devotion. By all means, therefore, fall back to Jacksonville. . . ."

To which Gillmore replied in part as follows:

"So much from your letter of the 11th, and yet, five or six days later, you proposed to push forward without instructions and without provisions, with a view of destroying the railroad, which you say it would have been better for Jeff Davis to have got; and, furthermore, you say in your letter of the 16th: 'There is but little doubt in my mind that the people of the State, kindly treated by us, will soon be ready to return to the Union; they are heartily tired of the war.'

"As may be supposed, I am very much confused by these conflicting views, and am thrown into

doubt as to whether my intentions with regard to Florida matters are fully understood by you. I will therefore reannounce them briefly:

"First, I desire to bring Florida into the Union under the President's proclamation of December 8, 1863, as accessory to the above; I desire, *second*, to revive the trade on the St. John's River; *third*, to recruit my colored regiments and organize a regiment of Florida white troops; *fourth*, to cut off in part the enemy's supplies drawn from Florida."

Furthermore, General Gillmore in his official report to the general-in-chief of the United States Army says:

"In reference to the above statement I will say that Gen. Seymour was never intrusted, and it never was my intention to intrust him with the execution of any general plan in Florida. I confided to him the objects I had in view in occupying East Florida and the salient features of the plan by which I proposed to secure those objects. But he was never authorized to advance beyond the South Fork of the St. Mary's River in my absence. On the contrary he had plain and explicit instructions with regard

to what was expected and required of him, and the ill-judged advance beyond the South Fork of the St. Mary's River was in direct disregard of these instructions, and the disastrous battle of Olustee its legitimate fruit."

This disastrous campaign led to the following resolution in the United States Senate:

"In the Senate of the United States, March 2, 1864, on motion of Mr. Hendricks:

"*Resolved*, That the joint committee on the conduct of the war be directed to inquire into the causes of, and the circumstances attending, the recent military expedition into Florida; with whom the expedition originated; for what purposes it was undertaken and what were its results, and the committee be instructed to report at as early a day as practicable.'"

I have been unable to obtain a copy of the report of the above committee, which I regret.

On Feb. 5, 1864, General Gillmore directed General Seymour whose command was already embarked, to go to Jacksonville, effect a landing there and push forward his mounted force to Baldwin, twenty miles from Jacksonville.

12 THE FLORIDA CAMPAIGN WITH LIGHT BATTERY C,

Jacksonville was occupied on the 7th of that month after being opposed by only a few of the enemy's pickets. On the 8th the command moved forward. We came in contact with the enemy's lines at Camp Finegan, about ten miles from Jacksonville, at about 8 A. M., and drove them, pursuing them for several miles and capturing five field guns with caissons, battery-wagons and forge complete; also three flags. We were then directed to advance immediately on Baldwin, at the intersection of the Florida Central Railroad, which was reached about 6 A. M., February 9th. One field gun with caisson was captured here, also about one hundred bales of cotton, eighty-three barrels of turpentine, large quantities of provisions, forage, and other supplies, valued in all at about \$500,000.

On the evening of February 19th General Seymour ordered his command, consisting of about fifty-five hundred men, including fifteen pieces of light artillery, to be ready to start the next morning with several days' cooked rations for a forward movement.

The section of Battery C was attached to Langdon's Battery M, First United States Artillery, a four-gun battery, making it a full battery. We were then attached to the brigade commanded by Col. William B. Barton, of the Forty-eighth New York Infantry, acting brigadier-general. At about 6 A. M., on the morning of the 20th, the army left its position on the South Fork of the St. Mary's River (Barber's Plantation), with the intention of advancing on Lake City, and, if successful, of destroying the railroad communication between East and West Florida at the Suwannee River. After a march of about fifteen or twenty miles and at about 3.30 P. M., the cavalry came upon the enemy's infantry pickets somewhat to the east of Olustee. Two companies from the Seventh Connecticut soon drove them back on their support who opened fire upon our forces.

The remainder of the Seventh Connecticut was handsomely deployed forward, and, under this display, the enemy's position in line of battle was clearly developed. The Seventh New Hampshire was ordered forward to the right and the Eighth

United States Colored Troops to the left. Hamilton's battery was then brought up. The Seventh Connecticut had been successfully engaged in the work of driving in the enemy's skirmishers. It was now withdrawn from before our infantry. The Seventh New Hampshire, an old regiment armed in part with the Spencer rifle, had scarcely deployed and felt the enemy's fire before it broke in confusion, and the most strenuous efforts of the officers could not reform or rally it, and this regiment counted as nothing during the remainder of the engagement. The Eighth United States Colored Troops formed promptly in position lead by their colonel, but he soon fell, and these men also, losing the stimulus of his presence and command, gave way in disorder.

The enemy followed closely after these yielding regiments and brought a severe fire upon our artillery. Barton's brigade was now ordered in and formed on the ground occupied by the Seventh New Hampshire.

Langdon's battery together with the section of Battery C took position at the extreme left and at

once opened on the enemy, and soon the fighting on both sides was something terrible. It seemed as if no one could possibly escape, the bullets appeared as thick as mosquitoes in a marshy land. But we soon forgot the bullets and went at the "Johnnies" in good earnest. In position they had the better of us, they being sheltered behind trees while we were on the open field. After two hours of fierce fighting the enemy charged and captured three of Langdon's guns, but the section of Battery C stood by their guns and fought an hour longer and were the last to leave the field, and then only on the advice of Lieut. David Irwin, of Company F, Third Rhode Island Artillery, who was attached to Hamilton's Battery E, Third United States Artillery. Lieutenant Irwin had charge of the left section of his battery, and he succeeded in bringing his section off the field, the remainder being captured by the enemy.

He approached me and said: "What are you doing here?" I replied: "We are doing the best we can." He then said: "If you remain here ten minutes longer you will all be captured."

By this time most of the army was in disorder, every one apparently looking out for himself. The rebels now advanced in line of battle. Battery C crossed the open field to the narrow road leading to the field, and then did the act that checked the advance of the rebel army and probably saved hundreds of men from being captured or killed by the victorious rebels. When the battery reached the narrow road the non-commissioned officer in charge of the section sent one piece ahead and with the other unlimbered and loaded with double shot of canister, waited for the rebel column coming across the open field. When they were a hundred yards off he let the canister go into their ranks, mowing them down like grass, thus checking their whole army. They probably thought the Yankees had formed another line of battle. We then limbered up and continued our march to Barber's Station and Jacksonville.

The section had six men wounded, and one man named James Harris was left on the field for dead. He was number one on the gun and about an hour after the battle began was shot in three places, one

bullet passing through his lungs, one through the wrist, and the other making a scalp wound. When he fell in front of the gun I went to him and started to lift him up when he said: "Egan, for God's sake let me alone, I am dying." Dragging him aside I laid him partly against a tree to die. He was reported the next morning as dead, and his name now appears on the Soldiers and Sailors Monument on Exchange Place in this city. Harris that night was taken prisoner and sent to Tallahassee, where he was put in a hospital and received the best of care. He recovered from his wounds and was sent to Andersonville prison where he had some very stirring times, having escaped twice and each time being recaptured, once by bloodhounds. Harris called to see me about five years after his release from prison. He came into the Third Police Station, where I was then on duty, and stood before me. I did not recognize him at first, having all the while believed he was dead and buried. When I finally recognized him I was so astonished that I could hardly speak. I grasped his hand saying: "What, has the grave given up its dead?" "No," he replied,

"the grave never had me." We chatted for a long while about old times, and I assure you it was very interesting to both of us. Mr. Harris, when I last heard from him, two years ago, was living in Boston, Mass.

The section lost severely in horses. I had my horse shot from under me soon after the battle opened, and four other horses were killed and six or eight wounded. I also got a very slight wound in my left leg. It was probably a spent ball, and all the damage done was a little discoloring of the skin just above the knee.

The losses on the Union side were nineteen hundred men in killed, wounded, and missing. The enemy's loss was nine hundred and eighty-nine in killed, wounded, and missing; and, considering the number of men engaged, the battle of Olustee was probably one of the hardest fought battles of the war. Three thousand men were killed, wounded and missing in about three hours and a half. The enemy numbered about six thousand and had the advantage of position. Had they followed up the victory on that day it is safe to say they would have

captured all or nearly all of our entire army. I think now and have always thought so, that the last shot that was fired on the field by Battery C was the means of checking the advance of the enemy.

General Seymour in the following General Orders pays this deserved tribute to the participants in that memorable struggle:

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF FLORIDA,

JACKSONVILLE, FLA., March 10, 1864.

GENERAL ORDERS. }

No. 13. }

The brigadier-general commanding recurs with great satisfaction to the conduct of his troops in their late battle, and desires to convey to them in the most public manner his full appreciation of their steadfast courage on that well-contested field. Against superior numbers, holding a position chosen by themselves, you were all but successful. For four hours you stood face to face with the enemy, and when the battle ended—and it ceased only with night—you sent him cheers of defiance.

In your repulse there was perhaps misfortune, but neither disaster nor disgrace, and every officer

and soldier may forever remember with just pride that he fought at Olustee.

By order of Brig. Gen. T. SEYMOUR,

R. M. HALL,

Acting Assistant Adjutant-General.

Battery C fought in four states during the war: Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, and Virginia, but the battle of Olustee was one of the hardest in which it was ever engaged.

Upon receipt of the news at Hilton Head of the disaster in Florida the remainder of the battery was ordered to proceed at once to Jacksonville, and the battery was obliged to take the field with men wholly inexperienced in light artillery. Upon the return of the section to Jacksonville it joined the rest of the battery.

A few days after our arrival in Jacksonville the battery together with Barton's brigade was ordered to Palatka. Palatka is a small town seventy miles from Jacksonville on the St. John's River and is at the present time a winter resort for invalids. It was here that the famous "cow incident" took place, and "Who killed the cow?" afterwards became a by

word in the brigade, especially when Colonel Barton was within hearing distance.

It came about in this way: When we occupied Palatka the only white person in the village was an old lady who had a very nice residence, and Colonel Barton, the commander of the brigade, made his headquarters there. This woman had a very nice cow, the only one in the village, and Barton was dependent on her for milk.

During the day the cow would feed in the door-yards and on the lawns, and sometimes she would come around to where Battery C was camped. One day some of the boys thought what a nice steak and liver they could get from the cow, and at the same time get square with Barton, he not being a favorite with the boys. They thought they might kill two birds with one stone by getting the steak and liver and at the same time cutting off Barton's milk supply. So the next day when the cow came along one of the boys drove her into a back yard near the camp, and in a short time that cow was a thing of the past. Steaks and liver were cut out for those who had done the work and for their friends, and the rest of the meat was sent to the cookhouse.

where all had nice beef-stew. Everything was all right until milking time, when the cow failed to show up. Then the fun began. Men were sent out from headquarters and also from the provost marshal's office trying to find the cow and making inquiries. Of course the men of Battery C knew nothing about her. But they were eventually suspected, for the next morning the provost marshal came to our quarters asking all kinds of questions. Some of the boys, including your humble servant, knew nothing about it and were sorry for the colonel. The following morning Colonel Barton sent for the non-commissioned officers and told us that he was satisfied that the last seen of the cow was near Battery C's camp. He also said that all he wanted was the name of the man who killed the cow, and that some of the non-commissioned officers must know something about it. He then asked each one the name of the man who killed the cow, but each denied all knowledge about it. Well, some one must have given the whole thing away, for the next day Captain James had the "Assembly" blown and the company fell in. He then

called the names of nine men, comprising one sergeant, one corporal, and seven privates. The sergeant and corporal were reduced to the ranks, and with the other seven were confined in the guard house, put on a diet of bread and water, and made a "spread eagle" of until some one would tell who killed the cow. Morning and evening they were asked who killed the cow, but they denied they knew who did it. This was carried on for three days, when some one put up a job with the pickets, and on the afternoon of the third day they began firing, and the long roll was beat and the prisoners were released to man the guns. No "Johnnies" appeared, it being a bluff to get them released. They could not be punished again for the same offence, so thus ended the "cow incident," but Colonel Barton never found out who killed the cow.

One of the objects of the Palatka expedition was the capture of a notorious rebel named Thigpen, who was furnishing supplies of beef and bacon to the Confederacy. Shortly after our arrival at Palatka the commanding officer sent for Captain James and asked him to mount a part of his battery as cavalry

and attempt the capture of Thigpen. We started out the next morning, about four o'clock, with two Florida "Crackers" as guides. When a short distance from the home of Thigpen Captain James selected a dozen men and we made a dash for the house and surprised Thigpen as he sat on his porch with a rebel tax collector, who had his saddlebags spread out before them. We found large supplies of bacon on the place, and, after supplying ourselves with all we could carry, we set fire to the buildings and destroyed them. We returned to Palatka in the evening with thirteen prisoners, but the only one of importance was Thigpen. He was sent to Hilton Head, and was afterwards tried by the government and sentenced to three years in Fort Lafayette.

Upon the evacuation of Palatka there was not sufficient river transportation and Light Battery C with four companies of mounted infantry, all under the command of Captain James, proceeded overland to a place called Picolata, about forty miles from Palatka. The mounted infantry had recently arrived from Picolata and reported that it would be impossible to take artillery through White Oak

Swamp, but we went through it all right. It took more than a swamp to stop this battery. It was a very exciting march as we went nearly forty miles without a road, through pine barrens and swamps, and we did not have any too much start of the three or four companies of bushwhackers who were on our trail, but the boys had lots of fun and enjoyed the march.

After leaving Florida we went to Hilton Head, South Carolina. The veterans having returned from their furlough, we were ordered to Virginia and took transports for Fortress Monroe. Arriving there we were assigned to Butler's Army of the James, taking part in the battle of Drury's Buff and all the principal battles around Petersburg until the surrender of General Lee.

The battery was the first volunteer battery to enter Richmond, and to Captain James was assigned the duty of dismounting all the rebel guns around that city.

This is a short sketch of one of the Rhode Island batteries which contributed its share toward making the proud record that has made Rhode Island batteries famous in the Civil War.

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